

The Tory Lover
Part 2: Chapters 32 - 45
and Related Materials

by
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An Annotated Edition

by

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In this second edition, the Reception section has been revised and expanded.

The Tory Lover: Annotated Text

Chapters 32 - 45

Chapter XXXII

THE GOLDEN DRAGON*

"Give where want is silently clamorous, and men's necessities, not their tongues, do loudly call for thy mercies."*

The less said of a dull sea voyage, the better; to Madam Wallingford and her young companion their slow crossing to the port of Bristol could be but a long delay. Each day of the first week seemed like a week in passing, though from very emptiness it might be but a moment in remembrance; time in itself being like money in itself, -- nothing at all unless changed into action, sensation, material. At first, for these passengers by the Golden Dolphin, there was no hope of amusement of any sort to shorten the eventless hours. Their hearts were too heavy with comfortless anxieties.

The sea was calm, and the May winds light but steady from the west. It was very warm for the season of year, and the discouragements of early morning in the close cabin were easily blown away by the fresh air of the quarter-deck. The captain, a well-born man, but diffident in the company of ladies, left his vessel's owner and her young companion very much to themselves. Mary had kept to a sweet composure and uncomplainingness, for her old friend's sake, but she knew many difficult hours of regret and uncertainty now that, having once taken this great step, Madam Wallingford appeared to look to her entirely for support and counsel, and almost to forget upon how great an adventure they had set forth. All Mary's own cares and all her own obligations and beliefs sometimes rose before her mind, as if in jealous arraignment of her presence on the eastward-moving ship. Yet though she might think of her brother's displeasure and anxiety, and in the darkest moments of all might call herself a deserter, and count the slow hours of a restless night, when morning came, one look at Madam Wallingford's pale face in the gray light of their cabin was

enough to reassure the bravery of her heart. In still worse hours of that poor lady's angry accusation of those whom she believed to be their country's enemies, Mary yet found it possible to be patient, as we always may be when Pity comes to help us; there was ever a final certainty in her breast that she had not done wrong, -- that she was only yielding to an inevitable, irresistible force of love. Love itself had brought her out of her own country.

Often they sat pleasantly together upon the deck, the weather was so clear and fine, Mary being always at Madam Wallingford's feet on a stout little oaken footstool, busy with her needle to fashion a warmer head-covering, or to work at a piece of slow embroidery on a strip of linen that Peggy had long ago woven on their own loom. Often the hearts of both these women, who were mistresses of great houses and the caretakers of many dependents, were full of anxious thought of home and all its business.

Halfway from land to land, with the far horizon of a calm sea unbroken by mast or sail, the sky was so empty by day that the stars at night brought welcome evidence of life and even companionship, as if the great processes of the universe were akin to the conscious life on their own little ship. In spite of the cruelty of a doubt that would sometimes attack her, Mary never quite lost hold on a higher courage, or the belief that they were on their way to serve one whom they both loved, to do something which they alone could do. The thought struck her afresh, one afternoon, that they might easily enough run into danger as they came near land; they might not only fall an easy prey to some Yankee privateer (for their sailing papers were now from Halifax),* but they might meet the well-manned Ranger herself, as they came upon the English coast. A quick flush brightened the girl's sea-browned cheeks, but a smile of confidence and amusement followed it.

Madam Wallingford was watching her from the long chair.

"You seem very cheerful to-day, my dear child," she said wistfully.

"I was heartened by a funny little dream in broad daylight," answered Mary frankly, looking up with something like love itself unveiled in her clear eyes.

"It is like to be anything but gay in Bristol, when we come to land," answered Madam Wallingford. "I had news in Halifax, when we lay there, that many of their best merchants in Bristol are broken, and are for a petition to Parliament to end these troubles quickly. All their once great trade with the colonies is done. I spent many happy months in Bristol when I was young. 'T was a noble town, with both riches and learning, and full of sights, too; it was a fit town for gentlefolk. I sometimes think that if anything could give back my old strength again, 't would be to take the air upon the Clifton Downs."

"You will have many things to show me," said Mary, with a smile. "You are better already for the sea air, Madam. It does my heart good to see the change in you."

"Oh, dear child, if we were only there!" cried the poor lady. "Life is too hard for me; it seems sometimes as if I cannot bear it a moment longer. Yet I shall find strength for what I have to do. I wonder if we must take long journeys at once? 'T is not so far if Roger should be at Plymouth, as they believed among the Halifax friends. But I saw one stranger shake his head and look at me with pity, as I put my questions. He was from England, too, and just off the sea" -

"There is one thing I am certain of, -- Roger is not dead," said Mary. "We are sure to find him soon," she added, in a different tone, when she had spoken out of her heart for very certainty. The mother's face took on a sweet look of relief; Mary was so strong-hearted, so sure of what she said, that it could not help being a comfort.

"Our cousin Davis will be gathering age," Madam Wallingford continued, after a little while. "I look to find her most sadly changed. She had been married two years already when I made my first voyage to England, and went to visit her."

Mary looked up eagerly from her work, as if to beg some further reminiscences of the past.

Because she loved Madam Wallingford so well it was pleasant to share the past with her; the old distance between them grew narrower day by day.

"I was but a girl of seventeen when I first saw Bristol, and I went straight to her house from the ship, as I hope we may do now, if that dear heart still remains in a world that needs her," said the older woman. "She is of kin to your own people, you must remember, as well as to the Wallingfords. Yes, she was glad of my visit, too, for she was still mourning for her mother. Being the youngest child, she had been close with her till her marriage, and always a favorite. They had never been parted for a night or slept but under the same roof, until young Davis would marry her, and could not be gainsaid. He had come to the Piscataqua plantations, supercargo* of a great ship of his father's; the whole countryside had flocked to see so fine a vessel, when she lay in the stream at Portsmouth. She was called the Rose and Crown;* she was painted and gilded in her cabin like a king's pleasure ship. He promised that his wife should come home every second year for a long visit, and bragged of their ships being always on the ocean; he said she should keep her carriage both on sea and on land. 'T was but the promise of a courting man, he was older than she, and already very masterful; he had grown stern and sober, and made grave laws for his household, when I saw it, two years later. He had come to be his father's sole heir, and felt the weight of great affairs, and said he could not spare his wife out of his sight, when she pleaded to return with me; a woman's place was in her husband's house. Mother and child had the sundering sea ever between them, and never looked in each other's face again; for Mistress Goodwin was too feeble to take the journey, though she was younger than I am now. He was an honest man and skillful merchant, was John Davis; but few men can read a woman's heart, which lives by longing, and not by reason; 't is writ in another language.*

"You have often heard of the mother, old Mistress Goodwin,* who was taken to Canada by the savages, and who saw her child killed by them before her eyes? They threatened to kill her too because she wept, and an Indian woman

pitied her, and flung water in her face to hide the tears," the speaker ended, much moved.

"Oh, yes. I always wish I could remember her," answered Mary. "She was a woman of great valor, and with such a history. 'T was like living two lifetimes in one." The girl's face shone with eagerness as she looked up, and again bent over her needlework. "She was the mother of all the Goodwins; they have cause enough for pride when they think of her."

"She had great beauty, too, even in her latest age, though her face was marked by sorrow," continued Madam Wallingford, easily led toward entertaining herself by the listener's interest, the hope of pleasing Mary. "Mistress Goodwin was the skillful hostess of any company, small or great, and full of life even when she was bent double by her weight of years, and had seen most of her children die before her. There was a look in her eyes as of one who could see spirits, and yet she was called a very cheerful person. 'T was indeed a double life, as if she knew the next world long before she left this one.* They said she was long remembered by the folk she lived among in Canada; she would have done much kindness there even in her distress. Her husband was a plain, kind man, very able and shrewd-witted, like most Goodwins, but she was born a Plaisted of the Great House; they were the best family then in the plantation. Oh yes, I can see her now as if she stood before me, -- a small body, but lit with flame from no common altar of the gods!" exclaimed Madam Wallingford, after a moment's pause. "She had the fine dignity which so many women lack in these days, and knew no fear, they always said, except at the sight of some savage face. This I have often heard old people say of her earlier years, when the Indians were still in the country; she would be startled by them as if she came suddenly upon a serpent. Yet she would treat them kindly."

"I remember when some of our old men still brought their guns to church and stood them in the pews," said Mary; "but this year there were only two poor huts in the Vineyard, when the Indians came down the country to catch the salmon and dry them. There are but a feeble few of all their great tribe; 't is strange to know that a whole nation has lived on our lands before us! I

wonder if we shall disappear in our own turn? Peggy always says that when the first settlers came up the river they found traces of ancient settlement; the Vineyard was there, with its planted vines all run to waste and of a great age, and the old fields, too, which have given our river neighborhoods their name. Peggy says there were other white people in Barvick long ago; the old Indians* had some strange legends of a folk who had gone away. Did Mistress Goodwin ever speak of her captivity, or the terrible march to Canada through the snow, when she was captured with the other Barvick folk, Madam?" asked Mary, with eagerness to return to their first subject. "People do not speak much of those old times now, since our own troubles came on."

"No, no, she would never talk of her trials; 't was not her way," protested Madam Wallingford, and a shadow crossed her face. "'T was her only happiness to forget such things. I can see her sitting in the sun with a fescue* in her hand, teaching the little children. They needed bravery in those old days; nothing can haunt us as their fear of sudden assault and savage cruelty must have haunted them."

Mary thought quickly enough of that angry mob which had so lately gathered about her old friend's door, but she said nothing. The Sons of Liberty and their visit seemed to have left no permanent discomfort in Madam's mind. "No, no!" said the girl aloud. "We have grown so comfortable that even war has its luxuries; they have said that a common soldier grows dainty with his food and lodging, and the commanders are daily fretted by such complaints."

"There is not much comfort to be had, poor fellows!" exclaimed Madam Wallingford rebukingly, as if she and Mary had changed sides. "Not at your Valley Forge, and not with the King's troops last year in Boston. They suffered everything, but not more than the rebels liked."

Mary's cheeks grew red at the offensive word. "Do not say 'rebels'!" she entreated. "I do not think that Mistress Hetty Goodwin would side with Parliament, if she were living still. Think how they loved our young country, and what they bore for it, in those early days!"

"T is not to the purpose, child!" answered the old lady sharply. "They were all for England against France and her cruel Indian allies; I meant by 'rebels' but a party word. Hetty Goodwin might well be of my mind; too old to learn irreverence toward the King. I hate some of his surrounderers, -- I can own to that! I hate the Bedfords, and I have but scorn for his Lord Sandwich or for Rockingham. They are treating our American Loyalists without justice. Sir William Howe might have had five thousand men of us, had he made proclamation. Fifty of the best gentlemen* in Philadelphia who were for the Crown waited upon him only to be rebuffed."

She checked herself quickly, and glanced at Mary, as if she were sorry to have acknowledged so much. "Yes, I count upon Mr. Fox to stand our friend rather than upon these! and we have Mr. Franklin, too, who is large-minded enough to think of the colonies themselves, and to forget their petty factions and rivalries. Let us agree, let us agree, if we can!" and Madam Wallingford, whose dignity was not a thing to be lightly touched, turned toward Mary with a winning smile. She knew that she must trust herself more and more to this young heart's patience and kindness; yes, and to her judgment about their plans. Thank God, this child who loved her was always at her side. With a strange impulse to confess all these things, she put out her frail hand to Mary, and Mary, willingly drawing a little closer, held it to her cheek. They could best understand each other without words. The girl had a clear mind, and had listened much to the talk of men. The womanish arguments of Madam Wallingford always strangely confused her.

"Mr. Franklin will ever be as young at heart as he is old in years," said the lady presently, with the old charm of her manner, and all wistfulness and worry quite gone from her face. She had been strengthened by Mary's love in the failing citadel of her heart. "T is Mr. Franklin's most noble gift that he can keep in sympathy with the thoughts and purposes of younger men. Age is wont to be narrow and to depend upon certainties of the past, while youth has its easily gathered hopes and quick intuitions. Mr. Franklin is both characters at

once, -- as sanguine as he is experienced. I knew him well; he will be the same man now, and as easy a courtier as he was then content with his thrift and prudence. I trust him among the first of those who can mend our present troubles.

"I beg you not to think that I am unmindful of our wrongs in the colonies, Mary, my dear," she added then, in a changed voice. "T is but your foolish way of trying to mend them that has grieved me, -- you who call yourselves the Patriots!"

Mary smiled again and kept silence, but with something of a doubtful heart. She did not wish to argue about politics, that sunny day on the sea. No good could come of it, though she had a keen sense that her companion's mind was now sometimes unsettled from its old prejudices and firm beliefs. The captain was a staunch Royalist, who believed that the rebels were sure to be put down, and that no sensible man should find himself left in the foolish situation of a King's antagonist, or suffer the futility of such defeat.

"Will Mistress Davis look like her mother, do you think?" Mary again bethought herself to return to the simpler subject of their conversation.

"Yes, no doubt; they had the same brave eyes and yet strangely timid look. 'T is a delicate, frail, spirited face. Our cousin Davis would be white-headed now; she was already gray in her twenties, when I last saw her. It sometimes seems but the other day. They said that Mistress Goodwin came home from Canada with her hair as white as snow. Yes, their eyes were alike; but the daughter had a Goodwin look, small featured and neatly made, as their women are. She could hold to a purpose and was very capable, and had wonderful quickness with figures; 't is common to the whole line. Mistress Hetty, the mother, had a pleasing gentleness, but great dignity; she was born of those who long had been used to responsibility and the direction of others."

Mary laughed a little. "When you say 'capable,' it makes me think of old Peggy, at home," she explained. "One day, not long ago, I was in the spinning room while we chose a pattern for the new table linen, and she had a

child there with her; you know that Peggy is fond of a little guest. There had been talk of a cake, and the child was currying favor lest she should be forgotten.

"Mrs. Peggy," she piped, 'my aunt Betsey says as how you're a very capering woman!'

"What, what?" says Peggy. 'Your aunt Betsey, indeed, you mite! Oh, I expect 't was *capable* she meant,' Peggy declared next moment, a little pacified, and turned to me with a lofty air. 'Can't folks have an English tongue in their heads?' she grumbled; but she ended our high affairs then, and went off to the kitchen with the child safe in hand."

"I can see her go!" and Madam Wallingford laughed too, easily pleased with the homely tale.

"Ah, but we must not laugh; it hurts my poor heart even to smile," she whispered. "My dear son is in prison, we know not where, and I have been forgetting him when I can laugh. I know not if he be live or dead, and we are so far from him, tossing in the midseas. Oh, what can two women like us do in England, in this time of bitterness, if the Loyalists are reckoned but brothers of the rebels? I dreamed it was all different till we heard such tales in Halifax."

"We shall find many friends, and we need never throw away our hope," said Mary Hamilton soothingly. "And Master Sullivan bade me remember with his last blessing that God never makes us feel our weakness except to lead us to seek strength from Him. 'T was the saying of his old priest, the Abbé Fénélon."*

They sat silent together; the motion of the ship was gentle enough, and the western breeze was steady. It seemed like a quiet night again; the sun was going down, and there was a golden light in the thick web of rigging overhead, and the gray sails were turned to gold color.

"It is I who should be staying you, dear child," whispered Madam Wallingford, putting out her hand again and resting it on Mary's shoulder, "but you never fail to comfort me. I have bitterly reproached myself many and many a day for letting you follow me; 't is like the book of Ruth,* which always brought my tears as I read it. I am far happier here with you than I have been many a day at home in my lonely house. I need wish

for a daughter's love no more. I sometimes forget even my great sorrow and my fear of our uncertainty, and dread the day when we shall come to land. I wish I were not so full of fears. Yet I do not think God will let me die till I have seen my son."

Mary could not look just then at her old friend's fragile figure and anxious face; she had indeed taken a great charge upon herself, and a weakness stole over her own heart that could hardly be borne. What difficulties and disappointments were before them God only knew.

"Dear child," said Madam Wallingford, whose eyes were fixed upon Mary's unconscious face, "is it your dreams that keep your heart so light? I wish that you could share them with the heavy-hearted like me! All this long winter you have shown a heavenly patience; but your face was often sad, and this has grieved me. I have thought since we came to sea that you have been happier than you were before."

"'T was not the distresses that we all knew; something pained me that I could not understand. Now it troubles me no more," and Mary looked at the questioner with a frank smile.

"I am above all a hater of curious questions," insisted the lady. But Mary did not turn her eyes away, and smiled again.

"I can hold myself to silence," said Madam Wallingford. "I should not have spoken but for the love and true interest of my heart; 't was not a vulgar greed of curiosity that moved me. I am thankful enough for your good cheer; you have left home and many loving cares, and have come with me upon this forced and anxious journey as if it were but a holiday."

Mary bent lower over her sewing.

"Now that we have no one but each other I should be glad to put away one thought that has distressed me much," confessed the mother, and her voice trembled. "You have never said that you had any word from Roger. Surely there is no misunderstanding between you? I have sometimes feared -- Oh, remember that I am his mother, Mary! He has not written even to me in his old open fashion; there has been a

difference, as if the great distance had for once come between our hearts; but this last letter was from his own true heart, from his very self! The knowledge that he was not happy made me fearful, and yet I cannot brook the thought that he has been faithless, galling though his hasty oath may have been to him. Oh no, no! I hate myself for speaking so dark a thought as this. My son is a man of high honor." She spoke proudly, yet her anxious face was drawn with pain.

Mary laid down her piece of linen, and clasped her hands together strongly in her lap. There was something deeply serious in her expression, as she gazed off upon the sea.

"It is all right now," she said presently, speaking very simply, and not without effort. "I have been grieved for many weeks, ever since the first letters came. I had no word at all from Roger, and we had been such friends. The captain wrote twice to me, as I told you; his letters were the letters of a gentleman, and most kind. I could be sure that there was no trouble between them, as I feared sometimes at first," and the bright color rushed to her face. "It put me to great anxiety; but the very morning before we sailed a letter came from Roger. I could not bring myself to speak of it then; I can hardly tell you now."

"And it is all clear between you? I see, -- there was some misunderstanding, my dear. Remember that my boy is sometimes very quick; 't is a hasty temper, but a warm and true heart. Is it all clear now?"

Mary wished to answer, but she could not, for all her trying, manage to speak a word; she did not wish to show the deep feeling that was moving her, and first looked seaward again, and then took up her needlework. Her hand touched the bosom of her gown, to feel if the letter were there and safe. Madam Wallingford smiled, and was happy enough in such a plain assurance.

"Oh yes!" Mary found herself saying next moment, quite unconsciously, the wave of happy emotion having left her calm again. "Oh yes, I have come to understand everything now, dear Madam, and the letter was written while the Ranger lay in the port of Brest. They were sailing any day for the English coast."

"Sometimes I fear that he may be dead; this very sense of his living nearness to my heart may be only -- The dread of losing him wakes me from my sleep; but sometimes by day I can feel him thinking to me, just as I always have since he was a child; 't is just as if he spoke," and the tears stood bright in Madam Wallingford's eyes.

"No, dear, he is not dead," said Mary, listening eagerly; but she could not tell even Roger Wallingford's mother the reason why she was so certain.

Notes for Chapter 32

THE GOLDEN DRAGON: This chapter title appears to be an error. Probably it should be "The Golden Dolphin."

In an Internet genealogy of the Tallman family, one finds that there was a *Golden Dolphin* in the trans-Atlantic trade in the 17th century; whether this was true in the 1770s as well has not been determined.

"Give where want is silently clamorous, and men's necessities, not their tongues, do loudly call for thy mercies.": "Christian Morals" section VI by Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682) begins: "GIVE not only unto seven, but also unto eight, that is unto more than many. Though to give unto every one that asketh may seem severe advice, yet give thou also before asking, that is, where want is silently clamorous, and mens Necessities not their Tongues do loudly call for thy Mercies."

papers were now from Halifax: Halifax, Nova Scotia was a main retreat for Tory refugees from the rebellious colonies and remained in British control. Once the *Golden Dolphin* had made a stop in Halifax, it was no longer an American ship, but a British ship, liable to be stopped by American privateers.

supercargo: On a merchant ship, the supercargo is in charge of buying and selling the goods carried on the ship.

but few men can read a woman's heart, which lives by longing, and not by reason; 't is writ in another language: This sounds like a quotation, but no other source has been identified.

Rose and Crown: An on-line record of a voyage in 1679 from Barbados to London indicates there was such a ship as the *Rose and Crown*, the ship that Mme. Wallingford remembers taking to Bristol as a child. It is uncertain whether Jewett has named a ship that would have been in active use in the early-middle 18th century.

old Mistress Goodwin: See Hetty Goodwin in *People and Places*. See also Davis in *Extended Notes* for details about the familial connections between the Wallingfords, Mary Hamilton, Mrs. Davis, and Sarah Orne Jewett.

before she left this one: This passage seems to echo a quotation from Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682) that was a favorite with Jewett. She quotes it in her letters (Fields, letter 61), in her obituary for her father, T. H. Jewett, and in "The Foreigner," a sequel to *The Country of the Pointed Firs*. Browne echoes passages in Romans 12:1-2 and Ephesians 4:23. The passage is from Browne's "Letter to a Friend" (1690):

Time past is gone like a shadow; make Times to come, present; conceive that near which may be far off; approximate thy last Times by present Apprehensions of them: live like a Neighbour unto Death, and think there is but little to come. And since there is something in us that must still live on, joyn both Lives together; unite them in thy Thoughts and Actions, and live in one but for the other. He who thus ordereth the Purposes of this Life, will never be far from the next; and is in some manner already in it, by an happy Conformity, and close Apprehension of it.

<<http://penelope.uchicago.edu/letter/letter.html>>

"Letter to a Friend" was largely reproduced in "Christian Morals" (1716), where the passage occurs in the last paragraph:

Time past is gone like a Shadow; make time to come present. Approximate thy latter times by present apprehensions of them: be like a neighbour unto the Grave, and think there is but little to come. And since there is something of us that will still live on, Join both lives together, and live in one but for the other. He who thus ordereth the purposes of this Life will never be far from the next, and is in some

manner already in it, by a happy conformity, and close apprehension of it. And if, as we have elsewhere declared, any have been so happy as personally to understand Christian Annihilation, Extasy, Exolution, Transformation, the Kiss of the Spouse, and Ingression into the Divine Shadow, according to Mystical Theology, they have already had an handsome Anticipation of Heaven; the World is in a manner over, and the Earth in Ashes unto them.

<<http://penelope.uchicago.edu/cmorals/cmorals3.html>>

(Research by James Eason, University of Chicago.)

other white people in Barvick long ago ... Indians had some strange legends: The remains of the old Vineyard overlook Leigh's Mill Pond in South Berwick. *Maine: A Guide 'Down East'*, points out that Norse sagas tell of the voyages of Lief Erickson to Vinland in about 1000 A.D. In the first decade of the 11th century Lief and other Norse navigators were the first Europeans believed to have visited the northern coasts of what is now the United States (28).

Jewett's friend, Professor Eben Horsford, was persuaded that Norse settlers had come as far south as Massachusetts.

In "The Old Town of Berwick," Jewett says:

"In the earlier part of this century there were still so many vines left in the Vineyard that it was a favorite place of resort in autumn for all the Berwick boys. One more than half suspects that it was a survival of vine planting in the earlier colonization of the Northmen and their German servants. If the good vines which Gibbons found and praised had come from the North German valleys, they would have done much better than Mason's, which probably came from France. The half-civilized state of the Indians is a hint in the same direction. One of them drew a serviceable map of the coast for Champlain with a bit of charcoal. These and other things show them not to have been entirely barbarous or without acquaintance with the habits of European life and speech."

The Old Berwick Historical Society archives contain a copy of a short "history of the town of Berwick" by Judge Benjamin Chadbourne,

written in 1792, that offers a picture of Native Americans in 18th-century South Berwick. In a section on Indian affairs, Chadbourne writes:

I suppose there was formerly a tribe that lived in this place called the Newickawanock Tribe.

Their Sagamore styled Mr. Rowles, as you may see by his deed to my great grandfather before mentioned, I have heard when he died he was buried at Cochegus Point with his tea kettle by his side. When that tribe removed from Newickawanock, I suppose for a while they might sit down by the Great Ponds at the head of Salmon Falls River, and so up to Ossipee, as I well remember of hearing of the Ossipee Tribe. They were very dangerous in time of war and troublesome in time of peace, for as soon as the wars were over they used to come down among us with their families and dogs, and pitched their tents in a low piece of ground just above my mill pond [now Leigh's Mill Pond]. Their stay was sometimes long and sometimes short but were backwards and forwards a considerable part of the summer season. They were acquainted with the inhabitants and the inhabitants with them and called them by their names as they could all speak English. The women spent their time in going from house to house, the men in trading, buying and promising to pay, but seldom performed. When they could procure liquor they got drunk, would then lie down and sleep till they got sober, then up and at it again. Sometimes they were abusive in their language, but do not remember hearing that quarrels [sic] ever took place between them and our people. Their dogs were generally under good discipline but the pain of hunger often obliged them to allay it with killing fowls and other creatures belonging to the inhabitants. Taking them and their dogs together they were very disagreeable neighbors. They often made boasts that the land all around belonged to them. These circumstances are all within my remembrance.

fescue: a stick or pointer used by a teacher for pointing out items as on a blackboard.

fifty ... gentlemen in Philadelphia who were for the Crown ... rebuffed: Mme. Wallingford dislikes the Bedfords and Lords Rockingham and Sandwich for their treatment of Loyalists. (See People and Places for information on these men). Sometimes known as the Bedford group,

these influential Whigs agitated in Parliament for a conciliatory attitude toward the rebellious American colonies.

The British Army under Sir William Howe occupied Philadelphia in the winter and spring of 1777-8, departing in June 1778. Van Tyne in *Loyalists in the American Revolution* says:

"Petitions of Tories who wished to rise in aid of the British had been neglected. Their aid had been scorned as of no value. The British officers and soldiers preserved a cold tolerance of the Loyalists, and never gave them a warm and sincere reception. The loyal as well as the rebellious Americans were 'our colonists,' not equals. [Joseph] Galloway [c. 1730-1803], who rendered the British greater service than any other genuinely American Loyalist, always smarted under Howe's neglect. The two men, the greatest of the Loyalists and the commander of the British forces, lived side by side for seven months in Philadelphia, and Howe called on Galloway but once in all that time." (246)

"And Master Sullivan bade me remember with his last blessing that God never makes us feel our weakness except to lead us to seek strength from Him. 'T was the saying of his old priest, the Abbé Fénelon: See People and Places for information about Abbé Fénelon. The quotation appears in Selections from the Writings of Fenelon: With a Memoir of His Life (1859), p. 154. Jewett's quotation, however, is not exactly the same as in this translation: "God never makes us feel our weakness but that we may be led to seek strength from him."

like the book of Ruth: In the biblical book of Ruth, two widows Naomi and her daughter-in-law Ruth, return to Naomi's homeland. Ruth chooses exile to remain with her mother-in-law.

Chapter XXXIII

THEY COME TO BRISTOL

"The wise will remember through sevenfold births the love of those who wiped away their falling tears."*

Miss Mary Hamilton and the captain of the Golden Dolphin walked together from the busy

boat landing up into the town of Bristol. The tide was far down, and the captain, being a stout man, was still wheezing from his steep climb on the long landing-stairs. It was good to feel the comfort of solid ground underfoot, and to hear so loud and cheerful a noise of English voices, after their four long weeks at sea,* and the ring and clank of coppersmiths' hammers were not unpleasant to the ear even in a narrow street. The captain was in a jovial temper of mind; he had some considerable interest in his cargo, and they had been in constant danger off the coast. Now that he was safe ashore, and the brig was safe at anchor, he stepped quickly and carried his head high, and asked their shortest way to Mr. Davis's house, to leave Mary there, while he made plans for coming up to one of that well-known merchant's wharves.

"Here we are at last!" exclaimed the master mariner. "I can find my way across the sea straight to King's Road and Bristol quay, but I'm easy lost in the crooked ways of a town. I've seen the port of Bristol, too, a score o' times since I was first a sailor, but I saw it never so dull as now. There it is, the large house beyond, to the port-hand side. He lives like a nobleman, does old Sir Davis. I'll leave ye here now, and go my ways; they've sarvents a plenty to see ye back to the strand."

The shy and much occupied captain now made haste toward the merchant's counting-room, and Mary hurried on toward the house, anxious to know if Madam Wallingford's hopes were to be assured, and if they should find Mistress Davis not only alive and well, but ready to welcome them. As she came nearer, her heart beat fast at the sight of a lady's trim head, white-capped, and not without distinction of look, behind the panes of a bowed window. It was as plain that this was a familiar sight, that it might every day be seen framed in its place within the little panes, as if Mary had known the face since childhood, and watched for a daily greeting as she walked a Portsmouth street at home. She even hesitated for a moment, looking eagerly, ere she went to lift the bright knocker of the street door.

In a minute more she was in the room.

"I am Mary Hamilton, of Berwick," said the guest, with pretty eagerness, "and I bring you

love and greeting from Madam Wallingford, your old friend."

"From Madam Wallingford?" exclaimed the hostess, who had thought to see a neighbor's daughter enter from the street, and now beheld a stranger, a beautiful young creature, with a beseeching look in her half familiar face. "Come you indeed from old Barwick, my dear? You are just off the sea by your fresh looks. I was thinking of cousin Wallingford within this very hour; I grieved to think that now we are both so old I can never see her face again. So you bring me news of her? Sit you down; I can say that you are most welcome." Her eyes were like a younger woman's, and they never left Mary's face.

"She is here; she is in the harbor, on board the Golden Dolphin, one of her own ships. I have not only brought news to you; I have brought her very self," said the girl joyfully.

There was a quick shadow upon the hostess's face. "Alas, then, poor soul, I fear she has been driven from her home by trouble; she would be one of the Loyalists! I'll send for her at once. Come nearer me; sit here in the window seat!" begged Mistress Davis affectionately. "You are little Mary Hamilton, of the fine house I have heard of and never seen, the pride of my dear old Barwick. But your brother would not change sides. You are both of the new party, -- I have heard all that months ago; how happens it that the Golden Dolphin brought you hither, too?"

Mary seated herself in the deep window, while Mistress Davis gazed at her wonderingly. She had a tender heart; she could read the signs of great effort and of loneliness in the bright girlish face. She did not speak, but her long, discerning look and the touch of her hand gave such motherly comfort that the girl might easily have fallen to weeping. It was not that Mary thought of any mean pity for herself, or even remembered that her dear charge had sometimes shown the unconscious selfishness of weakness and grief; but brave and self-forgetful hearts always know the true value of sympathy. They were friends and lovers at first sight, the young girl and the elderly woman who was also Berwick-born.

"I have had your house filled to its least garrets with Royalists out of my own country, and here comes still another of them, with a young friend who is of the other party," Mistress Davis said gayly; and the guest looked up to see a handsome old man who had entered from another room, and who frowned doubtfully as he received this information. Mary's head was dark against the window, and he took small notice of her at first, though some young men outside in the street had observed so much of her beauty as was visible, and were walking to and fro on the pavement, hoping for a still brighter vision.

"This is Miss Mary Hamilton, of Barwick," announced the mistress, "and your old friend Madam Wallingford is in harbor, on one of her ships." She knew that she need say no more.

Mr. John Davis, alderman of Bristol and senior warden of his parish church, now came forward with some gallantry of manner.

"I do not like to lay a new charge upon you," said his wife, pleading prettily, "but these are not as our other fugitives, poor souls!" and she smiled as if with some confidence.

"Why, no, these be both of them your own kinsfolk, if I mistake not," the merchant agreed handsomely; "and the better part of our living has come, in times past, from my dealings with the husband of one and the good brother of the other. I should think it a pity if, for whatever reason they may have crossed the sea, we did not open wide our door; you must bid your maids make ready for their comfortable housing. I shall go at once to find the captain, since he has come safe to land in these days of piracy, and give so noble a gentlewoman as his owner my best welcome and service on the ship. Perhaps Miss Hamilton will walk with me, and give her own orders about her affairs?"

Mary stepped forward willingly from the window, in answer to so kind a greeting; and when she was within close range of the old man's short-sighted eyes, she was inspected with such rapid approval and happy surprise that Mr. Alderman Davis bent his stately head and saluted so fair a brow without further consideration. She was for following him at once on his kind errand, but she first ran back and kissed the dear mistress of the house. "I shall

have much to tell you of home," she whispered; "you must spare me much time, though you will first be so eager for your own friend."

"We shall find each other changed, I know, -- we have both seen years and trouble enough; but you must tell Mrs. Wallingford I have had no such happiness in many a year as the sight of her face will bring me. And dear Nancy Haggens?" she asked, holding Mary back, while the merchant grew impatient at the delay of their whispering. "She is yet alive?" And Mary smiled.

"I shall tell you many things, not only of her, but of the gay major," she replied aloud. "Yes, I am coming, sir; but it is like home here, and I am so happy already in your kind house." Then they walked away together, he with a clinking cane and majestic air, and kindly showing Miss Hamilton all the sights of Bristol that they passed.

"So you sailed on the Golden Dolphin?" he asked, as they reached the water side. "She is a small, old vessel, but she wears well; she has made this port many a time before," said John Davis. "And lumber-laden, you say? Well, that is good for me, and you are lucky to escape the thieving privateers out of your own harbors. So Madam Wallingford has borne her voyage handsomely, you think? What becomes of her young son?"

Notes for Chapter 33

The wise will remember through sevenfold births the love of those who wiped away their falling tears: A Hindu proverb from *The Sacred Anthology; a book of ethical Scriptures* (1874), collected and edited by Moncure Daniel Conway (1832-1907). See section CCCXCIII: Gratitude. (Research: Gabe Heller).

four long weeks at sea: In Chapter 35, the journey is said to have been six weeks. In the *Atlantic* serialization, the text reads "six long weeks"; it apparently was changed to "four long weeks" for this printing.

Chapter XXXIV

GOOD ENGLISH HEARTS

"T is all an old man can do, to say his prayers for his country."*

Late that evening, while the two elder ladies kept close together, and spoke eagerly of old days and friends long gone out of sight, John Davis sat opposite his young guest at the fireplace, as he smoked his after-supper pipe.

The rich oak-paneled room was well lit by both firelight and candles, and held such peace and comfort as Mary never had cause to be grateful for before. The cold dampness of the brig, their close quarters, and all the dullness and impatience of the voyage were past now, and they were safe in this good English house, among old friends. It was the threshold of England, too, and Roger Wallingford was somewhere within; soon they might be sailing together for home. Even the worst remembrance of the sea was not unwelcome, with this thought at heart!

The voyagers had been listening to sad tales of the poverty and distress of nearly all the Loyalist refugees from America, the sorrows of Governor Hutchinson and his house, and many others. The Sewalls and Russells, the Faneuils, and the Boutineaus, who were still in Bristol, had already sent eager messages. Mistress Davis warned her guests that next day, when news was spread of their coming, the house would be full of comers and goers; all asking for news, and most of them for money, too. Some were now in really destitute circumstances who had been rich at home, and pensions and grants for these heartsick Loyalists were not only slow in coming, but pitiful in their meagreness. There was a poor gentleman from Salem, and his wife with him, living in the Davises' house; they had lodged upward of thirty strangers since the year came in; it was a heavy charge upon even a well-to-do man, for they must nearly all borrow money beside their food and shelter. Madam Wallingford was not likely to come empty-handed; the heavy box with brass scutcheons which the captain himself had escorted from the Golden Dolphin, late that afternoon, was not without comfortable reassurance, and the lady

had asked to have a proper English waiting-maid chosen for her, as she did not wish to bring a weight upon the household. But there were other problems to be faced. This good merchant, Mr. Davis, was under obligations to so old a friend, and he was not likely to be a niggard, in any sense, when she did him the honor to seek his hospitality.

"I must go to my library, where I keep my business matters; 't is but a plain book room, a place for my less public affairs. We may have some private talk there, if you are willing," he said, in a low voice; and Mary rose at once and followed him. The ladies did not even glance their way, though the merchant carefully explained that he should show his guest a very great ledger which had been brought up from his counting-room since business had fallen so low. She might see her brother's name on many of the pages.

"Let us speak frankly now," he urged, as they seated themselves by as bright a fire of blazing coals as the one they had left. "You can trust me with all your troubles," said the fatherly old man. "I am distressed to find that Madam Wallingford's case is so desperate."

Mary looked up, startled from the peace of mind into which she had fallen.

"Do you know anything, sir?" she begged him earnestly. "Is it likely" -- But there she stopped, and could go no further.

"I had not the heart to tell her," he answered, "but we have already some knowledge of that officer of the Ranger who was left ashore at Whitehaven: he has been reported as gravely wounded, and they would not keep him in any jail of that northern region, but sent him southward in a dying state, saying that he should by rights go to his own kind in the Mill Prison. You must be aware that such an unprovoked attack upon a British seaport has made a great stir among us," added the merchant, with bitterness.

Mary remembered the burning of Falmouth* in her own province, and was silent. [,]

"If he had been a deserter, and treacherous at heart, as I find there was suspicion," he continued; "yes, even if his own proper feelings

toward the King had mastered your lieutenant, I do not know that his situation would have been any better for the moment. They must lack spirit in Whitehaven; on our Bristol wharves the mob would have torn such a prisoner limb from limb. You must remember that I am an Englishman born and bred, and have no patience with your rebels. I see now 't was a calmer judgment ruled their course when they sent him south; but if he is yet in the Mill Prison, and alive, he could not be in a worse place. This war is costing the King a fortune every week that it goes on, and he cannot house such pirates and spies in his castle at Windsor."

Mary's eyes flashed; she was keeping a firm hold upon her patience. "I think, from what we are told of the Mill Prison, that the King has gone too far to the other extreme," she could not forbear saying, but with perfect quietness.

"Well, we are not here to talk politics," said the alderman uneasily. "I have a deep desire to serve so old and respected a friend as this young man's mother. I saw the boy once when he came to England; a promising lad, I must own, and respectful to his elders. I am ready to serve him, if I can, for his father's sake, and to put all talk of principles by, or any question of his deserts. We have been driven to the necessity of keeping watchers all along the sea-coast by night and day, to send alarm by beacons into our towns. They say Paul Jones is a born devil, and will stick at nothing. How came Colonel Wallingford's son to cast in his lot with such a gallows rogue?"

"If you had lived on our river instead of here in Bristol, you would soon know," Mary answered him. "Our honest industries have long been hindered and forbidden; we are English folk, and are robbed of our rights."

"Well, well, my dear, you seem very clear for a woman; but I am an old man, and hard to convince. Your brother should be clear-headed enough; he is a man of judgment; but how such men as he have come to be so mistaken and blind" -

"It is Parliament that has been blind all the time," insisted Mary. "If you had been with us on that side of the sea, you would be among the first to know things as they are. Let us say no

more, sir; I cannot lend myself to argument. You are so kind and I am so very grateful for it, in my heart."

"Well, well," exclaimed the old man again, "let us speak, then, of this instant business that you have in hand! I take it you have a heart in the matter, too; I see that you cherish Madam Wallingford like her own child. We must find out if the lad is still alive, and whether it is possible to free him. I heard lately that they have had the worst sort of small-pox among them, and a jail fever that is worse than the plague itself. 'T is not the fault of the jail, I wager you, but some dirty sailor brought it from his foul ship," he added hastily. "They are all crowded in together; would they had kept at home where they belong!"

"You speak hard words," said the girl impatiently, and with plain reproach, but looking so beautiful in her quick anger that the old man was filled with wonder and delight before his conscience reminded him that he should be ashamed. He was not used to being so boldly fronted by his own women folk; though his wife always had her say, she feared and obeyed him afterward without question.

"I wish that this foolish tea had never been heard of; it has been a most detestable weed for England," grumbled the old merchant. "They say that even your Indians drink it now, or would have it if they could."

"Mr. Davis, you have seen something of our young country," said the girl, speaking in a quiet tone. "You have known how busy our men are at home, how steadily they go about their business. If you had seen, as I did, how they stood straight, and dropped whatever they had in hand, and were hot with rage when the news came from Boston and we knew that we were attacked at Lexington and Concord,* you would have learned how we felt the bitter wrong. 'T was not the loss of our tea or any trumpery tax; we have never been wanting in generosity, or hung back when we should play our part. We remembered all the old wrongs: our own timber rotting in our woods that we might not cut; our own waterfalls running to waste by your English law, lest we cripple the home manufacturers. We were hurt to the heart, and were provoked to fight; we have turned now against such tyranny.

All we New England women sat at home and grieved. The cannon sounded loud through our peaceful country. They shut our ports, and we could not stand another insult without boldly resenting it. We had patience at first, because our hearts were English hearts; then we turned and fought with all our might, because we were still Englishmen, and there is plenty of fight left in us yet."

"You are beset by the pride of being independent, and all for yourselves," Mr. Davis accused her.

"Our hearts are wounded to the quick, because we are the same New England folk who fought together with the King's troops at Louisburg, and you have oppressed us," said Mary quickly. "I heard that Mr. John Adams said lately -- and he has been one of our leaders from the first -- that there had not been a moment since the beginning of hostilities when he would not have given everything he possessed for a restoration to the state of things before the contest began, if we could only have security for its continuance. We did not wish to separate from England, and if the separation has come, it is only from our sad necessity. Cannot you see that, being English people, we must insist upon our rights? We are not another race because we are in another country."

"Tut, tut, my dear," said the old man uneasily. "What does a pretty girl like you know about rights? So that's the talk you've listened to? We may need to hear more of it; you sound to me as if Fox had all along been in the right, and knew the way to bring back our trade." He began to fidget in his elbow chair and to mend the fire. "I can't go into all this; I have had a wearying day," -- he began to make faint excuse. "There's much you should hear on England's side; you only know your own; and this war is costing Parliament a terrible drain of money."

"Do you know anything of Lord Newburgh, and where he may be found?" asked Mary, with sudden directness.

"My Lord Newburgh?" repeated Mr. Davis wonderingly. "And what should you want with him? I know him but by name. He would be the son of that Radcliffe who was a Scotch rebel in

'45, and lost his head by it, too; he was brother to the famous Lord Darwentwater. 'T was a wild family, an unfortunate house. What seek you at their hands?"

Mary sat looking into the fire, and did not answer.

"Perhaps you can send some one with me toward Plymouth to-morrow?" she asked presently, and trembled a little as she spoke. She had grown pale, though the bright firelight shone full in her face. "The captain learned when we first came ashore that Lord Mount Edgumbe is likely to be commander of that prison where our men are; the Mill Prison they said it was, above Plymouth town. I did not say anything to Madam Wallingford, lest our hopes should fail; but if you could spare a proper person to go with me, I should like to go to Plymouth."

The old man gazed at her with wonder.

"You do not know what a wild goose chase means, then, my little lady!" he exclaimed, with considerable scorn. "Lord Mount Edgumbe! You might as well go to Windsor expecting a morning talk and stroll in the park along with the King. 'T is evident enough one person is the same as another in your colonies! But if you wish to try, I happened to hear yesterday that the great earl is near by, in Bath, where he takes the waters for his gout. You can go first to Mr. George Fairfax, of Virginia, with whom Madam Wallingford is acquainted; she has told me that already. He is of a noble house, himself, Mr. Fairfax, and may know how to get speech with these gentlemen: why, yes, 't is a chance, indeed, and we might achieve something." Mr. Davis gave a satisfied look at the beautiful face before him, and nodded his sage head.

"I shall go with you, myself, if it is a fair day to-morrow," he assured her. "I am on good terms with Mr. Fairfax. I was long agent here for their tobacco ships, the old Lord Fairfaxes of Virginia; but all that rich trade is good as done," and he gave a heavy sigh. "We think of your sailors in the Mill Prison as if they were all devils. You won't find it easy to get one of them set free," he added boldly.

Mary gave a startled look, and drew back a little.

"I hear the King is glad to ship them on his men-of-war," she said, "and that the Mill Prison is so vile a place the poor fellows are thankful to escape from it, even if they must turn traitor to their own cause."

"Oh, sailors are sailors!" grumbled the old man. "I find Madam Wallingford most loyal to the King, however, so that there is a chance for her. And she is no beggar or would-be pensioner; far from it! If her foolish son had been on any other errand than this of the Ranger's, she might easier gain her ends, poor lady. 'What stands in the way?' you may ask. Why, only last week our own coast was in a panic of fear!" John Davis frowned at the fire, so that his great eyebrows looked as if they were an assaulting battery. He shrugged his shoulders angrily, and puffed hard at his pipe, but it had gone out altogether; then he smiled, and spoke in a gentler tone: -

"Yes, missy, we'll ride to Bath to-morrow, an the weather should be fair; the fresh air will hearten you after the sea, and we can talk with Mr. Fairfax, and see what may be done. I'm not afraid to venture, though they may know you for a little rebel, and set me up to wear a wooden ruff all day in the pillory for being seen with you!"

"I must speak ye some hard words," the old man added unexpectedly, leaning forward and whispering under his breath, as if the solid oak panels might let his forebodings reach a mother's ears in the room beyond. "The young man may be dead and gone long before this, if he was put into the Mill Prison while yet weak from his wounds. If he is there, and alive, I think the King himself would say he could not let him out. There's not much love lost in England now for Paul Jones or any of his crew."

Notes for Chapter 34

"'T is all an old man can do, to say his prayers for his country": The source of this quotation has not been located.

the burning of Falmouth: The historic town of Falmouth is now Portland, Maine. Falmouth was burned by a British naval bombardment on 16 October, 1775.

Lexington and Concord: See Chapter 2 notes for the battles of Lexington and Concord in 1775.

Chapter XXXV

A STRANGER AT HOME

"Would that she had told us of the trials of that time, and why it was that her heart rose against the new world and the new manners to which she had come!"*

The next morning Miss Hamilton came down dressed in her riding gear, to find her host already in the saddle and armed with a stout hunting crop, which he flourished emphatically as he gave some directions to his groom. The day was fine and clear after a rainy night, with a hearty fragrance of the showery summer fields blowing through the Bristol streets.

They were quick outside the town on the road to Bath. Mary found herself well mounted, though a little too safely for her liking. Her horse was heavy of build, being used to the burden of a somewhat ponderous master; but the lighter weight and easy prompting hand of a young girl soon made him like a brave colt again. The old merchant looked on with approval at such pretty skill and acquaintance with horsemanship as his companion showed at the outset of their journey; and presently, when both the good horses had finished their discreet frolic and settled to sober travel, he fell into easy discourse, and showed the fair rider all the varied interests of the way. It was a busy thoroughfare, and this honored citizen was smiled at and handsomely saluted by many acquaintances, noble and humble. Mr. Davis was stingy of holidays, even in these dull times, but all the gallantry he had ever possessed was glowing in his heart as he rode soberly along in such pleasant company.

The dreary suspense and anxiety of six long weeks at sea were like a half-forgotten dream in the girl's own mind; at last she could set forth about her business. The sorrows of seafaring were now at an end; she was in England at last, and the very heart of the mother country seemed to welcome her; yet a young heart like Mary Hamilton's must needs feel a twinge of pain at the height of her morning's happiness.

The fields and hedges, the bright foxglove and green ivy, the larks and blackbirds and quiet robins, the soft air against her cheeks, -- each called up some far-inherited memory, some instinct of old relationship. All her elders in Berwick still called England home, and her thrilled heart had come to know the reason.

Roger Wallingford had lived in England. She suddenly understood against her will why he could find it so hard to go to sea in the Ranger to attack these shores, and why he had always protested against taking part in the war. England was no longer an angry, contemptuous enemy, tyrannous and exacting, and determined to withhold the right of liberty from her own growing colonies. All those sad, familiar prejudices faded away, and Mary could only see white clouds in a soft sky above the hazy distance, and hear the English birds singing, and meet the honest English faces, like old friends, as she rode along the road. There was some witchery that bewildered her; it was like some angry quarrel sprung up between mother and child while they were at a distance from each other, that must be quick forgotten when they came face to face. There was indeed some magic touch upon her: the girl's heart was beating fast; she was half afraid that she had misunderstood everything in blaming old England so much, and even stole a quick glance at her companion to see if he could have guessed her strange thoughts.

"T is a pretty morning," said Mr. Davis kindly, seeing that she looked his way. "We shall reach Bath in proper season," and he let his horse come to a slow walk.

Whether it was the fresh air of the summer day, very strengthening to one who had been long at sea, or whether it was the justice of their errand itself, the weakness of this happy moment quickly passed, and Miss Hamilton's hand eagerly sought for a packet in the bosom of her gown, to see if it were safe. The reason for being on this side the sea was the hope that an anxious errand could be well done. She thought now of Master Sullivan on his bleak New England hillside; of the far blue mountains of the north country, and the outlook that was clearer and wider than this hazy landscape along the Avon; she looked down at the tame English river, and only remembered the wide stream at

home that ran from the mountains straight to sea, -- how it roared and droned over the great rocky fall near the master's own house, and sounded like the calling sea itself in his ears.

"You may see Bath now, there in the valley," said Mr. Davis, pointing with his big hand and the hunting crop. "T is as fine a ride from Bristol to Bath as any you may have in England." They stopped their horses, a little short of breath, and looked down the rich wooded country to the bright town below.

"T is a fine ride indeed," said Mary, patting her horse's neck, and thinking, with uncontrollable wistfulness, of the slenderer and less discreet young Duke at home, and of the old coachman and his black helpers as they always stood by the stable, eager to watch her, with loud cautions, as she rode away. It was a sharp touch of homesickness, and she turned her head so that she could hide her face from sight.

"I'll change with you, my dear, as we ride toward home; I see you are so competent a rider," offered Mr. Davis heartily. "Lightfoot is a steady beast, though I must own you found him otherwise this morning; this chestnut is younger and freer-gaited." He had a strange sense, as he spoke, that Mary was no longer in good spirits. Perhaps the heavy horse had tired her strength, though Lightfoot was as good a creature as any in Bristol, and much admired for his noble appearance.

Mary eagerly protested, and patted the old horse with still greater friendliness and approval as they went riding on toward the town. The alderman sighed at the very sight of her youth and freshness; it would be pleasant to have such a daughter for his own. A man likes young company as he grows older; though the alderman might be growing clumsy on his own legs, the good horse under him made him feel like a lad of twenty. This was a fine day to ride out from Bristol, and the weather of the best. Mr. Davis began to mind him of an errand of business to Westbury on Trym, beyond the Clifton Downs, where, on the morrow, he could show Miss Hamilton still finer prospects than these.

They stopped at last before a handsome lodging in the middle of the town of Bath. Mr. George Fairfax was a Virginian, of old Lord Bryan Fairfax's near kindred, a man of great wealth, and a hearty Loyalist; his mother, a Cary of Hampton, had been well known to Madam Wallingford in their early years. He was at home this day, and came out at once to receive his guests with fine hospitality, being on excellent terms of friendship with the old merchant. They greeted each other with great respect before Miss Hamilton's presence was explained; and then Mr. Fairfax's smiling face was at once clouded. He had been the hope and stay of so many distressed persons, in these anxious days of war, that he could only sigh as he listened. It was evident enough that, however charming this new sufferer and applicant might be, their host could but regret her errand. Yet one might well take pleasure in her lovely face, even if she must be disappointed, as most ladies were, in the hope of receiving an instant and ample pension from the Ministers of His Majesty George the Third.

Mr. Fairfax, with great courtesy, began to say something of his regrets and fears.

"But we do not ask for these kind favors," Mary interrupted him, with gentle dignity. "You mistake our present errand, sir. Madam Wallingford is in no need of such assistance. We are provided with what money we are like to need, as our good friend here must already know. The people at home" -- and she faltered for one moment before she could go on. "It was indeed thought best that Madam Wallingford should be absent for a time; but she was glad to come hither for her son's sake, who is in prison. We have come but to find him and to set him free, and we ask for your advice and help. Here is her letter," and Miss Hamilton hesitated and blushed with what seemed to both the gentlemen a most pretty confusion. "I ought to tell you, Mr. Fairfax -- I think you should know, sir, that I am of the Patriots. My brother was with General Washington, with his own regiment, when I left home."

Mr. George Fairfax bowed ceremoniously, but his eyes twinkled a little, and he took instant refuge in reading the letter. This was evidently

an interesting case, but not without its difficulties.

"The young gentleman in question also appears to be a Patriot," he said seriously, as he looked up at Mr. Davis. "In Miss Hamilton's presence I must drop our usual term of 'rebel.' Madam Wallingford professes herself unshaken in her hereditary allegiance to the Crown; but as for this young officer, her son, I am astonished to find that he has been on board the *Ranger* with that Paul Jones who is the terror of all our ports now, and the chief pest and scourge of our commerce here in England. 'T is a distressed parent, indeed!"

"You have the right of it," said the old British merchant, with great eagerness and reproach. Mr. Davis was not a man who found it easy to take the humorous point of view. "It seems that he was left ashore, that night of the attack upon Whitehaven, in the north, which you will well remember. He was caught by the town guard. You know that we captured one of the *Ranger's* men? 'T was this same young officer, and, though badly wounded, he was ordered to the Mill Prison, and is said to have arrived in a dying state. For his mother's sake (and her face would distress any man's heart), I try to believe that he is yet alive and lies there in the jail; but 't is a sorry house of correction that he has come to through his own foolishness. They say he is like to have been hanged already."

"Good God! what a melancholy story, and all England thinking that he deserves his fate!" exclaimed Fairfax. "I cannot see how anything can be done."

"There is but one gleam of hope," said Mr. Davis, who had not sat among the Bristol magistrates in vain. He spoke pompously, but with some kindness for Miss Hamilton, who was listening sadly enough, the eager bravery of her face all gone; their last words had been very hard to bear. "There is one thing to add. The story reached America, before these good friends left, that young Mr. Wallingford was suspected by many persons on board the *Ranger* of still holding to his early Loyalist principles. They openly accused him of an effort to betray the ship into our hands. If this is true" -

"It is not true!" interrupted Miss Hamilton, and both the gentlemen looked a little startled. "No, it is not true," she repeated more calmly. "It is not a proper plea to make, if he should never be set free."

"We must think of his mother; we are only reviewing the situation in our own fashion," said the elder man, frowning a stern rebuke at her. But she would have her way.

"Mr. Davis has been very kind in the matter," she continued. "When we were speaking together, last night, he told me that Lord Mount Edgumbe was now in Bath, and would have great influence about the American prisoners."

"That is true," said Mr. Fairfax politely; "but I do not possess the honor of his lordship's acquaintance, and I fear that I have no means of reaching him. He is in bad health, and but lately arrived in Bath to take the waters."

"Miss Hamilton has brought letters" -

"I have some letters, given me by an old friend at home," acknowledged Mary. "The writer was very sure that they would be of use to us. Do you happen to know anything of Lord Newburgh, sir, and where he may be found?"

"Lord Newburgh?" repeated the Virginian eagerly, with a quick shake of his head and a sudden frown, though there was again a twinkle of merriment in his eyes. Mary's best hopes suddenly fell to the ground. She was aware as she had not been before upon how slight a foundation these best hopes might have been built. She had always looked up to Master Sullivan with veneration; the mystery of his presence was like an enchantment to those who knew him best. But he had been a long lifetime in America; he might have written his letters to dead men only; they might be worth no more than those withered oak leaves of last year that were fluttering on the hedges, pierced by a new growth.

There was a pause. Mr. Fairfax's face seemed full of pity. Miss Hamilton began to resent his open show of sympathy.

"I am strangely inhospitable!" he exclaimed. "We were so quick at our business that I forgot to offer you anything, sir, and you, Miss Hamilton, after your morning's ride! No, no, it is

no trouble. You will excuse me for a moment? I am like to forget my good bringing up in Virginia, and my lady is just now absent from home."

Mr. Fairfax quickly left the room. The alderman sat there speechless, but looking satisfied and complacent. It certainly did make a man thirsty to ride abroad on a sunshiny morning, and his ears were sharp-set* for the comfortable clink of glasses. The heavy tray presently arrived, and was put near him on a card table, and the old butler, with his pleasant Virginian speech, was eager in the discharge of hospitality; Mr. Fairfax being still absent, and Mary quite at the end of her courage. She could not take the cool draught which old Peter offered her with respectful entreaties, as if he were Cæsar, their own old slave; she tried to look at the hunting pictures on the wall, but they blurred strangely, -- there was something the matter with her eyes.

"What noble Jamaica spirits!"* said Mr. John Davis, looking at the ceiling with affected indifference as his glass was being replenished. "Did your master grow these lemons on his own plantations in Virginia? They are of a wondrous freshness," he added politely, to repeat his approval of such an entertainment. "Miss Hamilton, my dear, you forget we must take the long ride back again to Bristol. I fear you make a great mistake to refuse any refreshment at good Peter's hands."

The door was thrown open and Mr. Fairfax made a handsome, middle-aged gentleman precede him into the room.

"I was afraid that I should miss this noble friend," he said gayly; "he might have been taking advantage of so fine a morning, like yourselves. Here is my Lord Newburgh, Miss Hamilton; this is Lord Newburgh himself for you! You must have heard of the Honorable Mr. Davis, of Bristol, my lord? -- one of their great merchants. I have told you already that Miss Hamilton brings you a letter, and that she hopes for your interest with my Lord Mount Edgumbe. My dear Miss Hamilton, this gives me great pleasure! When you said that you had brought such a letter, I was sure at last that there was one thing I could do for you."

Lord Newburgh gravely saluted these new acquaintances, taking quick notice of the lady's charm, and smiling over his shoulder at Mr. Fairfax's excited manner. He waved his hand in kind protest to check Peter's officious approach with the tray of glasses.

"So you have a letter for me, from America, Miss Hamilton?" he asked bluntly; and she put it into his hand.

Lord Newburgh gave a curious look at the carefully written address, and turned the folded sheet to see the seal. Then he flushed like a man in anger and bit his lip as he looked at the seal again, and started back as he stood close by the window, so that they all saw him. Then he tore open Master Sullivan's letter.

"It is dated this very last month!" he cried. "My God! do you mean to tell me that this man is still alive?"

Notes for Chapter 35

"Would that she had told us of the trials of that time, and why it was that her heart rose against the new world and the new manners to which she had come!": This passage appears in Charles Eliot Norton's 1897 introduction to *The Poems of Anne Bradstreet* (p. xxv).

sharp-set: Usually refers to a keen appetite. Perhaps derived from a metaphor for the setting of teeth on a saw blade.

Jamaica spirits: Rum.

For details about the historical characters mentioned in this chapter, see the individual entries in *People and Places*.

Chapter XXXVI

MY LORD NEWBURGH'S KINDNESS

"Thus says my King: Say thou to Harry of England, though we seemed dead, we did but sleep."*

"What man?" asked Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Davis, with eager curiosity, seeing such astonishment upon his face; but Lord Newburgh made them no answer until he had read the

letter and carefully folded it again. They saw his hands tremble. He stood looking blankly at the two men and Miss Hamilton, as if he were in doubt what to say.

"T is like one risen from the dead," he told them presently, "but what is written here is proof enough for me. There are some things which cannot be spoken of even after all these years,* but I can say this: 't was a friend of my poor father, Charles Radcliffe, and of his brother, Darwentwater, -- one of their unlucky company sixty years ago. There are high reasons, and of State too, why, beyond this, I must still keep silence. Great heavens, what a page of history is here!" and he opened the letter to look at it once more.

"Mount Edgecumbe will not believe me," he said, as if to himself. "Well, at least he knows something of those old days, too; he will be ready to do what he can for such a petitioner as this, but we must be careful. I should like to speak with Miss Hamilton alone, if you will leave us here together, gentlemen," said Lord Newburgh, with quiet authority; and Mr. Fairfax and the alderman, disappointed, but with ready courtesy, left them alone in the room.

"Do you know the writer of this letter, madam?" demanded Lord Newburgh; and he was so well aware of the girl's beauty that, while he spoke, his eyes scarcely left her face. "T is true he speaks your name here and with affection, but I cannot think his history is known."

Mary smiled then, and answered gently to her life-long acquaintance with the master and her deep love for him, but that his early life was a matter of conjecture to those who had longest been his neighbors. Lord Newburgh saw with approval that she knew more than she was ready to confess.

"He has followed the great Example,* -- he has given his life for his friend," said Lord Newburgh, who showed himself much moved, when she had finished speaking. "They should know of this among our friends in France; by God's truth, the King himself should know but for his present advisers! I must say no more; you can see how this strange news has shaken me. He asks a thing difficult enough; he has broken his long silence for no light reason. But Mount

Edgecumbe will feel as I do, -- whatever he asks should be promised him; and Mount Edgecumbe has power in Plymouth; even with Barrington reigning in the War Office he is not likely to be refused, though Barrington is a narrow soul, and we can give no reasons such as make our own way plain. Your man shan't stay in the Mill Prison, I can promise you that, Ranger or no Ranger!"

Lord Newburgh smiled now at Miss Hamilton, as if to bring a look of pleasure to so sweet a face, and she could not but smile back at him.

"I shall do my part of this business at once," he said, rising. "I passed Mount Edgecumbe on my way here; he'll swear roundly at such a request. He fears again that his great oaks must go down, and his temper is none of the best. The Earl is an old sailor, my dear Miss Hamilton, and has a sailor's good heart, but this will stagger him well. You say that Madam Wallingford, the young man's mother, is now in Bristol?" and again he looked at the letter. "Stay; before I speak with the Earl I should like to hear more of these interesting circumstances. I must say that my own sympathies are mainly with your party in the colonies. I believe that the King has been made a tool of by some of his ministers. But I should not say this if you are one of the Loyalist refugees. Why, no, my dear!" He checked himself, laughing. "'T is a strange confusion. I cannot think you are for both hound and hare!"

It was near an hour later when Mr. Fairfax fumbled at the latch to see if he might be of service, and was politely though not too warmly requested to enter. Mr. John Davis had grown fretful at their long delay, but Miss Hamilton and Lord Newburgh were still deep in their conversation. The young lady herself had been close to her brother's confidence, and was not ignorant of causes in this matter of the war. Lord Newburgh struck his fist to the table with emphatic approval, as he rose, and told the two gentlemen who entered that he had learned at last what all England ought to know, -- the true state of affairs in America.

The Virginia Loyalist looked disturbed, and showed some indifference to this bold announcement.

"Come, Fairfax," cried the guest gayly, "I shall have arguments enough for ye now! I can take the Patriot side with intelligence, instead of what you have persisted in calling my ignorant prejudice."

"'T is your new teacher, then, and not your reasoning powers," retorted Fairfax; and they both fell to laughing, while Mary fell to blushing and looking more charming than before.

"Well, Miss Hamilton, and is your business forwarded? Then we must be off; the day is well squandered already," said John Davis.

"I shall first take Miss Hamilton to our good housekeeper for a dish of tea before she rides home," protested the host kindly. "I am grieved that my lady is not here; but our housekeeper, Mrs. Mullet, can offer the dish of tea, if so stern a Boston Patriot does not forbid. You will try the Jamaica spirits again yourself, sir? A second glass may be better than the first, Mr. Alderman!"

"I shall speak with my friends as to these Plymouth affairs, and do my best for you," Lord Newburgh kindly assured Miss Hamilton, as they parted. "You shall see me in Bristol to-morrow. Ah, this letter!" and he spoke in a low voice. "It has touched my heart to think that you know so well our sad inheritance. My poor father and poor Darwentwater! Every one here knows their melancholy fate, their 'sad honors of the axe and block;' but there were things covered in those days that are secrets still in England. *He speaks of the Newgate supper to me! . . . 'T was he himself who saved . . . and only a lad'* . . . But Mary could not hear the rest.

"I must see you again," he continued, aloud. "I shall have a thousand questions to put to you, and many messages for your old Master Sullivan (God bless him!) when you return. I offer you my friendship for his sake," and Lord Newburgh stood with bared head beside the horse when Miss Hamilton had mounted. "We have pleasant Dilston Hall to our home no more these many years; we Radcliffes are all done, but at Slindon you shall be very welcome. I shall wait upon Madam Wallingford to-morrow, and bring her what good comfort I can."

The alderman was warmed by Mr. Fairfax's hospitalities, and rode beside his young guest as proudly as if he were the lord mayor on high holiday. The streets of Bath were crowded with idle gentlefolk; it was a lovely day, and many people of fashion were taking the air as well as the famous waters. This was a fine sight for a New England girl, and Mary herself was beheld with an admiration that was by no means silent. Their horses' feet clacked sharply on the cobblestones, as if eager to shorten the homeward road, and the young rider sat as light as her heart was, now the errand was done. It was a pretty thing, her unconsciousness of all admiration; she might have been flitting along a shady road under the pines at home, startling the brown rabbits, and keeping a steady hand on the black Duke's rein to be ready for sudden freaks. She did not see that all along by the pump room they were watching her as she passed. She was taking good news to Bristol; Lord Newburgh had given his word of honor that Roger Wallingford should be pardoned and set free. Was not his mother a great lady, and heartily loyal to the Crown? Was there not talk of his having been suspected of the same principles on board the American privateer? It must be confessed that Lord Newburgh's face had taken on a look of amused assurance when these facts were somewhat unwillingly disclosed; they were the last points in the lieutenant's history which Mary herself would have willingly consented to use, even as a means of deliverance from captivity, but, unknown to her, they had won an easy promise of freedom.

"She's a rebel indeed, but God bless me, I don't blame her!" laughed the noble lord, as he reflected upon their conversation. It was not in his loyal heart to forget his heritage. Whatever might fall out in the matter of those distressed seamen who now suffered in the Mill Prison, no man could fail of pleasure in doing service for such sweet eyes as Miss Mary Hamilton's. There were some private reasons why he could go boldly to ask this great favor, and Lord Mount Edgecumbe was as good as master of the town of Plymouth, both by land and sea, and responsible for her concerns. "I'll make him ride with me to Bristol to-morrow to see these ladies," said Lord Newburgh from a generous

heart. "T will be a sweet reward, he may take my word for it!"

Notes for Chapter 36

Thus says my King: Say thou to Harry of England, though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: from William Shakespeare, *The Life of King Henry the Fifth*, Act 3, Scene 6. when Montjoy reads a letter from his king to King Henry V.

(Research: Gabe Heller)

There are some things which cannot be spoken: It seems likely Lord Newburgh refers to Master John Sullivan's involvement in Jacobite activities. The "sad honors of block and axe" refer to the executions in 1716 of James Radcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, and in 1745 of his brother, Newburgh's father, Charles Radcliffe. See entries on these men in *People and Places*.

Whether Jewett had documentary evidence of Sullivan's direct participation in Jacobite activities has not been established.

In the 1745 uprising, Charles Edward and his Irish friend, John William O'Sullivan, attempted and failed to restore the Old Pretender to the throne. O'Sullivan is a cousin of Master John Sullivan. In *The Life of James Sullivan*, Thomas C. Amory reports and discounts the following explanation of Master Sullivan's emigration to the American colonies:

The sister of Mrs. Sullivan [Master Sullivan's mother] had married Dermot, eldest son of Daniel O'Sullivan More, Lord of Dunkerran. The son of this marriage [John William], educated also on the continent, continued loyal to the Stuarts, and is believed to have been the companion of Charles Edward, in 1745, at Culloden, and in his subsequent wanderings. A tradition exists among the descendants of [Master] John of Berwick, that, while a young man residing at home with his mother, he was the friend and correspondent of this cousin; and that an interview between the relatives, on board a French vessel of war off the Irish coast, exciting the suspicion of the English authorities, John was obliged to leave Ireland.

In 1715, Master Sullivan turned 23; Charles Radcliffe was a year younger, James Radcliffe a few years older. In her reconstruction of the events in the Radcliffe family during 1715-16 in *Devil Water* (1962), Anya Seton indicates that there were many Jacobite agents traveling between France and England with messages related to plans for the 1715 rebellion. In Chapter 30 of *The Tory Lover*, Sullivan says that as a lad, he traveled from France to London as an agent, with a message for Charles Radcliffe.

Jewett, therefore, could have found hints in her reading that Sullivan participated in direct but secret ways in the 1715 uprising. However, Newburgh further suggests in this chapter that Master Sullivan gave his life for a friend and acted heroically "*while only a lad*" and implies that this act was connected with Charles Radcliffe's escape from Newgate in 1716. Anya Seton's reconstruction of the escape does not include anyone like Master Sullivan; it would appear that Jewett has "fictionalized" at this point, but this remains uncertain.

Graham Frater points out that Newgate was a prison in London, (now demolished) from which felons were taken for execution at Tyburn, (now Hyde Park Corner).

Jewett also has Newburgh say that his own sympathies were with the colonial rebels, as might be expected from the son of a Jacobite rebel, but whether this was in fact the case has not been determined.

For details about Master John Sullivan and the rest of the historical characters mentioned in this chapter, see the individual entries in *People and Places*.

Chapter XXXVII

THE BOTTOM OF THESE MISERIES*

"Let us pray that our unconscious benefactions outweigh our unconscious cruelties!"*

The order for Lieutenant Wallingford's release was soon in hand, but the long journey across country from Bristol to Plymouth seemed almost as long as all the time spent in crossing the sea. From the morning hour when the two elder ladies had watched Miss Hamilton and her kind old cavalier ride away down the narrow Bristol street, with a stout man servant well

mounted behind them, until the day they were in sight of Plymouth Hoe, each minute seemed slower than the last. It was a pretty journey from inn to inn, and the alderman lent himself gayly to such unwonted holidays, while Mary's heart grew lighter on the way, and a bright, impatient happiness began to bloom afresh in her cheeks and to shine in her eyes.

They reached Plymouth town at nightfall, and Mary was for taking fresh horses and riding on to the Mill Prison. For once her face was dark with anger when the landlord argued against such haste. He was for their taking supper, and assured the travelers that not even the mayor of Plymouth himself could knock at the jail gate by night and think to have it opened.

Miss Hamilton turned from such officious speech with proud indifference, and looked expectantly at her companion.

"It is not every night they will have a pardon to consider," she said in a low voice to Mr. Davis. "We carry a letter from my Lord Mount Edgumbe to the governor of the prison. We must first get speech with the guard, and then I have no fear."

The innkeeper looked provoked and wagged his head; he had already given orders for a bountiful supper, and was not going to let a rich Bristol merchant and two persons beside ride away without paying for it.

"We shall not be long away," said Mary, pleading. If she had known of the supper, she would have added that they might bring back another and a hungrier guest than they to sit at table. The alderman was irresolute; he was ready to succor a distressed prisoner, being a good Christian; but he was hungry now, and they had been riding all day at a quicker pace than he might have followed if alone. His man servant, just come into the inn parlor to wait for orders, stole a meaning glance at him; and they were two against one.

"No, no, my dear; 't is a good bit further, and most likely we should have our ride in vain. I know the rules of such places, from our Bristol laws at home. The governor will most likely be here in the town. Rest you now, and let us make a good supper, and start again betimes in the morning." Then, seeing how disappointed and

even determined her face grew, and that she looked very tired, "I am an old man, you must remember," he added kindly. "I fear that I am spent to-night, and can do no more without resting."

She was silent then, and crossed the room to stand by the window. There was a voice in her heart that begged her to persist, to go on alone, if need be, and not let herself be hindered in her quest. It was still light out of doors; the long twilight of the English summer was making this last step of her great adventure a possibility. She sighed; the voice within still warned and pleaded with her. "Who are you?" the girl said wonderingly. "Who are you that comes and helps me? You are not my own thought, but some one wiser than I, who would be my friend!" It was as if some unseen ministering spirit were face to face with her, bringing this insistent thought that she hardly dared refuse to take for guidance.

She gazed out of the window. Sunset clouds were brightening the whole sky; an afterglow was on the moorland hills eastward above the town. She could hear the roar of the ocean not far away; there were cheerful voices coming up the street, and the citizens were all abroad with their comfortable pipes and chatter.

"Get me a fresh horse and a man to follow," said Miss Hamilton, turning again to face the room. The landlord himself was laying the white cloth for supper. Matthew, their old groom, was stiffly kneeling and pulling off his master's riding boots, and they all three looked at her in dismay.

"Our own horses are done, miss," said Matthew, with decision.

"I have none I can let you to-night from my stable," the landlord seconded. "There was a review to-day of our raw recruits for America, and I had to empty every stall. The three best horses are returned with saddle galls from their clumsy ignorance," he protested boldly.

Mary glanced at Mr. Davis, and was still unconvinced; but all her determination was lost when she saw that the old man was really fatigued. Well, it was only one night more, and she must not insist. Perhaps they were right, and her ride would be in vain. At least she could send a messenger; and to this proposal the

landlord readily acceded, since, useless or not, it would be a shilling in his pocket, and a slow boy could carry the letter which the young lady made such haste to write.

She stopped more than once, with trembling fingers and trembling heart. "Dearest Roger," and the written words made her blush crimson and hold her face closer to the paper. "Dearest Roger, I would that I might come to you to-night; but they say it is impossible. Your mother is in Bristol, and awaits you there. Mr. John Davis has brought me hither to the Crown Inn. In the morning we shall open the prison door for you. Oh, my dear Roger, to think that I shall see you at last!"

"When can we have the answer back?" she asked; and the landlord told her, smiling, that it would be very late, if indeed there were any answer at all, and reminded her, with insolent patience, that he had already told her they would not open their prison gates, for Lords or Commons,* to any one who came by night.

"You may send the answer by one of your maids to the lady's room," commanded the Bristol magnate, in a tone that chased the servile smile from the innkeeper's face.

When Mary waked, the morning sun was pouring in at her window, and there was no word of any answer. Old Matthew had spoken with the young messenger, and brought word that he had given the letter to one of the watch by the gate, who had taken the money, and promised to do his best to put the message into Mr. Wallingford's hands that night when they changed guard.

"We might have been here last night; why, 't is but a step!" said John Davis, as they drew near the dismal prison next morning; but his young companion made no answer. He could not guess what happy fear mingled with her glad anticipation now, nor how her certainties and apprehensions were battling with each other.

Matthew's own horse and another that he led for Mr. Wallingford were weighted with provisions, so that he trudged afoot alongside. It was easy to hear in Plymouth town how the American prisoners lacked such things, and yet

Mary could hardly wait now to make the generous purchase which she had planned. She could not know all that Matthew had learned, and told his master in whispers in the stable yard.

As they rode nearer to the prison a flaw of wind brought toward them all the horrible odors of the crowded place, like a warning of the distress and misery within. Though it was so early, there were many persons standing outside the gates: some of them were jeering at the sad spectacle, and some talking in a friendly way with the men who stood within. Happily, it was not only a few compassionate Americans who had posted themselves here to give what they could of food and succor, but among the Plymouth folk themselves many a heart was wrung with pity, and one poor old body had toiled out of the town with a basket of food to smuggle through the bars; cakes and biscuit of a humble sort enough, but well flavored with love. Mary saw her take thread and needles out of her pocket, and sit down on the ground to mend some poor rags of clothing. "My own lad went for a sailor," she said, when they thanked her and called her "mother."

There was long delay; the guards pushed back the crowd again and again; one must stand close to see the sights within. All at once there was a cry and scuffling among the idlers, as some soldiers came riding up, one of them bringing an old horse with a man thrown across the saddle and tied down. As they loosed him he slid heavily to the ground as if he were dead, and the spectators closed about him.

Mary Hamilton could only look on in horror and apprehension. Her companion was in the midst of the pushing crowd.

"'T was a prisoner who escaped last night and has been retaken," he said hastily, as he returned to her side. "You may stay here with Matthew, my dear, while I take our letters and go in. I see that it is no place for you; they are like wild beasts."

"I must go, too," said Mary; "you will not forbid me now. Good heavens!" she cried aloud. "Now that they stand away from the gate I can see within. Oh, the poor prisoners! Oh, I cannot bear their sick faces! They are starving, sir!

These must be the men who had the fever you told me of. I wish we had brought more wine and food to these poor fellows! Let us go in at once," she cried again, and was in a passion of pity and terror at the sight.

"Let us go in! Let us go in!" she begged. "Oh, you forget that they are my own countrymen! I cannot wait!"

The guard now returned with a message, and the alderman gave his bridle to the groom. Mary was afoot sooner than he, and had run to the gate, pushing her way among the idle sightseers to the heavy grating. They were calling from both sides of the gate to old Matthew, who was standing with the horses, to come up and give them what he had brought. Mary Hamilton felt as if she were among wolves: they did not listen; they did not wait to find what she had to say. "For love of God, give me a shilling for a little 'baccy, my lady," said one voice in her ear. "I'll fetch them the 'baccy from the town, poor boys; they lack it most of anything, and he'll drink the money!" protested an old beggar woman at her side. "Go in? They'll let no ladies in!" and she gave a queer laugh. "And if you're once in, all you'll pray for is to be out again and forget the sight."

The governor was in his room, which had a small grated window toward the prison yard; but there was a curtain before it, and he looked up anxiously to see if this were close drawn as his early guests entered. This task of jailer was a terrible duty for any man, and he swore under his breath at Lord Mount Edgecumbe for interfering with what at best was an impossible piece of business. If he had seen to it that they had decent supplies for the prison, and hanged a score of their purveyors and contractors, now, or had blown the whole rotten place into the air with his fleet guns, 't were a better kindness!

The clerk stood waiting for orders.

"Show them in, then, these people," he grumbled, and made a feint of being busy with some papers as Miss Hamilton and her escort appeared. The governor saw at once that the honorable Mr. Davis was a man of consequence.

"My Lord Mount Edgecumbe writes me that you would make inquiries for a prisoner here," said the old soldier, less roughly because the second guest proved to be a lady and most fair to see. She looked very pale, and was watching him with angry eyes. As she had crossed the prison yard, she had seen fewer miseries because her tears had blinded her. There had been one imploring voice calling her by her own name. "Stop, Miss Hamilton, stop, for God's sake!" some one had cried; but the guard had kept the poor prisoners off, and an attendant hurried her along by force when she would gladly have lingered. The horror of it all was too much for her; it was the first time she had ever been in a jail.

"I am fearful of your sad disappointment, madam," said the governor of the prison. "You wished to see Lieutenant Roger Wallingford. I grieve to say" -- He spoke kindly, but looked toward Mary and stopped, and then, sighing heavily, turned his eyes toward Mr. Davis with a kind of relief.

"He is not dead, I hope, sir?" asked the old man, for Mary could not speak. "We have the order for his release."

"No, he is not dead to any certain knowledge," explained the governor, more slowly than before, "but he was one of a party that made their escape from this prison last night; 't was through one of their silly tunnels that they dig. They have some of them been shot down, and one, I hear, has just been taken and brought in alive; but Wallingford's name is not among any of these." He turned to some records, and then went to the grated window and looked out, but pulled the curtain across it impatiently as he came away. "You brought his pardon?" the governor then asked brusquely. "I should think he would be the last man for a pardon. Why, he was with Paul Jones, sir; but a very decent fellow, a gentleman, they tell me. I did not see him; I am not long here. This young lady had best go back to the inn," and he stole a look at Mary, who sat in despairing silence. A strange flush had replaced her first pallor. She had thought but a moment before that she should soon look again into Roger Wallingford's face and tell him that he was free. On the end of the governor's writing table lay the note that she

had written with such a happy heart only the night before.

Notes for Chapter 37

THE BOTTOM OF THESE MISERIES: from William Shakespeare, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act 2 Scene 2:

Yet, Cosen,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rysing, two meere
blessings,
If the gods please: to hold here a brave
patience,
And the enjoying of our greefes together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I thinke this our prison.

(Research: Gabe Heller)

"Let us pray that our unconscious benefactions outweigh our unconscious cruelties!": Patricia Rattray notes that this reference connects with the *Diary of Alice James*, recorded from 1889 until her death in 1892. See James's entry for January 23rd, 1891, *Diary of Alice James*, p. 202.

It appears that Jewett and James may both be quoting from another source. Although James' diary was not published until 1934, as Alice was the sister of Henry James, he may have shared the writing with Jewett after his sister's death.

James' herself seems to be adding to an original articulation of Henry Drummond's, a popular theological writer and lecturer of the time, who expounded on the ideas of natural science:

Remove the vegetable kingdom, or interrupt the flow of its unconscious benefactions, and the whole higher life of the world ends.

(See *Lowell Lectures on The Ascent of Man*, Henry Drummond, Chapter VII.)

Drummond lectured on the interrelation of science and religion, reflecting the ideas originally taught by Emanuel Swedenborg (and shared by James's father), that the material world was symbolic of the spiritual world and, therefore, reflected its lessons. Drummond

brought attention to the continually supportive natural environment that, "we fail to praise ...because its kindness is unobtrusive." Drummond thought that the spiritual counterpart to the beneficence of nature is love, and as nature provides continual "unconscious benefactions," so do acts of love:

"In those days men were working the passage to Heaven by keeping the Ten Commandments, and the hundred and ten other commandments which they had manufactured out of them. Christ came and said, 'I will show you a more simple way. If you do one thing, you will do these hundred and ten things, without ever thinking about them. If you LOVE, you will unconsciously fulfill the whole law.'"

Addresses by Henry Drummond.

Lords or Commons: The two houses of the British parliament.

Chapter XXXVIII

FULL OF STRAYING STREETS*

"Nous ne souffrons que dans la mesure où nous co-opérons à nos souffrances."

"His age saw visions, though his youth dream'd dreams."*

The town of Bristol was crowded with Loyalist refugees: some who had fled the colonies for honest love of their King, and some who believed that when the King's troops had put down the rebellion they should be well rewarded for holding to his cause. They were most of them cut off from what estates they may have had, and were begging for pensions from a government that seemed cruelly indifferent. Their sad faces fairly shadowed the Bristol streets, while many of them idled the day through, discussing their prospects with one another, and killing time that might have been lived to some profit. The disappointment of their hope was unexpected, and an England that showed them neither sympathy nor honor when they landed on her shores, glowing with self-sacrifice, was but a sad astonishment. England, their own mother country, seemed fallen into a querulous dotage, with her King's ministers so pompous in their stupid ignorance and self-

consequence, and her best statesmen fighting hard to be heard. It was an age of gamester heroes and of reckless living; a poor page of English history was unfolded before their wistful eyes. These honest Loyalists were made to know the mortified feelings of country gentlefolk come unheralded to a city house that was busy with its splendors on a feast day, and impatient of what was inopportune. Worse than this, though Judge Curwen and other loyal Americans of his company were still hopeful of consideration, and of being warmly received by England as her own true children, they were oftener held guilty of the vexing behavior of their brothers, those rebels against English authority whom they had left behind. Something to Mary's wonder, Madam Wallingford would have few of them to friend. She was too great a person at home to consent even now to any social familiarity on the score of political sympathies. She was known to have brought much money, and it was made easy for her to share this with one and another distressed acquaintance or friend's friend; but while this was done with generosity, she showed herself more and more impatient of their arguments, even of those complaints which were always ready, and the story of such grievances as had led them into exile.

"I am too ill and sad to listen to these things," she said often, even to her friends the Pepperrells, who came from London to visit her. "I only know my country's troubles through my own sorrow." She begged them at last to find poor Roger's grave, so she might go there to pray for him; 't was all that she could do. "Oh no," she would say mournfully to those who looked for her assent to their own views of the great situation, "do not expect me to understand you. I am only a mother, and all my life is done!"

The Bristol streets were busy as Miss Hamilton came walking through the town, and the bells were ringing for a holiday. She was deep in anxious thought, and kept steadily on her way toward the abbey church, without even a glance at a tradesman's window or a look at the people she met. Life was filled with new anxieties. Since the day when they had left Plymouth they could find no trace of Roger Wallingford, beyond the certainty that he had

made his escape with some fellow prisoners through a tunnel which they had been for many days digging under the prison wall. There had been a light near the opening in the field outside, and a guard set, but six men had gone out of the narrow hole and crawled away. It was a windy night, and the lantern light and shadows wavered on the ground and hid them. Two were shot and killed, but two were captured and brought back at once, while another was shot and got away, stumbling and falling often, and bleeding like a slaughtered creature, as the watch could see next morning by daylight. This poor fellow had escaped to the moors; there was a pool of blood in a place where he must have hidden for some hours among the furze bushes. There was so large a bounty paid for any escaped traitors and felons like these, who might be brought back alive to the Mill Prison, that the poor moorland folk back of Plymouth were ever on the quest. Roger Wallingford might have been that bleeding man. They would not dare to keep together; his companion might have left him dying or dead somewhere in the lonely waste country that stretched miles away above the prison. His fate was sure if he should be captured; he was not a man to yield his life too easily. There were some carefully worded notices posted, -- broadsides which might easily reach the eyes of such fugitives if they ventured into any of the Devon towns near by; but they might well have starved to death by this time in the deserts of Dartmoor. One sailor beside the lieutenant had succeeded in making his escape.

Mary Hamilton had left her lady pale and in tears that morning, and all her affectionate solicitude had been in vain.

There was some relief in finding herself afoot in the fresh air. For the first time she wondered if they must yield all their hopes and think of going home. It must be so if they should come to know that Roger was really dead, and her heart stopped as if with a sudden shock. Alas, next moment she remembered that for poor Madam Wallingford there was no safe return; her son was not yet disproven of Tory crimes. If there were any chance of sailing, the poor lady was far too ill and feeble in these last days. The summer, the little that was left of it, looked long

and dreary; the days were already growing short. There had not come a word from home since they sailed.

There was no longer much use in riding abroad on futile quests, and in these last days most persons had ceased to ask if there were any news of the lieutenant. Week after week had gone by, and his mother's proud courage was gone, while her bodily strength was fast failing. Lord Newburgh and Mr. Fairfax, even Lord Mount Edgcombe himself, had shown very great kindness in so difficult a matter, and Mary never let them go away unthanked for any favors which it could only be a happiness for any man to bestow. The gift and spell of beauty were always hers, and a heart that was always ready to show both gratitude and affection. She might not speak these things, but she was instant in giving the sweetest recognition to the smallest service that she might discover.

The abbey church of St. Augustine was cool and dim as Mary Hamilton went in, with a drooping head and a heavy heart. Her courage had never before seemed so utterly to fail. She had passed two forlorn Royalists at the gatehouse who were talking of their pensions, and heard one of them say, "If I were safe home again I'd never leave it, principles or no principles!" and the words rang dull and heavy in her ears. She sat down on an old stone bench in the side aisle; the light came sifting down to the worn stone pavement, but she was in shadow, behind a great pillar that stood like a monstrous tree to hold the lofty roof. There was no one in sight. The lonely girl looked up at a familiar old Jacobean monument* on the wall, with the primly ruffed father and mother kneeling side by side with clasped hands, and their children kneeling in a row behind them down to the very least, in a pious little succession. They were all together there in comfortable safety, and many ancient tablets covered the walls about them with the names and virtues of soldiers and sailors, priests and noblemen, and gallant gentlemen of Old England with their children and their good wives.

"They have all won through," whispered Mary to herself. "They have all fought the long battle and have carried care like me, and they have all won through. I shall not be a coward, either,"

and her young heart rose; but still the tears kept coming, and she sat bowed in the shadow and could not lift her head, which until lately had faced the sun like a flower. She sat there, at last, not thinking of her present troubles, but of home: of old Peggy and the young maids who often sang at their pleasant work; the great river at full tide, with its wooded shores and all its points and bays; the fishing weirs in the distance; the slow, swaying flight of the eagles and the straight course of the herons overhead. She thought of the large, quiet house facing southward, and its rows of elms, and the slender poplars going down the garden terraces; she even heard the drone of the river falls; she saw the house standing empty, all the wide doors shut to their old hospitality. A sense of awful distance fell upon her heart. The responsibility and hopelessness of her errand were too heavy on her young heart. She covered her face and bent still lower, but she could not stop her tears.

There came the sound of footsteps up the nave: it might be the old verger in his rusty gown, or some sightseer stopping here and there to read an inscription. Poor Mary's tears would have their way: to one of her deep nature weeping was sad enough in itself; to cry for sorrow's sake was no common sorrow. She was safe in her dim corner, and thought little of being seen; she was only a poor girl in sore trouble, with her head sunk in her hands, who could not in any way concern a stranger. The wandering footsteps stopped near by, instead of going on and entering the choir. She noticed, then, in a dull way, the light echo of their sound among the arches overhead.

"My God!" said a man's voice, as if in great dismay.

The speaker stepped quickly to Mary's side, and laid his hand gently on her shoulder. She looked up into the face of Captain Paul Jones of the Ranger.

Notes for Chapter 38

FULL OF STRAYING STREETS: From William Shakespeare, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act 1, Scene 5:

This world's a city full of straying streets,

And death's the market-place where each one meets.

(Research: Gabe Heller)

"*Nous ne souffrons que dans la mesure où nous co-opérons à nos souffrances.*": "We suffer only insofar as we cooperate with our sufferings."

This is the final fragment in *Les Disciples a Saïs, et les Fragments de Novalis* (1895). The entire fragment reads: "Les souffrances doivent nous être supportables par la raison c'est nous-mêmes qui nous infligeons, et que nous ne souffrons que dans la mesure où nous coopérons à nos souffrances" p. 249.

While it is possible that Jewett read Novalis in French, it seems perhaps more likely that she encountered the quotation in one of two magazines that she read. Novalis is quoted in "M. Maurice Maeterlinck, Moralist and Artist" in *The Living Age* 2977 (July 27, 1901, p. 208), which was reprinted from *The Edinburgh Review* 193 (April 1901).

"*His age saw visions, though his youth dream'd dreams*": The final line of British poet Lucius Carie's (1610-1743) "An Elegie on Dr. Donne." Wikipedia.

Jacobean monument: For a description of the church and the monument, see "Bristol" in *People and Places*.

Chapter XXXIX

MERCY AND MANLY COURAGE*

"Look on his honour!

That bears no stamp of time, no wrinkles on it;
No sad demolition nor death can reach it."

"O my dear better Angel and my star,
My earthly sight needs yours, your heavenly,
mine!"*

The captain's eyes were full of tears; it was no sign that he lacked manliness. To find Miss Hamilton in England, to find her alone and in piteous despair, was the opportunity of his own heart. He could not but be startled into wondering silence; the event was too astonishing even for one so equal to emergencies; but he stood ready, with beating

heart and sure sense of a man's abundant strength, to shelter her and to fight against the thing that troubled her, whatever it might be. Presently he seated himself by Mary's side, and took her hand in his and held it fast, still without speaking. She was the better for such friendliness, and yet wept the more for his very sympathy.

The captain waited until her passion of tears had spent itself. It was a pity she could not watch his compassionate face; all that was best and kindest in the man was there to see, with a grave look born of conflict and many grievous disappointments. To see Paul Jones now, one could not but believe him capable of the sternest self-command; he had at least the unassuming and quiet pride of a man who knows no master save himself. His eyes were full of womanly tenderness as he looked down at the pathetic bowed head beside him. Next moment they had a keen brightness as he caught sight of a tablet on the abbey wall to some Bristol hero long dead, -- the gallant servant, through many perils by sea and land, of Anne his Queen: it was a record that the captain's heart could perfectly understand.

"Calm yourself now, my dearest girl," he said at last, with gentle authority. "I must not stay long beside you; I am always in danger here. I was not unknown in Bristol as a younger man."

Mary lifted her head; for a moment the sight of his face helped to put her own miseries quite out of mind. Her ready sympathy was quickly enough roused when she saw how Paul Jones had changed. He had grown much older; years might have passed instead of months since that last evening he had spent in America, when she had seen him go away with his men by moonlight down the river. Now more than ever he might easily win the admiration of a woman's heart! She had half forgotten the charm of his voice, the simple directness of his eyes and their strange light, with something in his behavior that men called arrogance and willful rivalry, and women recognized as a natural royalty and irresistible, compelling power. To men he was too imperious, to women all gentleness and courtesy.

"You are in disguise!" she exclaimed, amazed at his courage. "How do you dare, even

you, to be here in Bristol in broad day?" and she found herself smiling, in spite of her unchecked tears. The captain held a rough woolen cap in his hand; he was dressed in that poor garb of the hungry Spanish sailor of Quiberon, which had so often done him good service.

"Tell me what has brought you here," he answered. "That is by far the greatest wonder. I am no fit figure to sit beside you, but 't is the hand of God that has brought us here together. Heaven forbid that you should ever shed such bitter tears again!" he said devoutly, and sat gazing at her like a man in a day dream.

"Sometimes God wills that we shall be sorry-hearted; but when He sends the comfort of a friend, God himself can do no more," answered the girl, and there fell a silence between them. There was a sparrow flying to and fro among the pillars, and chirping gayly under the high roof, -- a tiny far-fallen note, and full of busy cheer. The late summer sunshine lay along the floor of that ancient house of God where Mary and the captain sat alone together, and there seemed to be no other soul in the place.

Her face was shining brighter and brighter; at last, at last she could know the truth, and hear what had happened at Whitehaven, and ask for help where help could be surely given.

"But why are you here? You must indeed be bold, my lord captain!" she ventured again, in something very like the old gay manner that he knew; yet she still looked very white, except for her tear-stained eyes. "There were new tales of your seafaring told in the town only yesterday. I believe they are expecting you in every corner of England at once, and every flock of their shipping is dreading a sight of the Sea Wolf."

"I do my own errands, -- that is all," replied the captain soberly. "My poor Ranger is lying now in the port of Brest. I am much hampered by enemies, but I shall presently break their nets. . . . I was for a look at their shipping here, and how well they can defend it. There is a well-manned, able fish-boat out of Roscoff,* on the Breton coast, which serves me well on these expeditions. I have a plan, later, for doing great mischief to their Baltic fleet. I had to bring the worst of my ship's company with me; 't is my only discomfort," said Paul Jones, with

bitterness. "I have suffered far too much," and he sighed heavily and changed his tone. "I believe now that God's providence has brought me to your side; such happiness as this makes up for everything. You remember that I have been a sailor all my life," he continued, as if he could not trust himself to speak with true feeling. "I have been acquainted since childhood with these English ports."

"You did not know that I had come to Bristol?" said Mary. "Oh yes, we have been here these many weeks now," and she also sighed.

"How should I know?" asked Paul Jones impatiently. "I am overwhelmed by such an amazing discovery. I could burst into tears; I am near to being unmanned, though you do not suspect it. Think, dear, think what it is to me! I have no discretion, either, when I babble my most secret affairs aloud, and hardly know what I am saying. I must leave you in a few short moments. What has brought you here? Tell me the truth, and how I may safely manage to see you once again. If you were only in France, with my dear ladies there, they would love and cherish you with all their kind hearts! 'T is the Duchess of Chartres who has been my good angel since I came to France, and another most exquisite being whom I first met at her house, -- a royal princess, too. Oh, I have much to tell you! Their generous friendship and perfect sympathy alone have kept me from sinking down. I have suffered unbelievable torture from the jealousy and ignorance of men who should have known their business better, and given me every aid."

"I am thankful you have such friends as these ladies," said Mary, with great sweetness. "I am sure that you have been a good friend to them. Some knowledge of your difficulties had reached us before we left home; but, as you know, intercourse is now much interrupted, and we were often uncertain of what had passed at such a distance. We hear nothing from home, either," she added mournfully. "We are in great distress of mind; you could see that I was not very cheerful. . . . I fear in my heart that poor Madam Wallingford will die."

"Madam Wallingford!" repeated the captain. "You cannot mean that she is here!" he exclaimed, with blank astonishment. His tone

was full of reproach, and even resentment. "Poor lady! I own that I have had her in my thoughts, and could not but pity her natural distress," he added, with some restraint, and then burst forth into excited speech: "There is no need that they should make a tool of you, -- you who are a Patriot and Hamilton's own sister! This is arrant foolishness!"

He sprang to his feet, and stood before Miss Hamilton, with his eyes fixed angrily upon her face. "If I could tell you everything! Oh, I am outdone with this!" he cried, with a gesture of contempt.

"Captain Paul Jones," she said, rising quickly to confront him, "I beg you to tell me everything. I cannot believe that Roger Wallingford is a traitor, and I love his mother almost as if she were my own. I came to England with her of my own wish and free will, and because it was my right to come. Will you tell me plainly what has happened, and why you do not take his part?"

The captain's quick change from such deep sympathy as he had shown for her tears to a complete scorn of their cause could only give a sad shock to Mary Hamilton's heart. He was no helper, after all. There came a dizzy bewilderment like a veil over her mind; it seemed as if she felt the final blow of Fate. She had not known how far she had spent her strength, or how her very homesickness had weakened her that day.

"I fear it is true enough that he betrayed us at Whitehaven," said Paul Jones slowly, and not unmindful of her piteous look. "I could not bring myself to doubt him at first; indeed, I was all for him. I believe that I trusted him above every man on board. I was his champion until I found he had been meddling with my papers, -- my most secret dispatches, too; yes, I have proof of this! And since then some of the stolen pages have found their way into our enemies' hands. He has not only betrayed me, but his country too; and worst of all in men's eyes, he has sinned against the code of honor. Yet there is one thing I will and must remember: 't is never the meanest men who serve their chosen cause as spies. The pity is that where success may be illustrious, the business asks completest sacrifice, and failure is the blackest disgrace. 'T is Wallingford's reward. I loved him once, and

now I could stand at the gallows and see him hanged! Perhaps he would say that he acted from high motives, -- 't is ever a spy's excuse; but I trusted him, and he would have ruined me."

"I do not believe that he is guilty," declared Mary Hamilton, with perfect calmness, though she had drawn back in horror as she heard the last words and saw such blazing anger in Paul Jones's eyes. "You must look elsewhere for your enemy," she insisted, -- "for some other man whose character would not forbid such acts as these. If Roger Wallingford has broken his oath of allegiance, my faith in character is done; I have known him all my life, and I can answer for him. Believe me, there is some mistake." Her eyes did not fall; as the captain held them straight and answerable with his own she met the challenge of his look, and there came a beautiful glow of pity and gentleness upon her face.

The captain gave a long sigh.

"I am sure that you are mistaken," she said again, quietly, since he did not speak. "We are now in great trouble, and even despair, about Mr. Wallingford, and have been able to get no word from him. We have his pardon in hand; it would make you wonder if I told you how it came to us. Your lieutenant was left most cruelly wounded on the shore at Whitehaven, and was like to die on the long journey to Plymouth jail where they sent him. How he has lived through all his sufferings I do not know. I have seen the Mill Prison, myself; they would not even let us speak with those who knew him among our poor captives. The night before we reached the prison he had escaped; there were some men shot down who were of his party. We can get no trace of him at all. Whether he is dead on the great moors, or still alive and wandering in distress, no one can tell. This does not look as if he were a spy for England; it were easy to give himself up, and to prove such a simple thing, if only to be spared such misery. I am afraid that his mother will soon fade out of life, now that, after all these weeks, she believes him dead. She thought he would return with us, when she saw us ride away to Plymouth, and the disappointment was more than she could bear."

The bitter memory of that morning at the Mill Prison was like a sword in Mary's heart, and she

stopped; she had spoken quickly, and was now trembling from head to foot. "I thought, when I saw your face, that you would know how to help us find him," she said sorrowfully, under her breath.

"If I have been wrong," exclaimed the captain, "if I have been wrong, I should give my life to make amends! But all the proofs were there. I even found a bit of one of my own papers among his effects, -- 't was in a book he had been reading. But I hid the matter from every one on board; I could not bear they should know it. Dickson's word was their mainstay at first; but that counted worse than nothing to me, till there were other matters which fully upheld his account."

"Dickson has always been a man mistrusted and reproached," protested Miss Hamilton, with indignation. "There is a man for you whose character would not forbid such treachery! You must know, too, that he has a deep hatred for the Wallingfords, and would spare no pains to revenge himself."

The captain stood doubtful and dismayed. "I have gone over this sad matter by day and by night," he said; "I do not see where I could be mistaken. I went to the bottom of my evidence without regard to Dickson, and I found proof enough. I hate that man, and distrust him, yet I can find little fault with his service on the ship; and when I have been surest of catching him in a lie, he always proves to have told the exact truth, and wears a martyr's air, and is full of his cursed cant and talk of piety. Alas, I know not what can be done at this late day."

"Did you never think that Dickson could put many a proof like your bit of paper where your eyes alone could fall upon it?" asked Mary. "I remember well that he has tried more than once to cast blame upon others when he himself was the sinner. He has plenty of ability; 't is his bad use of it that one may always fear."

The captain moved restlessly, as if conscious of her accusation. "Many believed Wallingford to be a Tory on the ship," he answered. "They were jealous and suspicious of his presence; but Dickson, who has warped Simpson's honest mind against me, may also have set his energies to this. If we could only find

Wallingford! If we could only hear his own story of that night! In all this time he should have sent some word to me, if he were innocent. If I were free, I'd soon know what they learned from him in the prison; he must have spoken openly with some of the Portsmouth men who are there. What can we do?" the speaker ended, in a different tone altogether, making a direct appeal to Mary. "If I have fallen a dupe to such a man as Dickson in this matter, I shall never recover from the shame. You would never forgive me. Alas, how can I ask the question that my heart prompts! You are most unhappy," said Paul Jones, with exquisite compassion. "Is it because of Wallingford alone? Oh, Mary, is there no hope for me? You have had my letters? You cannot but remember how we parted!"

She looked at him imploringly.

"Tell me," said the captain. "I must ask a question that is very hard for me. I believe that you love this unfortunate officer, and desire his safety beyond everything else. Is it not true?"

Mary waited only a moment before she spoke.

"Yes, it is true," she said then. "I know now that we have always belonged to each other."

"Alas for my own happiness!" said the captain, looking at her. "I thought when we parted that last night" -- He groaned, his words faltering. "Oh, that I had only spoken! Glory has been a jealous mistress to me, and I dared not speak; I feared 't would cost me all her favor, if my thoughts were all for you. It seems a lifetime ago. I could throw my hope of glory down at your feet now, if it were any use. I can do nothing without love. Oh, Mary, must you tell me that it is too late?"

The captain's voice made poignant outcry to the listener's heart. The air seemed to quiver in strange waves, and the walls of the abbey seemed to sway unsteadily. The strong, determined soul before her was pleading for an impossible happiness. Even better than he could know, she knew that he lacked a woman's constant love and upholding, and that, with all his noble powers, his life tended toward ruin and disappointment. She stood there, white and wistful; her compassionate heart was shaken with pity for his loneliness.

There was a change on the man's dark face; he took one step toward her, and then was conscious of a strange separation between them. Mary did not move, she did not speak; she stood there as a ghost might stand by night to pity the troubles of men. She knew, with a woman's foresight, the difference it would make if she could only stand with love and patience by his side.

"There must be some one to love you as it is in your heart to love," she told him then. "God bless you and give you such a happiness! You are sure to find each other in this sad world. I know you will! I know you will!"

One of the great bells began to ring in the tower, and its vibrations jarred her strangely; she could hardly hinder herself now from a new outburst of tears, and could not think clearly any more, and was trembling with weakness.

"I must go home if I can," she whispered, but her voice was very low. "I cannot get home alone -- No, no, I must not let you be so kind!"

He placed her gently on the stone bench, and she leaned back heavily with his arm about her, thankful for some protecting affection in her brief bewilderment. She could not but hear his pitying, endearing words as her faintness passed; the poor girl was so breathless and weak that she could only throw herself upon his mercy. There was even an unexpected comfort in his presence, -- she had been so much alone with strangers; she forgot everything save that he was a friend of her happier days. And as for the captain, he had held her in his arms, she had turned to him with touching readiness in her distress; nothing could ever rob his heart of the remembrance.

He watched her with solicitude as her color came back, and lingered until he saw that she was herself again. They must part quickly, for he could not venture to be seen with her in the open streets.

"You have convinced me that I may have been wrong about Wallingford," he said impulsively. "I shall now do my best to aid you and to search the matter out. I shall see you again. Your happiness will always be very dear to me. I can but thank Heaven for our being here together, though I have only added something to

your pain. Perhaps these troubles may not be far from their solution, and I shall see you soon in happier hours."

He kissed her hand and let it go; his old hope went with it; there must be a quick ending now. A man must always resent pity for himself, but his heart was full of most tender pity for this overburdened girl. There had been few moments of any sort of weakness in all the course of her long bravery, -- he was sure enough of that, -- and only loved her the more. She had been the first to show him some higher things: it was not alone her charm, but her character, her great power of affection, her perfect friendship, that would make him a nobler lover to his life's end.

She watched him as he went away down the nave toward the open door; the poverty of such disguise and the poor sailor's threadbare dress could not hide a familiar figure, but he was alert no more, and even drooped a little as he stood for one moment in the doorway. He did not once look back; there were people in the church now, and his eyes were bent upon the ground. Then he lifted his head with all the spirit that belonged to him, stepped out boldly from the shadow into the bright daylight beyond, and was gone.

The old verger crossed over to speak with Mary; he had learned to know her by sight, for she came often to the abbey church, and guessed that she might be one of the exiles from America.

"'T was some poor sailor begging, I misdoubt. There's a sight o' beggars stranded in the town. I hope he would not make bold to vex you, my lady?" asked the dim-eyed old man, fumbling his snuffbox with trembling hands. "I fell asleep in the chapter room."

"'T was some one I had known at home," Miss Hamilton answered. "He is a good man." And she smiled a little as she spoke. It would be so easy to cause a consternation in the town. Her head was steady now, but she still sat where the captain left her.

"'T is a beautiful monymment, -- that one," said the verger, pointing up to the kneeling figures in their prim ruffs. "'T is as beautiful a monymment as any here. I've made bold to notice how you often sits here to view it. Some o' your Ameriky

folks was obsarvin' as their forbears was all buried in this abbey in ancient times; 't would be sure to make the owd place a bit homely."

The bells were still chiming, and there were worshipers coming in. Mary Hamilton slipped away, lest she should meet some acquaintance; she felt herself shaken as if by a tempest. Paul Jones had gone into fresh danger when he left her side; his life was spent among risks and chances. She might have been gentler to him, and sent him away better comforted.

She walked slowly, and stood still once in the street, startled by the remembrance of her frank confession of love; the warm color rushed to her pale face. To have told the captain, when she had never told Roger himself, or his mother, or any but her own heart! Yet all her sorrows were lightened by these unconsidered words: the whole world might hear them now; they were no secret any more.

There were busy groups of people about the taverns and tobacco shops, as if some new excitement were in the air; it might be that there was news from America. As Mary passed, she heard one man shout to another that John Paul Jones, the pirate, had been seen the day before in Bristol itself. An old sailor, just landed from a long voyage at sea, had known him as he passed. There was word, too, that the Ranger had lately been sighted again off Plymouth, and had taken two prizes in the very teeth of the King's fleet.

Notes for Chapter 39

MERCY AND MANLY COURAGE: From William Shakespeare, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act 5, Scene 3.

Emilia. Arcite is gently visagd; yet his eye
Is like an Engyn bent, or a sharpe weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy, and manly courage
Are bedfellowes in his visage.

(Research: Gabe Heller)

No sad demolishment nor death can reach it
From Act 5 of John Fletcher's play, *The Mad Lover*. Jewett has altered the first line: "Look on his honour, sister,...."

My earthly sight needs yours, your heavenly, mine!": From Owen Wister's "My Country," a political poem presented at the 29 June 1899 meeting of the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa Society, in Sanders Theater at Harvard University.

O my dear better Angel and my star,
My earthly sight needs yours, your heavenly, mine!
I am your flesh, and you my spirit are:
I were too gross alone, you, too divine!
Parted, I'd fall in dust, and you would shine
In voiceless ether. Therefore we unite
To walk on earth together, that we walk aright.

Roscoff ... mischief to their Baltic fleet: Roscoff is a fishing port on the north Breton coast. Morison confirms that Jones advanced a plan for disrupting British Baltic trade after he had completed his work with the *Ranger* (176), and to a limited extent, this was a purpose of his 1779 voyage in the *Bon Homme Richard*.

Chapter XL

THE WATCHER'S LIGHT

"There's no deep valley but near some great hill."

Late that night Mary Hamilton sat by the window in her sleeping closet, a quaint little room that led from the stately chamber of Madam Wallingford. Past midnight, it was still warm out of doors, and the air strangely lifeless. It had been late before the maid went away and their dear charge had fallen asleep; so weak and querulous and full of despair had she been all the long day.

The night taper was flickering in its cup of oil, but the street outside was brighter than the great room. The waning moon was just rising, and the watcher leaned back wearily against the shutter, and saw the opposite roofs slowly growing less dim. There were tall trees near by in the garden, and a breeze, that Mary could not feel where she sat, was rustling among the poplar leaves and mulberries. She heard footsteps coming up the street, and the sound startled her as if she had been sitting at her window at home, where

footsteps at that time of night might mean a messenger to the house.

The great town of Bristol lay fast asleep; it was only the watchman's tread that had startled the listener, and for a moment changed her weary thoughts. The old man went by with his clumsy lantern, but gave no cry nor told the hour until he was well into the distance.

There was much to think about at the end of this day, which had brought an unexpected addition to her heart's regret. The remembrance of Paul Jones, his insistence upon Wallingford's treachery, a sad mystery which now might never be solved, even the abruptness of the captain's own declaration of love, and a sense of unreality that came from her own miserable weakness, -- all these things were new burdens for the mind. She could not but recognize the hero in this man of great distinction, as he had stood before her, and yet his melancholy exit, with the very poverty of his dress, had somehow added to the misery of the moment. It seemed to her now as if they had met each other, that morning, with no thoughts of victory, but in the very moment of defeat. Their hopes had been so high when last they talked together. Again there came to her mind the anxiety of that bright night when she had stood pleading with Roger Wallingford on the river shore, and had thrown down her challenge at his feet. How easy and even how happy it all seemed beside these dreadful days! How little she had known then! How little she had loved then! Life had been hardly more than a play beside this; it was more dramatic than real. She had felt a remote insincerity, in those old days, in even the passionate words of the two men, and a strange barrier, like a thin wall of glass, was always between her heart and theirs. Now, indeed, she was face to face with life, she was in the middle of the great battle; now she loved Roger Wallingford, and her whole heart was forever his, whether he was somewhere in the world alive, or whether he lay starved and dead among the furze and heather on the Devon moors. She saw his white face there, as if she came upon it in the shadows of her thoughts, and gave a quick cry, such was the intensity of her grief and passion; and the frail figure stirred under its coverlet in the great room beyond, with

a pitiful low moan like the faint echo of her own despair.

The sad hour went by, and still this tired girl sat by the window, like a watcher who did not dare to forget herself in sleep. Her past life had never been so clearly spread before her, and all the pleasant old days were but a background for one straight figure: the manly, fast-growing boy whom she played with and rebuffed on equal terms; the eager-faced and boyish man whom she had begun to fear a little, and then to tease, lest she should admire too much. She remembered all his beautiful reticence and growing seriousness, the piety with which he served his widowed mother; the pleading voice, that last night of all, when she had been so slow to answer to his love. It was she herself now who could plead, and who must have patience! How hard she had been sometimes, how deaf and blind, how resistant and dull of heart! 'T was a girl's strange instinct to fly, to hide, to so defeat at first the dear pursuer of her heart's love!

Again there was a footstep in the street. It was not the old watchman coming, for presently she heard a man's voice singing a country tune that she had known at home. He came within sight and crossed the street, and stood over the way waiting in shadow; now he went on softly with the song. It was an old Portsmouth ballad that all the river knew; the very sound of it was like a message: -

"The mermaids they beneath the wave,
The mermaids they o'er my sailor's grave,
The mermaids they at the bottom of the sea,
Are weeping their salt tears for me.

"The morning star was shining still,
'T was daybreak over the eastern hill" --*

He began the song again, but still more softly, and then stopped.

Mary kept silence; her heart began to beat very fast. She put her hand on the broad window-sill where the moonlight lay, and the singer saw it and came out into the street. She saw the Spanish sailor again. What had brought the captain to find her at this time of night?

She leaned out quickly. "I am here. Can I help you? Is there any news?" she whispered, as he stood close under the window, looking up.

"You are putting yourself in danger," she warned him anxiously. "I heard the people saying that you have been seen in Bristol, this morning as I came home!"

"God be thanked that I have found you awake!" he answered eagerly, and the moon shone full upon his face, so that she could see it plain. "I feared that I should have to wait till daylight to see you. I knew no one to trust with my message, and I must run for open sea. I have learned something of our mystery at last. Go you to the inn at Old Passage to-morrow night, -- do you hear me? -- to the inn at Old Passage, and wait there till I come. Go at nightfall, and let yourself be unknown in the house, if you can. I think -- I think we may have news from Wallingford."

She gave a little cry, and leaned far out of the window, speaking quickly in her excitement, and begging to hear more; but the captain had vanished to the shadows whence he came. Her heart was beating so fast and hard now that she could not hear his light footsteps as he hurried away, running back to the water-side down the echoing, paved street.

Notes for Chapter 40

There's no deep valley but near some great hill:
From *The Duchess of Malfi* by John Webster (c. 1580-c.1635), Act 3, scene 5.

I am arm'd 'gainst misery;
Bent to all sways of the oppressor's will:
There's no deep valley but near some great hill.
(Research: Gabe Heller)

The mermaids they beneath the wave: Though Jewett identifies this as an old Portsmouth ballad, no evidence has been found that there ever was such a ballad. It is probable that she has made it up, though this is not her typical approach. Folklorist Jeff Warner points out that "it is not usual for song texts to survive in oral tradition when they are structured with such an implied comma after the "they" in the first three lines. The 'folk' probably would have altered it."

Chapter XLI

AN OFFERED OPPORTUNITY

"Neither man nor soldier.

What ignorant and mad malicious traitors!"

"License, they mean, when they cry Liberty."*

The Roscoff fishing smack lay in the Severn, above Avon mouth, and it was broad day when Captain Paul Jones came aboard again, having been rowed down the river by some young Breton sailors whom he had found asleep in the bottom of their boat. There would be natural suspicion of a humble French craft like theirs; but when they had been overhauled in those waters, a day or two before, the owner of the little vessel, a sedate person by the name of Dickson, professed himself to be an Englishman from the Island of Guernsey, with proper sailing papers and due reverence for King George the Third. His crew, being foreigners, could answer no decent Bristol questions, and they were allowed to top their boom for the fishing grounds unmolested, having only put into harbor for supplies.

The Roscoff lads looked at their true captain with mingled sleepiness and admiration as he took the steersman's place. He presently opened a large knotted bundle handkerchief, and gave them a share of the rich treat of tobacco and early apples within; then, seeing that they kept their right course, he made a pillow of his arm and fell sound asleep.

As they came under the vessel's side the barking of a little dog on board waked him again with a start. He looked weary enough as he stood to give his orders and watch his opportunity to leap from the boat, as they bobbed about in the choppy sea. All was quiet on deck in the bright sunlight; only the little French dog kept an anxious lookout. The captain gave orders to break out their anchor and be off down channel, and then turned toward the cabin, just as Dickson made his appearance, yawning, in the low companion way.

Dickson had found such life as this on the fisherman very dull, besides having a solid

resentment of its enforced privations. None of the crew could speak English save Cooper and Hanscom, who had come to hate him, and would not speak to him at all except in the exercise of duty. He knew nothing of the Breton talk, and was a man very fond of idle and argumentative conversation. The captain had been ashore now for thirty-six long hours, and his offended colleague stood back, with a look of surly discontent and no words of welcome, to let the tyrant pass. The captain took a letter out of his pocket and gave it to him, with a quick but not unfriendly glance, as if half amused by Dickson's own expression of alarm as he turned the folded paper and looked at its unbroken seal. He mumbled something about a tailor's bill, and then insisted that the letter could not be meant for him. He did not seem to know what it would be safe to say.

"Come below; I wish to speak with you." The captain spoke impatiently, as usual, and had the air of a kingbird* which dealt with a helpless crow. "We are in no danger of being overheard. I must speak with you before you read your letter. I have chanced upon some important information; I have a new plan on foot."

"Certainly, sir," replied Dickson, looking very sour-tempered, but putting a most complaisant alacrity into his voice.

"The news was given me by a man who succeeded in making his escape from the Mill Prison some months since, and who came to Bristol, where he had old acquaintances; he is now at work in a coppersmith's shop," explained the captain. "He has been able to help some of his shipmates since then, and, under the assumed character of an American Loyalist, has enjoyed the confidence of both parties.* 'T will be a dangerous fellow to tamper with; I have heard something of him before. I doubt if he is very honest, but he turns many a good sound penny for himself. Lee believes that all his spies are as trusty as Ford and Thornton, but I can tell you that they are not." The captain's temper appeared to be rising, and Dickson winced a little. "I know of some things that go on unbeknownst to him, and so perhaps do you, Mr. Dickson; this man has advised me of some matters in Bristol this very night, about which I own myself to be curious. He says that there are

two men out of the Mill Prison who may be expected in, and are hoping to get safe away to sea. It would be a pretty thing to add a pair of good American sailors to our number without the trouble of formal exchange. So I must again delay our sailing for France, and I shall leave you here to-night, while I go to inspect the fugitives. There are special reasons, too, why I wish to get news from the prison."

The captain seemed excited, and spoke with unusual frankness and civility. Though Dickson had begun to listen with uneasiness, he now expressed approval of such a plan, but ventured at the same time to give an officious warning that there might be danger of a plot among the Bristol Loyalists. They would make themselves very happy by securing such an enemy as John Paul Jones. But this proof of sagacity and unselfishness on Dickson's part the captain did not deign to notice.

"I shall pass the day in fishing, and toward night take another anchorage farther up the channel," he continued. "There are reasons why prudence forbids my going into the Avon again by boat, or being seen by day about the Bristol quays. I shall run farther up the Severn and land there, and ride across by Westbury, and over the downs into Bristol, and so return by daybreak. I have bespoken a horse to wait for me, and you will see that a boat is ready to take me off in the morning."

Dickson received these instructions with apparent interest and an unconscious sigh of relief. He understood that the captain's mind was deeply concerned in so innocent a matter; there was probably no reason for apprehension on his own part. The next moment his spirits fell, and his face took on that evil color which was the one sign of emotion and animosity that he was unable to conceal. There was likely to be direct news now from the Mill Prison; and the grievous nightmare that haunted Dickson's thoughts was the possible reappearance of Roger Wallingford.

Once or twice he swallowed hard, and tried to gather courage to speak, but the words would not come. The captain passed him with a scowl, and threw himself into the wretched bunk of the cabin to get some sleep.

"Captain Jones," and Dickson boldly followed him, "I have something important which I must say" -

"Will not you read your letter first?" inquired the captain, with unaccustomed politeness. "I am very much fatigued, as you might see. I want a little sleep, after these two nights."

"We are alone now, sir, and there is something that has lain very heavy on my mind." The man was fluent enough, once his voice had found utterance.

The captain, with neither an oath nor a growl, sat up in his berth, and listened with some successful mockery of respect, looking him straight in the face.

"That night, -- you remember, sir, at Whitehaven? I have come to be troubled about that night. You may not recall the fact that so unimportant a person as I stood in any real danger on such an occasion of glory to you, but I was set upon by the town guard, and only escaped with my life. I returned to the Ranger in a suffering condition. You were a little overset by your disappointment, and by Mr. Wallingford's disappearance and your suspicions of his course. But in my encounter, -- you know that it was not yet day, -- and in the excitement of escaping from an armed guard, I fear that I fought hand to hand with Wallingford himself, taking him for a constable. He was the last of them to attack me, when I was unable to discriminate, -- or he, either," added Dickson slyly, but with a look of great concern. "The thought has struck me that he might not have been disloyal to our cause, and was perhaps escaping to the boat, as I was, when we fell into such desperate combat in that dark lane. It would put me into an awful position, you can see, sir. . . . I may be possessed of too great a share of human frailty, but I have had more than my share of ill fortune. I have suffered from unjust suspicions, too, but this dreadful accident would place me" -

"You thought to save your life from an unknown enemy?" the captain interrupted him. "You struck one of your own party, by mischance, in the dark?" he suggested, without any apparent reproach in his voice.

"Exactly so, sir," said Dickson, taking heart, but looking very mournful.

"Yet you told us that Mr. Wallingford alarmed the guard?"

"I could suspect nothing else, sir, at the time; you heard my reasons when I returned."

"Never mind your return," urged Paul Jones, still without any tone of accusation. "'T was long after the gray of the morning, it was almost broad day, when I left the shore myself at Whitehaven, and a man might easily know one of his shipmates. 'T was a dark lane, you told me, however," and his eyes twinkled with the very least new brightness. "If we should ever see poor Wallingford again, you could settle all that between you. I can well understand your present concern. Do you think that you did the lieutenant any serious damage before you *escaped*? I recall the fact that you were badly mauled about the countenance."

"I fear that I struck him worst in the shoulder, sir," and Dickson shifted his position uneasily, and put one hand to the deck timber above to hold himself steady, now that they were rolling badly with the anchor off ground. "I know that I had my knife in my hand. He is a very strong fellow, and a terrible man to wrestle with, -- I mean the man whom I struck, who may have been Wallingford. I thought he would kill me first."

"I wish you had bethought yourself to speak sooner," said the captain patiently. "'T is a thing for us to reflect upon deeply, but I can hear no more now. I must sleep, as you see, before I am fit for anything. Do not let the men disturb me; they may get down channel to their fishing. If they succeed as well as yesterday, we shall soon make the cost of this little adventure."

He spoke drowsily, and drew the rough blanket over his head to keep the light away.

Dickson mounted to the deck. If he had known how easy it would be to make things straight with the captain, how much suffering he might have spared himself! You must take him in the right mood, too. But the captain had an eye like a gimlet, that twisted into a man's head.

"Wallingford may never turn up, after all. I wish I had killed him while I was about it," said

Dickson to himself uneasily. "It may be all a lie that he was sent to Plymouth; it would be such a distance!" There was something the matter with this world. To have an eye like Paul Jones's fixed upon you while you were trying to make a straight story was anything but an assistance or a pleasure.

The captain was shaking with laughter in the cabin as Dickson disappeared. "What a face he put on, the smooth-spoken hypocrite! His race is run; he told me more than he needed," and Paul Jones's face grew stern, as he lay there looking at the planks above his head. "He's at the bottom of the hill now, if he only knew it. When a man's character is gone, his reputation is sure enough to follow," and with this sage reflection the captain covered his head again carefully, and went to sleep.

Unaware of this final verdict, Dickson was comfortably reading his letter on the deck, and feeling certain that fortune had turned his way. His mind had been made up some days before to leave the *Ranger* as soon as he got back to France, even if he must feign illness to gain his discharge, or desert the ship, as others had done. He had already a good sum of money that had been paid him for information useful to the British government, and, to avoid future trouble, proposed to hide himself in the far South or in one of the West Indian Islands. "My poor wife would gain by the change of climate," said the scoundrel, pitying himself now for the loss of friendship and respect from which he felt himself begin to suffer, and for those very conditions which he had so carefully evolved.

He started as he read the brief page before him; the news of the letter was amazingly welcome. It was written by some one who knew his most intimate affairs. The chance had come to give up the last and best of those papers which he had stolen from the captain's desk. For this treasure he had asked a great price, -- so great that Thornton would not pay it at Brest, and Ford's messenger had laughed him in the face. Now there was the promise of the money, the whole noble sum. Word of his being with Paul Jones had somehow reached Bristol. The crafty captain had been unwise, for once, in speaking with this make-believe coppersmith, and the play was up! The writer of the letter said

that a safe agent would meet Mr. Dickson any night that week at seven o'clock, at the inn by Old Passage, to pay him his own price for certain papers or information. There was added a handsome offer for the body of Paul Jones, alive or dead, in case he should not be in custody before that time. The letter was sealed as other letters had been, with a device known among Thornton's errand runners.

"Old Passage!" repeated the happy Dickson. "I must now find where that place is; but they evidently know my present situation, and the inn is no doubt near!"

He stepped softly to the cabin hatchway, and looked down. The captain's face was turned aside, and he breathed heavily. The chart of that coast was within easy reach; Dickson took it from the chest where it lay, since it was an innocent thing to have in hand. There was all the shore of the Severn and the Bristol Channel, with the spot already marked nearest Westbury church where the captain was likely to land; and here beyond, at no great distance, was Old Passage, where a ferry crossed the Severn. He should have more than time enough for his own errand and a good evening ashore, while Paul Jones was riding into Bristol, perhaps to stay there against his will. For the slight trouble of ripping a few stitches in his waistcoat seams and taking out a slip of paper, Dickson would be rich enough at that day's end.

"Yes, I'll go to the southward when I reach America, and start anew," he reflected. "I've had it very hard, but now I can take my ease. This, with the rest of my savings, will make me snug."

He heard the captain move, and the planks of the berth creak in the stuffy cabin. They were running free before the east wind, and were almost at the fishing grounds.

Notes for Chapter 41

"What ignorant and mad malicious traitors!" : This appears to be a paraphrase and quotation from William Shakespeare, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act 3, Scene 7.

Theseus. What ignorant and mad malicious Traitors,

Are you? That gainst the tenor of my Lawes

[1990]

Are making Battaile, thus like Knights appointed,
Without my leave, and Officers of Armes?
By Castor both shall dye.
(Research: Gabe Heller)

License, they mean, when they cry Liberty. From John Milton (1608-1674), "On the Detraction which followed upon my writing certain Treatises." (Research: Gabe Heller)

kingbird: An American fly-catcher.

confidence of both parties: Whether Jones is making up the story of the escaped prisoner working in a coppersmith's shop or it has some historical basis has not been determined.

Chapter XLII

THE PASSAGE INN*

"The Runlet of Brandy was a loving Runlet and floated after us out of pure pity."*

Just before nightfall, that same day, two travel-worn men came riding along a country road toward Old Passage, the ancient ferrying-place where travelers from the south and west of England might cross over into Wales. From an immemorial stream of travel and the wear of weather, the road-bed was worn, like a swift stream's channel, deep below the level of the country. One of the riders kept glancing timidly at the bushy banks above his head, as if he feared to see a soldier in the thicket peering down; his companion sat straight in his saddle, and took no notice of anything but his horse and the slippery road. It had been showery all the afternoon, and they were both spattered with mud from cap to stirrup.

As they came northward, side by side, to the top of a little hill, the anxious rider gave a sigh of relief, and his horse, which limped badly and bore the marks of having been on his knees, whinnied as if in sympathy. The wide gray waters of the Severn were spread to east and west; the headland before them fell off like a cliff. Below, to the westward, the land was edged by a long line of dike which walled the sea floods away from some low meadows that stretched far

along the coast. Over the water were drifting low clouds of fog and rain, but there was a dull gleam of red on the western sky like a winter sunset, and the wind was blowing. At the road's end, just before them, was a group of gray stone buildings perched on the high headland above the Severn, like a monastery or place of military defense.

As the travelers rode up to the Passage Inn, the inn yard, with all its stables and outhouses, looked deserted; the sunset gust struck a last whip of rain at the tired men. The taller of the two called impatiently for a hostler before he got stiffly to the ground, and stamped his feet as he stood by his horse. It was a poor tired country nag, with a kind eye, that began to seek some fondling from her rider, as if she harbored no ill will in spite of hardships. The young man patted and stroked the poor creature, which presently dropped her head low, and steamed, as if it were winter weather, high into the cool air.

The small kitchen windows were dimly lighted; there was a fire burning within, but the whole place looked unfriendly, with its dark stone walls and heavily slated roof. The waters below were almost empty of shipping, as if there were a storm coming, but as the rider looked he saw a small craft creeping up close by the shore; she was like a French fishing boat, and had her sweeps out. The wind was dead against her out of the east, and her evident effort added to the desolateness of the whole scene. The impatient traveler shouted again, with a strong, honest voice that prevailed against both wind and weather, so that one of the stable doors was flung open and a man came out; far inside the dark place glowed an early lantern, and the horses turned their heads that way, eager for supper and warm bedding. There seemed to be plenty of room within; there was no sound of stamping hoofs, or a squeal from crowded horses that nipped their fellows to get more comfort for themselves. Business was evidently at a low ebb.

"Rub them down as if they were the best racers in England; give them the best feed you dare as soon as they cool, -- full oats and scant hay and a handful of corn: they have served us well," said Wallingford, with great earnestness. "I shall look to them myself in an hour or two, and

you shall have your own pay. The roan's knees need to be tight-bandaged. Come, Hammet, will you not alight?" he urged his comrade, who, through weariness or uncertainty, still sat, with drooping head and shoulders, on his poor horse. "Shake the mud off you. Here, I'll help you, then, if your wound hurts again," as the man gave a groan in trying to dismount. "After the first wrench 't is easy enough. Come, you'll be none the worse for your cropper into soft clay!" He laughed cheerfully as they crossed the yard toward a door to which the hostler pointed them.

The mistress of the inn, a sharp-looking, almost pretty woman, suddenly flung her door open, and came out on the step to bid them good-evening in a civil tone, and in the same breath, as she recognized their forlorn appearance, to bid them begone. Her house was like to be full, that night, of gentfolk and others who had already bespoken lodging, and she had ceased to take in common wayfarers since trade was so meagre in these hard times, and she had been set upon by soldiers and fined for harboring a pack of rascals* who had landed their run goods from France and housed them unbeknownst in her hay barn. They could see for themselves that she had taken down the tavern sign, and was no more bound to entertain them than any other decent widow woman would be along the road.

She railed away, uncontradicted; but there was a pleasant smile on Wallingford's handsome face that seemed to increase rather than diminish at her flow of words, until at last she smiled in return, though half against her will. The poor fellow looked pale and tired: he was some gentleman in distress; she had seen his like before.

"We must trouble you for supper and a fire," he said to the landlady. "I want some brandy at once for my comrade, and while you get supper we can take some sleep. We have been riding all day. There will be a gentleman to meet me here by and by out of Bristol," and he took advantage of her stepping aside a little to bow politely to her and make her precede him into the kitchen. There was a quiet authority in his behavior which could not but be admired; the good woman took notice that the face of her

guest was white with fatigue, and even a little tremulous in spite of his calmness.

"If he's a hunted man, I'll hide him safe," she now said to herself. It was not the habit of Old Passage Inn to ask curious questions of its guests, or why they sometimes came at evening, and kept watch for boats that ran in from mid-channel and took them off by night. This looked like a gentleman, indeed, who would be as likely to leave two gold pieces on the table as one.

"I have supper to get for a couple o' thieves (by t' looks of 'em) that was here last night waiting for some one who didn't come, -- a noisy lot, too; to-night they'll get warning to go elsewhere," she said, in a loud tone. "I shall serve them first, and bid them begone. And I expect some gentlefolk, too. There's a fire lit for 'em now in my best room; it was damp there, and they'd ill mix with t' rest. 'T is old Mr. Alderman Davis a-comin' out o' Bristol, one o' their great merchants, and like to be their next lord mayor, so folks says. He's not been this way before these three years," she said, with importance.

"Let me know when he comes!" cried Wallingford eagerly, as he stood by the fireplace. There was a flush of color in his cheeks now, and he turned to his companion, who had sunk into a corner of the settle. "Thank God, Hammet," he exclaimed, "we're safe! The end of all our troubles has come at last!"

The innkeeper saw that he was much moved; something about him had quickly touched her sympathy. She could not have told why she shared his evident gratitude, or why the inn should be his place of refuge, but if he were waiting for Mr. Davis, there was no fault to find.

"You'll sleep a good pair of hours without knowing it, the two of you," she grumbled good-naturedly. "Throw off your muddy gear there, and be off out o' my way, now, an' I'll do the best I can. Take the left-hand chamber at the stairhead; there's a couple o' beds. I've two suppers to get before the tide turns to the ebb. The packet folks'll soon be coming; an' those fellows that wait for their mate that's on a fishing smack, -- I may want help with 'em, if they're 's bad 's they look. Yes, I'll call ye, sir, if Mr. Davis

comes; but he may be kept, the weather is so bad."

Hammet had drunk the brandy thirstily, and was already cowering as if with an ague over the fire. Wallingford spoke to him twice before he moved. The landlady watched them curiously from the stair-foot, as they went up, to see that they found the right room.

"'T is one o' the nights when every strayaway in England is like to come clacking at my door," she said, not without satisfaction, as she made a desperate onset at her long evening's work.

"A pair o' runaways!" she muttered again; "but the tall lad can't help princeing it in his drover's clothes. I'll tell the stable to deny they're here, if any troopers come. I'll help 'em safe off the land or into Bristol, whether Mr. Alderman Davis risks his old bones by night or not. A little more mercy in this world ain't goin' to hurt it!"

Notes for Chapter 42

THE PASSAGE INN: The Passage Inn stands today on the Severn, near Aust. See Severn in People and Places. In the opening of this chapter, Jewett borrows from her 1895 story, "A Dark Night," re-using parts of her descriptions in the same words.

The Runlet of Brandy was a loving Runlet and floated after us out of pure pity: From Act II of *The Tempest* (1670) not by Shakespeare, but from a later adaptation by Sir William Davenant (1605-1668) and John Dryden (1631-1700). (Research: Gabe Heller)

pack of rascals ... run goods from France: These are smugglers; their run goods are avoiding English taxes.

Chapter XLIII

THEY FOLLOW THE DIKE

"There's not a fibre in my trembling frame
That does not vibrate when thy step draws
near."*

Early in the morning of that day, when Mr. John Davis had been returning from a brief visit

to his counting-room, he was surprised at being run against by a disreputable looking fellow, who dashed out of a dirty alley, and disappeared again as quickly, after putting a letter into his hand. The alderman turned, irate, to look after this lawless person, and then marched on with offended dignity up the hill. When he had turned a safe corner he stopped, and, holding his stout cane under his arm, proceeded to unfold the paper. He had received threats before in this fashion, like all magistrates or town officials; some loose fellow warned off, or a smuggler heavily fined, would now and then make threats against the authorities.

The letter in his hand proved to be of another sort. It might be dingy without, but within the handwriting was that of a gentleman.

"Dear Sir," he read slowly, "my father's old friend and mine, -- I ask your kind assistance in a time of great danger, and even distress. I shall not venture to Bristol before I have your permission. I am late from prison, where I was taken from an American frigate. At last I have found a chance to get to Chippenham market as a drover, and I hope to reach Old Passage Inn (where I was once in your company) early in the night on Friday. Could you come or send to meet me there, if it is safe? I know or guess your own principles, but for the sake of the past I think you will give what aid he needs to Roger W -- , of Piscataqua, in New England. Your dear lady, my kinswoman, will not forget the boy to whom she was ever kind, nor will you, dear sir, I believe. I can tell you everything, if we may meet. What I most desire is to get to France, where I may join my ship. This goes by a safe hand."

The reader struck his cane to the sidewalk, and laughed aloud.

"What will little missy say to this?" he said, as he marched off. "I'll hurry on to carry her the news!"

Miss Hamilton ran out to meet the smiling old man, as she saw him coming toward the house, and was full of pretty friendliness before he could speak.

"You were away before I was awake," she said, "and I have been watching for you this half hour past, sir. First, you must know that dear

Madam Wallingford is better than for many days, and has been asking for you to visit her, if it please you. And I have a new plan for us. Some one has sent me word that there may be news out of the Mill Prison, if we can be at the inn at Passage to-night. I hope you will not say it is too far to ride," she pleaded; "you have often shown me the place when we rode beyond Clifton" -

Mr. Davis's news was old already; his face fell with disappointment.

"It was a poor sailor who brought me word," she continued, speaking more slowly, and watching him with anxiety. "Perhaps we shall hear from Roger. He may have been retaken, and some one brings us word from him, who has luckily escaped."

The old merchant looked at Mary shrewdly. "You had no message from Wallingford himself?" he asked.

"Oh no," said the girl wistfully; "that were to put a happy end to everything. But I do think that we may have news of him. If you had not come, I should have gone to find you, I was so impatient."

Mr. Davis seated himself in his chair, and took on the air of a magistrate, now that they were in the house. After all, Roger Wallingford could know nothing of his mother or Miss Hamilton, or of their being in England; there was no hint of them in the note.

"I suppose that we can make shift to ride to Passage," he said soberly. "It is not so far as many a day's ride that you and I have taken this year; but I think we may have rain again, from the look of the clouds, and I am always in danger of the gout in this late summer weather. Perhaps it will be only another wild-goose chase," he added gruffly, but with a twinkle in his eyes.

"If I could tell you who brought the news!" said Mary impulsively. "No, I must not risk his name, even with you, dear friend. But indeed I have great hope, and Madam is strangely better; somehow, my heart is very light!"

The old man looked up with a smile, as Mary stood before him. He had grown very fond of the child, and loved to see that the drawn look of pain and patience was gone now from her face.

"I wish that it were night already. When can we start?" she asked.

"Friday is no lucky day," insisted Mr. John Davis, "but we must do what we can. So Madam's heart is light, too? Well, all this may mean something," he said indulgently. "I must first see some of our town council who are coming to discuss important matters with me at a stated hour this afternoon, and then we can ride away. We have searched many an inn together, and every village knows us this west side of Dorset, but I believe we have never tried Old Passage before. Put on your thick riding gown with the little capes; I look for both rain and chill."

The weather looked dark and showery in the east; the clouds were gathering fast there and in the north, though the sun still fell on the long stretch of Dundry. It had been a bright day for Bristol, but now a dark, wet night was coming on. The towers of the abbey church and St. Mary Radcliffe stood like gray rocks in a lake of fog, and if he had been on any other errand, the alderman would have turned their horses on the height of Clifton, and gone back to his comfortable home. The pretty chimes in the old church at Westbury called after them the news that it was five o'clock, as they cantered and trotted on almost to the borders of the Severn itself, only to be stopped and driven to shelter by a heavy fall of rain. They were already belated, and Mr. Davis displeased himself with the thought that they were in for a night's absence, and in no very luxurious quarters. He had counted upon the waning moon to get them back, however late, to Bristol; but the roads were more and more heavy as they rode on. At last they found themselves close to the water-side, and made their two horses scramble up the high dike that bordered it, and so got a shorter way to Passage and a drier one than the highway they had left.

The great dike was like one of the dikes of Holland, with rich meadow farms behind it, which the high tides and spring floods had often drowned and spoiled in ancient days. The Severn looked gray and sullen, as they rode along beside it; there were but two or three poor fishing craft running in from sea, and a very dim gray outline of the Welsh hills beyond. There

was no comfortable little haven anywhere in view in this great landscape and sea border; no sign of a town or even a fishing hamlet near the shore; only the long, curving line of the dike itself, and miles away, like a forsaken citadel, the Passage Inn stood high and lonely. The wind grew colder as they rode, and they rode in silence, each lamenting the other's discomfort, but clinging to the warm, unquenchable hope of happiness that comforted their hearts. There were two or three cottages of the dikekeepers wedged against the inner side of the embankment, each with a little gable window that looked seaward. One might lay his hand upon the low roofs in passing, and a stout bench against the wall offered a resting-place to those travelers who had trodden a smooth footpath on the top of the dike.

Now and then the horses must be made to leap a little bridge, and the darkness was fast gathering. Down at the cottage sides there were wallflowers* on the window-sills, and in the last that they passed a candle was already lighted, and bright firelight twinkled cheerfully through the lattice. They met no one all the way, but once they were confronted by a quarrelsome, pushing herd of young cattle returning from the salt sea-pasturage outside. There was a last unexpected glow of red from the west, a dull gleam that lit the low-drifting clouds above the water, and shone back for a moment on the high windows of the inn itself, and brightened the cold gray walls. Then the night settled down, as if a great cloud covered the whole country with its wings.

Half an hour later Mr. John Davis dismounted with some difficulty, as other guests now in the inn had done before him, and said aloud that he was too old a man for such adventures, and one who ought to be at home before his own good fire. They were met at the door by the mistress of the inn, who had not looked for them quite so early, though she had had notice by the carrier out of Bristol of their coming. There was a loud buzz of voices in the inn kitchen; the place was no longer lonely, and an unexpected, second troop of noisy Welsh pack men and drovers were waiting outside for their suppers, before they took the evening packet at the turn of tide.

The landlady had everything to do at once; one of her usual helpers was absent; she looked resentful and disturbed.

"I'd ought to be ready, sir, but I'm swamped with folks this night," she declared. "I fear there'll be no packet leave, either; the wind's down, and the last gust's blown. If the packet don't get in, she can't get out, tide or no tide to help her. I've got your fire alight in the best room, but you'll wait long for your suppers, I fear, sir. My kitchen's no place for a lady."

"Tut, tut, my good lass!" said the alderman. "We'll wait an' welcome. I know your best room, -- 't is a snug enough place; and we'll wait there till you're free. Give me a mug of your good ale now, and some bread and cheese, and think no more of us. I expect to find a young man here, later on, to speak with me. There's no one yet asking for me, I dare say? We are before our time."

The busy woman shook her head and hurried away, banging the door behind her; and presently, as she crossed the kitchen, she remembered the young gentleman in the rough clothes upstairs, and then only thanked Heaven to know that he was sound asleep, and not clamoring for his supper on the instant, like all the rest.

"I'll not wake him yet for a bit," she told herself; "then they can all sup together pleasant, him and the young lady."

Mr. Davis, after having warmed himself before the bright fire of coals, and looked carefully at the portrait of his Majesty King George the Third on the parlor wall, soon began to despair of the ale, and went out into the kitchen to take a look at things. There was nobody there to interest him much, and the air was stifling. Young Wallingford might possibly have been among this very company in some rough disguise, but he certainly was not; and presently the alderman returned, followed by a young maid, who carried a tray with the desired refreshments.

"There's a yellow-faced villain out there; a gallows bird, if ever I saw one!" he said, as he seated himself again by the fire.

Mary Hamilton stood by the window, to watch if the captain might be coming. It was already so dark that she could hardly see what might happen out of doors. She envied her companion the ease with which he had gone out to take a look at the men in the great kitchen; but Paul Jones would be sure to look for her when he came; there was nothing to do but to wait for him, if one could only find proper patience. The bleak inn parlor, scene of smugglers' feasts and runaway weddings, was brightened by the good fire. The alderman was soon comforted in both mind and body, and Mary, concealing her impatience as best she could, shared his preliminary evening meal, as she had done many a night, in many an inn, before. She had a persistent fear that Paul Jones or his messenger might come and go away again, and she grew very anxious as she sat thinking about him; but as she looked up and began to speak, she saw that the tired old man could not answer; he was sound asleep in his chair. The good ale had warmed and soothed him so that she had not the heart to wake him. She resigned herself to silence, but listened for footsteps, and to the ceaseless clink of glasses and loud clatter of voices in the room beyond. The outer door had a loud and painful creak, and for a long time she heard nobody open it, until some one came to give a loud shout for passengers who were intending to take the packet. Then there was a new racket of departure, and the sound of the landlady angrily pursuing some delinquent guest into the yard to claim her pay; but still Mr. Davis slept soundly. The poor woman would be getting her kitchen to rights now; presently it would be no harm to wake her companion, and see if their business might not be furthered. It was not late; they really had not been there much above an hour yet, only the time was very slow in passing; and as Mary watched Mr. John Davis asleep in his chair, his kind old face had a tired look that went to her affectionate heart. At last she heard a new footstep coming down the narrow stairway into the passage. She could not tell why, but there was a sudden thrill at her heart. There was a tumult in her breast, a sense of some great happiness that was very near to her; it was like some magnet that worked upon her very heart itself, and set her whole frame to quivering.

Notes for Chapter 43

There's not a fibre in my trembling frame: from "My Love," a sonnet by Fanny Kemble (1809-1893). (Research: Gabe Heller).

wallflowers: A plant of the genus *cheiranthus* (N.O. *cruciferae*), esp. *C. cheiri*, growing wild on old walls, on rocks, in quarries, etc., and cultivated in gardens for its fragrant flowers (normally yellow or orange, though other colours are produced by cultivation). Also called Gilliflower. (Source: OED; research: Travis Feltman)

Chapter XLIV

THE ROAD'S END

"In sum, such a man as any enemy could not wish him worse than to be himself."*

"I found him in a lonely place:
Long nights he ruled my soul in sleep:
Long days I thought upon his face."*

After the packet went there were three men left in the kitchen, who sat by themselves at a small table. The low-storied, shadowy room was ill lighted by a sullen, slow-burning fire, much obscured by pots and kettles, and some tallow candles scattered on out-of-the-way shelves. The mistress of the place scolded over her heap of clattering crockery and heavy pewter in a far corner. The men at the table had finished their supper, and having called for more drink, were now arguing over it. Two of them wore coats that were well spattered with mud; the third was a man better dressed, who seemed above his company, but wore a plausible, persistent look on his sallow countenance. This was Dickson, who had been set ashore in a fishing boat, and was now industriously plying his new acquaintances with brandy, beside drinking with eagerness himself at every round of the bottle. He forced his hospitality upon the better looking of his two companions, who could not be made to charge his glass to any depth, or to empty it so quickly as his mate. Now and then they put their heads together to hear a tale which

Dickson was telling, and once burst into a roar of incredulous laughter which made the landlady command them to keep silence.

She was busy now with trying to bring out of the confusion an orderly supper for her patient guests of the parlor, and sent disapproving glances toward the three men near the fire, as if she were ready to speed their going. They had drunk hard, but the sallow-faced man called for another bottle, and joked with the poor slatternly girl who went and came serving their table. They were so busy with their own affairs that they did not notice a man who slipped into the kitchen behind them, as the Welshmen went out. As the three drank a toast together he crossed to the fireside, and seated himself in the corner of the great settle, where the high back easily concealed his slight figure from their sight. Both the women saw him there, but he made them a warning gesture. He was not a yard away from Dickson.

The talk was freer than ever; the giver of the feast, in an unwonted outburst of generosity, flung a shilling on the flagged floor, and bade the poor maid scramble for it and keep it for herself. Then Dickson let his tongue run away with all his discretion. He began to brag to these business acquaintances of the clever ways in which he had gained his own ends on board the *Ranger*, and outwitted those who had too much confidence in themselves. He even bragged that Captain John Paul Jones was in his power, after a bold fashion that made his admiring audience open their heavy eyes.

"We're safe enough here from that mistaken ferret," he insisted, after briefly describing the ease with which he had carried out their evening plans. "You might have been cooling your heels here waiting for me the whole week long, and I waiting for my money, too, but for such a turn of luck! If I didn't want to get to France, and get my discharge, and go back to America as quick as possible without suspicion, I'd tell you just where he landed, and put him into your hands like a cat in a bag, to be easy drowned!"

"He's in Bristol to-night, if you must know," Dickson went on, after again refreshing himself with the brandy; "we set him ashore to ride there over Clifton Downs. Yes, I might have missed ye. He's a bold devil, but to-night the three of us

here could bag him easy. I've put many a spoke in his wheel. There was a young fellow aboard us, too, that had done me a wrong at home that I never forgave; and that night at Whitehaven I've already told ye of, when I fixed the candles, after I got these papers that you've come for, I dropped some pieces of 'em, and things that was with 'em, in my pretty gentleman's locker. So good friends were parted after that, and the whole Whitehaven matter laid to his door. I could tell ye the whole story. His name's Wallingford, curse him, and they say he's got a taste o' your Mill Prison by this time that's paid off all our old scores. I hope he's dead and damned!"

"Who's your man Wallingford? I've heard the name myself. There's a reward out for him; or did I hear he was pardoned?" asked one of the men.

"'T was a scurvy sort o' way to make him pay his debts. I'd rather ended it man fashion, if I had such a grudge," said the other listener, the man who had been drinking least.

Dickson's wits were now overcome by the brandy, hard-headed as he might boast himself. "If you knew all I had suffered at his hands!" he protested. "He robbed me of a good living at home, and made me fail in my plans. I was like to be a laughingstock!"

The two men shrugged their shoulders when he next pushed the bottle toward them, and said that they had had enough. "Come, now," said one of them, "let's finish our business! You have this document o' one Yankee privateersman called Paul Jones that our principal's bound for to get. You've set your own thieves' price on it, and we're sent here to pay it. I'm to see it first, to be sure there's no cheat, and then make a finish."

"The paper's worth more than 't was a month ago," said Dickson shrewdly. His face was paler than ever, and in strange contrast to the red faces of his companions. "The time is come pretty near for carrying out the North Sea scheme. He may have varied from this paper when he found the writing gone, but I know for a fact he has the cruise still in mind, and 't would be a hard blow to England."

"'T is all rot you should ask for more money," answered the first speaker doggedly. "We have

no more money with us; 't is enough, too; the weight of it has gallded me with every jolt of the horse. Say, will you take it or leave it? Let me but have a look at the paper! I've a sample of their cipher here to guage it by. Come, work smart, I tell ye! You'll be too drunk to deal with soon, and we must quick begone."

Dickson, swearing roundly at them, got some papers out of his pocket, and held one of them in his hand.

"Give me the money first!" he growled.

"Give us the paper," said the other; "'t is our honest right."

There was a heavy tramping in the room above, as if some one had risen from sleep, and there was a grumble of voices; a door was opened and shut, and steady footsteps came down the creaking stair and through the dark entry; a moment more, and the tall figure of a young man stood within the room.

"Well, then, and is my supper ready?" asked Wallingford, looking about him cheerfully, but a little dazed by the light.

There was a smothered outcry; the table was overset, and one of the three men sprang to his feet as if to make his escape.

"Stand where you are till I have done with you!" cried the lieutenant instantly, facing him. "You have a reckoning to pay! By Heaven, I shall kill you if you move!" and he set his back against the door by which he had just entered. "Tell me first, for Heaven's sake, you murderer, is the Ranger within our reach?"

"She is lying in the port of Brest," answered the trapped adventurer, with much effort. He was looking about him to see if there were any way to get out of the kitchen, and his face was like a handful of dirty wool. Outside the nearest window there were two honest faces from the Roscoff boat's crew pressed close against the glass, and looking in delightedly at the play. Dickson saw them, and his heart sank; he had been sure they were waiting for Paul Jones, half a dozen miles down shore.

"Who are these men with you, and what is your errand here?" demanded Wallingford, who

saw no one but the two strangers and his enemy.

"None of your damned business!" yelled Dickson, like a man suddenly crazed; his eyes were starting from his head. The landlady came scolding across the kitchen to bid him pay and begone, with his company, and Dickson turned again to Wallingford with a sneer.

"You'll excuse us, then, at this lady's request," he said, grinning. The brandy had come to his aid again, now the first shock of their meeting was past, and made him overbold. "I'll bid you good-night, my hero, 'less you'll come with us. There's five pounds bounty on his head, sirs!" he told the messengers, who stood by the table.

They looked at each other and at Dickson; it was a pretty encounter, but they were not themselves; they were both small-sized men, moreover, and Wallingford was a strapping great fellow to tackle in a fight. There he stood, with his back against the door, an easy mark for a bullet, and Dickson's hand went in desperation a second time to his empty pocket. The woman, seeing this, cried that there should be no shooting, and stepping forward stood close before Wallingford; she had parted men in a quarrel many a time before, and the newcomer was a fine upstanding young gentleman, of a different sort from the rest.

"You have no proof against me, anyway!" railed Dickson. He could not bear Wallingford's eyes upon him. His Dutch courage began to ebb, and the other men took no part with him; it was nothing they saw fit to meddle with, so far as the game had gone. He still held the paper in his hand.

"You haven't a chance against us!" he now bellowed, in despair. "We are three to your one here. Take him, my boys, and tie him down! He's worth five pounds to you, and you may have it all between ye!"

At this moment there was a little stir behind the settle, and some one else stepped out before them, as if he were amused by such bungling play.

"I have got proof enough myself now," said Captain Paul Jones quietly, standing there like

the master of them all, "and if hanging's enough proof for you, Dickson, I must say you've a fair chance of it. When you've got such business on hand as this, let brandy alone till you've got it done. The lieutenant was pardoned weeks ago; the papers wait for him in Bristol. He is safer than we are in England."

Wallingford leaped toward his friend with a cry of joy; they were in each other's arms like a pair of Frenchmen. As for Dickson, he sank to the floor like a melted candle; his legs would not hold him up; he gathered strength enough to crawl toward Wallingford and clutch him by the knees.

"Oh, have pity on my sick wife and little family!" he wailed aloud there, and blubbered for mercy, till the lieutenant shook him off, and he lay, still groaning, on the flagstones.

The captain had beckoned to his men, and they were within the room.

"Give me my papers, Dickson, and begone," he said; "and you two fellows may get you gone, too, with your money. Stay, let me see it first!" he said.

They glanced at each other in dismay. They had no choice; they had left their pistols in their holsters; the business had seemed easy, and the house so decent. They could not tell what made them so afraid of this stern commander. The whole thing was swift and irresistible; they meekly did his bidding and gave the money up. It was in a leather bag, and the captain held it with both hands and looked gravely down at Dickson. The other men stared at him, and wondered what he was going to do; but he only set the bag on the table, and poured some of the yellow gold into his hand.

"Look there, my lads!" he said. "There must be some infernal magic in the stuff that makes a man sell his soul for it. Look at it, Dickson, if you can! Mr. Wallingford, you have suffered too much, I fear, through this man's infamy. I have doubted you myself by reason of his deviltries, and I am heartily ashamed of it. Forgive me if you can, but I shall never forgive myself.

"Put this man out!" said the captain loudly, turning to his sailors, and they stepped forward with amusing willingness. "Take him down to the

boat and put off. I shall join you directly. If he jumps overboard, don't try to save him; 't were the best thing he could do."

Dickson, wretched and defeated, was at last made to stand, and then took his poor revenge; he sent the crumpled paper that was in his hand flying into the fire, and Paul Jones only laughed as he saw it blaze. The game was up. Dickson had lost it, and missed all the fancied peace and prosperity of the future by less than a brief half hour. The sailors kicked him before them out of the door; it was not a noble exit for a man of some natural gifts, who had undervalued the worth of character.

The captain took up the bag of gold and gave it back to the men. "This is in my power, but it is spies' money, and I don't want such!" he said scornfully. "You may take it to your masters, and say that Captain John Paul Jones, of the United States frigate Ranger, sent it back."

They gave each other an astonished look as they departed from the room. "There's a man for my money," said one of the men to the other, when they were outside. "I'd ship with him to-night, and I'd sail with him round the world and back again! So that's Paul Jones, the pirate. Well, I say here's his health and good luck to him, Englishman though I be!" They stood amazed in the dark outside with their bag of money, before they stole away. There was nothing they could do, even if they had wished him harm, and to-morrow they could brag that they had seen a hero.

The mistress of the inn had betaken herself to the parlor to lay the table for supper. Mr. Alderman Davis had just waked, hearing a fresh noise in the house, and the lady was bidding him to go and look if the captain were not already come. But he first stopped to give some orders to the landlady.

The two officers of the Ranger were now alone in the kitchen; they stood looking at each other. Poor Wallingford's face was aged and worn by his distresses, and the captain read it like an open book.

"I thank God I have it in my power to make you some amends!" he exclaimed. "I believe that I can make you as happy as you have been

miserable. God bless you, Wallingford! Wait here for me one moment, my dear fellow," he said, with affection, and disappeared.

Wallingford, still possessed by his astonishment, sat down on the great settle by the fire. This whole scene had been like a play; all the dreary weeks and days that had seemed so endless and hopeless had come to this sudden end with as easy a conclusion as when the sun comes out and shines quietly after a long storm that has wrecked the growing fields. He thought of the past weeks when he had been but a hunted creature on the moors with his hurt comrade, and the tread of their pursuers had more than once jarred the earth where their heads were lying. He remembered the dull happiness of succeeding peace and safety, when he had come to be wagoner in the harvest time for a good old farmer by Taunton, and earned the little money and the unquestioned liberty that had brought him on his way to Chippenham market and this happy freedom. He was free again, and with his captain; he was a free unchallenged man. Please God, he should some day see home again and those he loved.

There was a light footstep without, and the cheerful voice of an elderly man across the passage. The kitchen door opened, and shut again, and there was a flutter of a woman's dress in the room. The lieutenant was gazing at the fire; he was thinking of his mother and of Mary. What was the captain about so long in the other room?

There was a cry that made his heart stand still, that made him catch his breath as he sprang to his feet; a man tall and masterful, but worn with hardships and robbed of all his youth. There was some one in the room with him, some one looking at him in tenderness and pity, with the light of heaven on her lovely face; grown older, too, and struck motionless with the sudden fright of his presence. There stood the woman he loved. There stood Mary Hamilton herself, come to his arms -- Heaven alone knew how -- from the other side of the world.

Notes for Chapter 44

"In sum, such a man as any enemy could not wish him worse than to be himself.": Adapted

from British poet Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586), *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia* (1590). Book II: "In summe, such a man, as any enemy could not wish him worse, then to be himselfe."

Long days I thought upon his face: From John Addington Symonds (1840-1926), "Clifton and a Lad's Love" (1862, reworked 1885). The poem begins:

He was all beautiful: as fair
As summer in the silent trees;
As bright as sunshine on the leas;
As gentle as the evening air.

His voice was swifter than the lark;
Softer than thistle-down his cheek;
His eyes were stars that shyly break
At sundown ere the skies are dark.

I found him in a lowly place:
He sang clear songs that made me weep:
Long nights he ruled my soul in sleep:
Long days I thought upon his face.

The exchange of "lonely" for "lowly" has not been explained.
(Research: Gabe Heller)

Chapter XLV

WITH THE FLOOD TIDE

"Swift are the currents setting all one way."*

No modern inventions of signals of any kind, or fleet couriers, could rival in swiftness the old natural methods of spreading a piece of welcome news through a New England countryside. Men called to each other from field to field, and shouted to strangers outward bound on the road; women ran smiling from house to house among the Berwick farms. It was known by mid-morning of a day late in October that Madam Wallingford's brig, the *Golden Dolphin*, had got into Portsmouth lower harbor the night before. Madam Wallingford herself was on board and well, with her son and Miss Mary Hamilton. They were all coming up the river early that very evening, with the flood tide.

The story flew through the old Piscataqua plantations, on both sides of the river, that Major

Langdon himself had taken boat at once and gone down to Newcastle to meet the brig, accompanied by many friends who were eager to welcome the home-comers. There were tales told of a great wedding at Hamilton's within a month's time, though word went with these tales, of the lieutenant's forced leave of absence, some said his discharge, by reason of his wounds and broken health.

Roger Wallingford was bringing dispatches to Congress from the Commissioners in France. It was all a mistake that he had tried to betray his ship, and now there could be no one found who had ever really believed such a story, or even thought well of others who were so foolish as to repeat it. They all knew that it was Dickson who was openly disgraced, instead, and had now escaped from justice, and those who had once inclined to excuse him and to admire his shrewdness willingly consented to applaud such a long-expected downfall.

The evening shadows had begun to gather at the day's end, when they saw the boat come past the high pines into the river bay below Hamilton's. The great house was ready and waiting; the light of the western sky shone upon its walls, and a cheerful warmth and brightness shone everywhere within. There was a feast made ready that might befit the wedding itself, and eager hands were waiting to serve it. On the terrace by the southern door stood Colonel Hamilton, who was now at home from the army, and had ridden in haste from Portsmouth that day, at noon, to see that everything was ready for his sister's coming. There were others with him, watching for the boat: the minister all in silver and black, Major Haggens, with his red cloak and joyful countenance, the good old judge, and Master Sullivan, with his stately white head.

Within the house were many ladies, old and young. Miss Nancy Haggens had braved the evening air for friendship's sake, and sat at a riverward window with other turbaned heads of the Berwick houses, to wait for Madam Wallingford. There was a pretty flock of Mary Hamilton's friends: Miss Betsy Wyat and the Lords of the Upper Landing, Lymans and Saywards of old York, and even the pretty Blunts from Newcastle, who were guests at the

parsonage near by. It was many a month since there had been anything so gay and happy as this night of Mary's coming home.

Major Langdon's great pleasure boat, with its six oarsmen, was moving steadily on the flood, and yet both current and tide seemed hindering to such impatient hearts. All the way from Portsmouth there had been people standing on the shores to wave at them and welcome them as they passed; the light was fast fading in the sky; the evening chill and thin autumn fog began to fall on the river. At last Roger and Mary could see the great house standing high and safe in its place, and point it out to Madam Wallingford, whose face wore a touching look of gratitude and peace; at last they could see a crowd of people on the lower shore.

The rowers did their best; the boat sped through the water. It was only half dark, but some impatient hand had lit the bonfires; the company of gentlemen were coming down already through the terraced garden to the water-side.

"Oh, Mary, Mary," Roger Wallingford was whispering, "I have done nothing that I hoped to do!" But she hushed him, and her hand stole into his. "We did not think, that night when we parted, we should be coming home together; we

did not know what lay before us," he said with sorrow. "No, dear, I have done nothing; but, thank God, I am alive to love you, and to serve my country to my life's end."

Mary could not speak; she was too happy and too thankful. All her own great love and perfect happiness were shining in her face.

"I am thinking of the captain," she said gently, after a little silence. "You know how he left us when we were so happy, and slipped away alone into the dark without a word. . . ."

"Oh, look, Madam!" she cried then. "Our friends are all there; they are all waiting for us! I can see dear Peggy with her white apron, and your good Rodney!["] Oh, Roger, the dear old master is there, God bless him! They are all well and alive. Thank God, we are at home!"

They rose and stood together in the boat, hand in hand. In another moment the boat was at the landing place, and they had stepped ashore.

Note for Chapter 45

Swift are the currents setting all one way. From Alice Meynell (1847-1922), "After a Parting." (Research: Gabe Heller).

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Selections from Augustus Buell

Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy, 1900.

An Important Historical Source for Jewett

Introduction: Buell's Inventions Used by Jewett

Subsequent historians have pointed out that much of what is included in the following selections is false or without documentary foundation. Several of the documents, even, are fabrications. Nevertheless, this book seems to have been an important source for Jewett's portrayal of events in *The Tory Lover*.

Jewett did not have a lot of time to absorb Buell, but it seems clear she used him extensively. Buell's preface is dated June 1900, and a review in *Book Buyer* 21 (October 1900) 188, indicates that the book was available by then. Jewett's novel began to appear in *The Atlantic* in November of 1900. She presents certain materials that could have been found only in Buell, since he fabricated them.

The history of Jewett's use of Buell is further complicated by the fact that soon after the appearance of the first installment in *The Atlantic* (November 1900), Buell opened a correspondence with Jewett. On 31 October 1900, he furnished her with documents concerning Samuel Wallingford, on whom Jewett based Roger. Knowing full well that Samuel was quite a different person from her fictional character, Jewett created the Roger Wallingford of the novel, a man with strong sympathy for the Tory position, who nevertheless enlists in the American navy in part because Mary Hamilton encourages him, saying that she will not listen to his proposals until he returns from honorable service. Buell's documents purported to prove that Jewett had, in fact, imagined Roger correctly, that Samuel had indeed joined the navy under similar conditions. However, as Ezra Green's *Diary* suggests, this almost certainly is untrue, since Wallingford left an infant son upon his death. Clearly he had married some time before his departure on the *Ranger*. Buell had access to Green, but *not* necessarily to Wallingford family records, which show that Samuel Wallingford married Lydia Baker in Dover, NH on July 22, 1775 and joined the Revolutionary *Army* sometime later, the earliest record of his service dated November 5, 1775. Furthermore, their son was born on 19 February 1776, seven

months after the wedding. In July of 1777, Samuel Wallingford was a lieutenant of marines, working as an enlistment officer for John Paul Jones.

Here is the text of Jewett's letter to Annie Fields about Buell's "revelation." Though the date is uncertain, it seems clear the letter was written in November 1900.

I wish to tell you one thing, dear, that I knew Lieutenant Wallingford was killed, none better, but how could I write about him unless I kept him alive? -- There is something so strange now, that I can hardly believe it myself. I thought about him and his house and the members of the family whom I have known, and made him a Tory and had Mary W. -- challenge him to his duty, all out of my own imagination; and on Saturday I got a package of notes from Mr. Buell in which it is proved that Wallingford was a Tory and his lady love declined to marry him for that reason; at last he took her challenge and went to sea. He confessed to Paul Jones that he had come for a lady's sake and not from his principles. Part of this is told almost in my words of the story, as you shall see. Now how could I have guessed, at his character, and what was likely to happen, and better? Imagination is the only true thing in the world!

The selections that follow, then, should not be read as history, but as fiction masquerading as history. They are presented because they are sources of interesting aspects of Jewett's composition of the novel. The reader also should be aware that these are only selections. A closer examination of Buell's whole book may reveal other and more subtle ways in which his portrait of Jones and of the events of 1777-8 have influenced Jewett's novel.

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Note that *Book Buyer* was published by Charles Scribner and Sons, the publisher of *Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy*.

Jewett's Use of Augustus Buell's *Paul Jones: Founder of the American Navy* (1900) in *The Tory Lover* (1901).

Heather Petsche Scott and Terry Heller, Coe College, 2004-6

This is a list of items that, so far as is known, Augustus Buell **invented** for the first six chapters of his "life" of John Paul Jones. Those that Jewett incorporated into *The Tory Lover* are indicated. We have relied upon Evan Thomas, *John Paul Jones: Sailor, Hero, Father of the American Navy* (2003) for some corrections.

Beginning page numbers in brackets are from Buell.

Ch. 1:

[p. 1] John Paul's oldest brother William is adopted by a Virginia planter, William Jones.

[p. 7] John Paul sails for two years on the slaver *King George's Packet* and refuses to go for the third year.

This is partly true, but after serving on the *King George*, Paul served another voyage on *The Two Friends*. Jones refers to this second voyage in Jewett, Ch. 2.

[p. 12] John Paul is fluent in French and Spanish.

Thomas indicates that this at best an exaggeration. Jewett gives Jones considerable expertise in French in Ch. 21 and in Spanish in Ch. 23

[p. 15] William Jones dies and gives John Paul his Virginia plantation, on the condition that John Paul take the last name "Jones." John Paul Jones becomes a planter until the war begins.

Ch. 2:

[p. 23] Jones owns slaves Cato and Scipio.

[pp. 25-6]* Jones sails the sloop from his plantation to meet and befriend the Duc de Chartres on a French frigate in Hampton Roads off the mouth of the James River in Virginia. From the duke, he obtains the dimensions of his battleship to use for designing American warships.

Jewett has Jones tell Wallingford this story in Ch. 14. She, therefore, apparently accepts the story that Jones was a planter and slave-owner in Virginia.

This suggests one explanation for her altering the text of Chapter 2 between the serialization of the novel in *Atlantic Monthly* (November 1900) and the first book edition in 1901. In the earlier version of Chapter 2, Jewett has Jones give a detailed account of his experience on a slave ship, to make the case that American slavery is not a Providential offering of Christian salvation to African heathens, as Parson Thompson suggests. Believing that Jones had lately owned slaves, Jewett might have thought the extended anti-slavery speech not quite consistent with the historical Jones's experience.

Jewett also implies in Ch. 1 that Jones knows a good deal about how Virginia gentlemen live, and she refers to his plentiful good Virginia money in Ch. 21. He might have picked up such knowledge -- though not much money -- in his actual life during his time living in Virginia, but he did not have the inside knowledge of this way of life that Buell invents for him.

Ch. 3:

[p. 52] Jones's plantation is burned down by Tories and his slaves sold.

[p. 61] Jones throws the cat-o-nine tails overboard and declares no flogging will be done on the **Providence**.

Jewett has Jones perform this act on The Ranger in Ch. 12.

Ch. 4:

[pp. 83-84]* Buell creates a fictional logbook, kept by Second Lieutenant Halls, a log of the *Ranger's* passage to France. Hall reports that Jones pushed the crew extremely hard to get to France as soon as possible, spending 20 hours per day on deck. Thomas reports nothing special about the one-month crossing during November of 1777.

Hall's fictitious logbook also records a song that was composed on board primarily by Midshipman Hill, "Carry the News to London." Jewett incorporates this into her account in Ch. 12.

Hall has Jones report that Solomon Hutchings broke his leg (p. 86).

Jewett includes this account in Ch. 13. There is no confirmation of this injury in other sources, such as the *Diary of Ezra Green*, the ship's doctor. Sawtelle notes that Solomon Hutchings "came down with smallpox, recovered" (194). Fisher & Fisher list Solomon Hutchins (b. 1760) as a navy sailor from Kittery serving on the *Ranger* (400).

[p. 91] Jones pays 47 guineas of his own money to make up for the difference between what the crew was paid and what the crew was originally promised

Ch. 5:

[p. 103] While the *Ranger* is being refitted in France, Jones journeys to Amsterdam for a month disguised as a Spanish sailor to investigate what's going on with L'Indien.

Jewett has Jones obtain his "Spanish sailor" disguise in Ch. 23. He wears it in Chapters 39-40.

[pp. 106-8]* Jones returns to Paris and becomes friendly with the Duchesse de Chartres. He tells her: "if fortune should favor me at sea, I will some day lay an English frigate at your feet!"

Ch. 6:

[p. 112]* Jones's report of the attack on Whitehaven, which says the results were not great, but that the moral effect was devastating to England.

He also says that one sailor, Jonathan Wells of Portsmouth, was left ashore, told the English he'd switched to their side, and managed to sail back to America on an English ship.

Thomas reports the generally received story that David Freeman, under the name of David Smith, was an actual traitor, who deserted the ship and warned the townspeople (123).

Jewett's fictionalized version in Ch. 24 turns out to be closer to the truth than Buell's version.

* indicates the fabrication is identified by S. E. Morison in *Paul Jones: A Sailor's Biography*. Boston: Little, Brown, 1959, pp. 425-8.

Selections from Buell's Text

FROM CHAPTER II: FOUNDING THE AMERICAN NAVY, pp. 23-7.

[In this section Buell recounts a meeting between Jones, Kersaint, and the Duke de Chartres. Later historians indicate that this all is made up. Not only did Jones never inherit a Virginia plantation and a sloop to go with it, but nothing like this meeting ever took place. However, Buell did not create this narrative out of nothing. For example, The author of a review of John Henry Sherburne's *The Life and Character of John Paul Jones* in the *United States Democratic Review* (Feb. 1852, 153-68), mentions Jones settling his brother's estate in Virginia (156). This review also calls Jones the "founder of the American navy" (158), providing Buell with his subtitle. "John Paul Jones," a biographical essay in *Harper's New Monthly* (July 1855, 145-70), suggests that the Virginia estate may have been substantial (147), as does Molly Elliot Seawell's biographical essay, "Paul Jones," *Century* 49:6 (April 1895) 873-893. And even so respected an authority as Alfred T. Mahan says that Jones's brother left him "a considerable property" that tempted Jones to abandon sea-faring and live the life of a gentleman; see his "Paul Jones and the Revolution" *Scribner's* 24 (July/August 1898) 24.]

EARLY in the spring of 1775 Jones went to New York in his sloop, making a leisurely trip and spending some time in the waters and among the islands of the eastern shore, at his favorite sports of gunning and fishing. The crew of his sloop included two of his own stalwart young slaves, Cato and Scipio. He was in New York the 21st of April, 1775, when the news of the battle of Lexington reached there. In his journal he says:

The first to apprise me of the news was William Livingston, Esquire, whom I chanced to meet in King William Street, and in a short time it was promulgated through the town by means of leaflets issued from the printing-presses. This caused an immediate change of my plans. I had fully intended to prolong my voyage to Boston by going through the Sounds, being extremely desirous to see that town and make the acquaintance of its people; to which end I had already obtained letters from Mr. Livingston and others introducing me. But now I hastened the completion of my business in New York. I had intended to charter a ship there for a voyage to Tobago and possibly to the old country, but now I abandoned that purpose and on the 24th set sail for home, picking up my moorings on the 27th at the plantation. I at once took steps to put myself in communication with Mr. Hewes and other members of the Continental Congress whom I had the honor to know.

The first Session of the Congress, meeting at Philadelphia,, September 4, 1774, had made no provision whatever for the raising of forces either by land or by sea; which I thought an unwise omission, as it left the first shock to be borne by the individual Colony in which it might occur, and put upon the Congress when it should again assemble the necessity of beginning *de novo* to create a general military organization in the midst of hostilities. But now this issue could no longer be avoided, and the best must be done that could be.

Under date of April 27, 1775, the day of his arrival home, Jones wrote a letter to Joseph Hewes, sending copies of it to Thomas Jefferson, Robert Morris, and Philip Livingston. The material part of it is as follows:

It is, I think, to be taken for granted that there can be no more temporizing. I am too recently from the Mother Country and my knowledge of the temper of the King, his Ministers and their

majority in the Commons is too fresh to allow me to believe that anything now is or possibly can be in store except either war to the knife or total submission to complete slavery.

I have long known that it is the fixed purpose of the Tory party in England to provoke these Colonies to some overt act which would justify martial law, dispersion of the legislative bodies by force of arms, taking away the charters of self-government and reduction of all the North American Colonies to the footing of the West India Islands and Canada -- that is, to Crown Colonies under military rule; or, perhaps to turn them over to the mercies of a Chartered Company as in Hindostan, all of which I have seen.

I cannot conceive of submission to complete slavery; therefore only war is in sight. The Congress, therefore, must soon meet again, and when it meets, it must face the necessity of taking those measures which it did not take last fall in its first session, namely, provision for armament by land and by sea.

Such being clearly the position of affairs, I beg you to keep my name in your memory when the Congress shall assemble again, and in any provision that may be taken for a naval force, to call upon me in any capacity which your knowledge of my seafaring experience and your opinion of my qualifications may dictate.*

He did not have long to wait. But while waiting, he heard early in May that two French frigates had put in at Hampton Roads. He at once loaded his sloop with delicacies of the season and ran down to the Roads, where he found the two frigates under command of Commodore (or Capitaine de Vaisseau) de Kersaint, senior officer, with "the Sailor Prince of France," Louis Philippe Joseph, Duke de Chartres,* second in command.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance which was soon to prove of vast value not only to Paul Jones personally, but to the cause of the infant nation at large. When Jones reached the deck of the frigate *La Terpsichore*, the young Duke greeted him cordially, and then Jones informed him that his sloop alongside was laden with fresh provisions from his own and neighboring plantations, which he begged His Royal Highness to accept, with the compliments of the season. He made no secret with the young Duke and Commodore Kersaint that his object was to obtain information as to the plan,

design, and construction of hull, arrangement of battery, spars, rig, and other technical particulars, for the guidance of the Marine Department of the new American Government, which he assured them would be formed within two months, and which would fight it out with England to the bitter end.

Kersaint was naturally conservative, as he was the senior French officer on the coast and had just heard the news from Lexington, which made the situation delicate for neutrals. But the young Duke de Chartres took an enthusiastic fancy to Jones and allowed him to obtain the most complete data of the new frigate, even to copies of deck plans and sail plan which he caused his carpenter to make. Jones was the guest of the Frenchmen two or three days and invited them to visit his plantation. But the outbreak at Lexington had made it impolitic for them to accept entertainment ashore from persons known to be hostile to King George, and they sailed away, bound for Corunna, Spain.

It is worthy of remark that the American frigate Alliance, built a year later, was constructed almost precisely on the dimensions and general lines of the new French frigate La Terpsichore, and mounted exactly the same battery -- twenty-eight long twelve-pounders on the gun deck and ten long nines above.

FROM CHAPTER IV: IN COMMAND OF THE RANGER, pp. 78-90

[Many of the "facts" and events reported here are untrue. A main way in which Jewett made use of this is in her quotation of the song supposedly written by one of the men and sung on the trip to France -- see the notes for this section. There is no documentary evidence of this song.]

"Of course," pursues Jones, "General Washington kept his word. The result was that in a short time the Committee ordered me to Boston to enlist seamen for a European cruise to the number of one hundred and fifty, and then take them to France in a French merchant-ship called l'Amphitrite, which they chartered for that purpose. But this fell through. The French captain was unwilling to take the risk, because, as he said, 'if the English should get wind of the affair, their cruisers would bring the Amphitrite

to, take me and my men out of her, and probably condemn the ship for violation of neutrality' -- France then being at peace with England."

However, just at this moment another and better resource presented itself. A new ship-sloop had just been launched at Portsmouth, N. H., called the Ranger. She was designed to carry a battery of twenty long six-pounders, and her model was for those days exceedingly sharp, with unusual dead-rise and lean lines forward and aft.

Elijah Hall, who was her second lieutenant in her famous cruise, has left an interesting description of the little ship.* Mr. Hall was a shipwright as well as naval officer, alike capable in both professions. He was also an historian of most pleasing style, and the little book in which he recorded his Revolutionary experiences makes the reader sorry it was not larger.

On June 14, 1777, Congress passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Flag of the Thirteen United States of America be Thirteen Stripes, Alternate Red and White; that THE UNION be Thirteen Stars in a Blue Field: Representing a NEW Constellation.

Resolved, That CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONES be Appointed to Command the Ship RANGER.

In the perspective of a century and a quarter it seems singular that two acts so widely different in nature and effect should be joined in one resolution. Probably Congress did it simply for convenience and without thought of the historical impression the fact might produce in the distant future. But, little as our Congress may have thought about this unusual combination, its significance was not lost on Paul Jones. He accepted it as a distinction far beyond his wildest dreams. He used to say: "That flag and I are twins; born the same hour from the same womb of destiny. We cannot be parted in life or in death. So long as we can float, we shall float together. If we must sink, we shall go down as one!"

October 2, 1777, Jones reported to the Marine Committee, from Portsmouth, that the Ranger would be ready to sail on the 15th of that month. He reported that his crew was already recruited to the full complement, and described it as "the best crew I have ever seen, and, I

believe, the best afloat: nearly all native Americans, and the proportion of able seamen to the total is much beyond the average." He also announced that, while waiting for his final orders, he would make one or two short runs off the coast a day or two at a time, to "shake down his crew, set up his rigging, test the set of his sails, and find out the best trim of the ship."

In due course -- probably eight or ten days -- he received advices that the Congress expected soon to have news of the last importance for transmission to France, and that he should hold himself in readiness to get under way at once on receipt of the despatches. These orders were accompanied by a private note from Robert Morris informing him that the news daily expected would come from the upper valley of the Hudson, that the character of the news would undoubtedly be such as to exert the most profound influence upon the result of the pending war, and that it had been decided to hold the *Ranger* in readiness to carry the news because the committee believed both the ship and commander best adapted of any in the navy to make a quick and safe voyage to France.

From this it appears that those at the head of our Revolutionary affairs felt sure of the capture or total defeat of Burgoyne's army at least three weeks before his surrender. The scenes throughout the country during the days immediately following the 17th of October, 1777, must have been thrilling. Couriers rode at breakneck speed in every direction on all roads and across fields, shouting to every person they met and at every doorway as they flew past, "Burgoyne has surrendered!" There were no details; the couriers had no time to give them. But the one great fact was enough. The whole patriot country went wild over it. Marvellous stories have been told of the rapidity with which this glad news was spread over the country from New Hampshire to Georgia in those days of simple horseflesh and hard riding. From the field of Stillwater to Portsmouth is one hundred and forty-seven miles as the bird flies, and doubtless was at least one hundred and seventy-five miles by the shortest roads of those days. Yet it is said that the news reached Portsmouth in about thirty hours and was brought by a single courier, who never stopped except to obtain and shift his saddle to a fresh horse as he wore the others out; eating his meals in the saddle and never thinking of rest!

Thus Paul Jones must have known by October 19th the nature of the news he was to carry across the ocean. The despatches, under the seal of Congress, were placed in his hands about midnight, October 31, and the *Ranger* was under way and clear of the Isles of Shoals before daylight, November 1, 1777; as her log says in the second entry of that date, "going free, course east by south half east, wind west north-west, blowing fresh, the sea cross and choppy, from the old swell of an easterly gale, the two days before."

The last thing Jones did before casting off the shore-boat's painter was to add a postscript to his acknowledgment of the receipt of the despatches and his order, saying: "I will spread this news in France in thirty days." He actually did land at Nantes early in the morning of December 2, 1777, thirty-two days out from Portsmouth. Jones himself has left little record of this remarkable run. In his official report he says that he "encountered a good deal of bad weather, and for the first twelve days out, after clearing George's Banks, had a succession of north-easterlies, from a half to a whole gale, with frequent snow-squalls on the edge of the Grand Banks, and as far to the eastward as the forty-fourth meridian. After that it was mostly clear with wind abeam except three days of baffling south-easterlies after passing the longitude of the Azores."

But Elijah Hall, second lieutenant of the *Ranger*, has left a more copious record, which, in view of the importance of the little *Ranger*'s mission, as the sequel proved, is worth preserving. Lieutenant Hall says:

I had sailed with many captains in all kinds of voyages, but I never had seen a ship crowded as Captain Jones drove the *Ranger*. The wind held northwesterly and fresh till we had cleared Sable Island and began to draw on to the Banks. Then it came off to the northeast and east northeast with many snow-squalls, and thick of nights. We might even then have made a long reach to leeward and run as far south as 40°, if not indeed easting on that parallel as far as the Azores. This would have eased everything, but would also have added a week's time to the run. Captain Jones therefore held to his northerly course, and stuck grimly to his great circle, drawn between 47° and 50° north. As the wind hung all the time between north northeast and east northeast with but few veerings outside those points, it was always forward of the beam

on the true course and often near dead ahead. Imagine then, the situation of the Ranger's crew, with a top-heavy and crank ship under their feet, and a commander who day and night insisted on every rag she could stagger under without laying clear down!

As it was she came close to beam-ends more than once, and on one occasion righted only by letting-fly sheets cut with hatchets. During all this trying work Captain Jones was his own navigating officer, keeping the deck eighteen or twenty hours out of every twenty-four, often serving extra grog to the men with his own hands, and by his example silencing all disposition to grumble. In the worst of it the watch and watch was lap-watched so that the men would be eight hours on to four off; but no one complained. It speaks well alike for commander and crew that not a man was punished or even severely reprimanded during this terrific voyage.*

Captain Jones in his report to the Marine Committee gives two reasons for selecting the northerly course. He says:

The great circle course was the shortest by several days' sail, and even at the advanced stage of the season there was a chance of westerly and northerly winds prevailing as far as 35° west, and thus we might get a good slant. But the main reason was that the northerly course at that season would free us from interruption by the enemy's cruisers which were known to swarm on the southerly course. Aware that the first and greatest object of the voyage was to deliver the highly important dispatches at the earliest moment in France, I wished above all things to avoid being chased out of my course by the enemy's frigates, with the necessary accompanying risk of being captured or destroyed. The purpose was accomplished. Not a sail was sighted after we passed the sixtieth meridian until we had crossed the twentieth, and the first ship we spoke was a Dutch East Indiaman in the Bay of Biscay, two days' run west of Ushant. I informed the Dutch captain of the surrender of Burgoyne and requested him to repeat the intelligence, with my compliments, to any British captain that he might fall in with. I trust your Honorable Committee will approve my conduct in these respects. I have fully reported my conduct and my reasons for it to our Commissioners, Messrs Franklin and Deane, and am authorized by them to inform you that it meets with their hearty approval.

My crew are all well, and except a few trifling accidents due to the hard exposure on certain occasions, no one has been on the sick-list. One seaman, Solomon Hutchings, had his leg broken by a spare spar getting adrift, but is doing well. I shall have the honor of calling your attention more particularly to the excellent behavior of all my officers and men in a later report. For the present suffice to say, that, without exception, their conduct left nothing to be desired.

During the last day's run I took two prizes bound from Madeira and Malaga respectively, with wines, dried fruits, etc., for London. I sent one of them to Brest and convoyed the other to Nantes. I enclose estimate of their value; also roster of my crew entitled to share prize-money.

The Ranger anchored in the Loire, below Nantes, about twilight, December 2, 1777, and Captain Jones at once proceeded express to Paris, placing the despatches in Dr. Franklin's hands early on the 5th, travelling two hundred and twenty miles in sixty hours, after which he returned to his ship about the middle of the month. The despatches contained full accounts of the military operations immediately leading to the surrender of Burgoyne, with a general description of the situation brought about by it, and its effect upon the fortunes of the war so far as the Americans were concerned. The main text of the military part of the despatches was written by General Washington himself, while the estimate and deductions as to the political effects of the event were written by Thomas Jefferson. The documents as a whole were therefore couched in the calm, lofty tone characteristic of their authors. There was no tendency to exaggerate, no exhibition of vainglory. There was no attempt at embellishment, and but little comment. Larger forces than the army of Burgoyne had often capitulated in European fortresses as the result of sieges. But it was instantly recognized that never before had so considerable a force (at least no British force) surrendered in the open field to an army so slightly superior to it in numbers, and as the result of a series of pitched battles. Remarkable and unprecedented as the event was, the Count de Vergennes said that "the modesty with which General Washington and Mr. Jefferson laid the information of it before the King and his Ministers was, if possible, yet more noteworthy."

Paul Jones was not the only messenger who "carried the news" of Burgoyne's surrender. He

was not even the first to place it in the hands of Dr. Franklin. Jones arrived at Passy -- a village near Paris -- where our commissioners had their quarters -- the morning of December 5, 1777. He found that he had been preceded by John Loring Austin, of Boston, who had delivered an exact copy of the despatches he brought, about twelve hours ahead of him. Austin got his copy early in the morning of October 30th, and sailed from Boston in a fast French merchantman (expressly chartered for the purpose) within four hours.

In connection with the delivery of the despatches announcing Burgoyne's surrender, there is a bit of private history, deeply interesting both as an exhibit of the confusion and distrust prevailing in those days, and as a commentary on the character of Paul Jones. To cut a long story short, and to embody here in a page or two the results of years of research, it may be premised that Dr. Edward Bancroft was accused by Arthur Lee of making use of these despatches in advance of their publication for stock-jobbing purposes not only in Paris but also in London; and these accusations went so far as to imply or insinuate the privy, if not the profit, of Dr. Franklin himself in such transactions.

When these accusations became public, Jones, feeling that his own honor as one of the trusted custodians of the news was at stake, set about investigating the matter in his own way. Dr. Bancroft and Jones were friends, and their friendship lasted until death. But under such an imputation, with the slightest possibility that it might, if not cleared up at once, be used to impeach his own integrity and fidelity, Jones would not rest a moment. He probed the matter to the bottom and satisfied himself that, so far as Bancroft was concerned, the imputations were groundless. On this point Dr. Francis Wharton says, in the first volume of the "Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution:"

Jones was the most dangerous enemy Britain had on the high seas. By his stealth, his amazing fighting qualities and his coolness he not only inflicted great damage by his prizes but he compelled a large naval force to be retained for home defence and trebled the rates of insurance on British merchant ships.... Had Jones suspected Bancroft of perfidy, swift and terrible would have been the vengeance; for in such cases Paul Jones did not stay his hand.

The only mention of the affair the author has been able to find in Jones's correspondence is in a letter to Mr. Livingston, dated Nantes, March 13, 1779 -- more than a year afterward -- in which he emphatically disposes of the story, in favor of Dr. Bancroft's integrity. Dr. Wharton's remark that "in such cases Paul Jones did not stay his hand," means more to close students of his character and career than superficial readers of history are likely to grasp. It means that, while under ordinary circumstances polite and forbearing, even to long-suffering, Jones had at bottom a most ferocious temper, and that the one thing of all things he would not brook from anyone was personal perfidy. Errors of judgment or mistakes in conduct he was quick to overlook or forgive; but for deliberate betrayal he knew but one remedy. He was not in any degree a bully; not even prone to quarrel. But his sense of personal honor was delicately, almost painfully, acute; and anyone who wanted any kind of a fight could always get it instantly by jarring that high-strung chord in his nature.

This sentiment was quite as mandatory to him in dealing with common sailors as with men of his own class. On taking command of the *Ranger* he found that forty-three men had been enlisted at Portsmouth on terms stated in public handbills, as to advances and "ship-money," which could not be carried out under the regulations of Congress. The total amount involved was \$40 apiece for thirty able seamen and \$20 apiece for thirteen landsmen and boys; aggregating \$1,460. Jones at once addressed a letter to these men, through Lieutenant Hall, who had enlisted them. In this letter he pointed out the conflict between the terms of the handbills and the regulations of Congress, and then said:

I would not deceive any man who has entered or may enter to serve under my command.... I consider myself as being under a personal obligation to these brave men who have cheerfully enlisted to serve with me, and I accept their act as proof of their good opinion of me, which I so highly value that I cannot permit it to be dampened in the least degree by misunderstanding or failure to perform engagements. If necessary, or to whatsoever extent it may be necessary, I will personally undertake, after exhausting my proper powers in their behalf under the regulations, to make good at my own risk any remainder. I wish all my men to be happy and contented. The

conditions of the handbills will be strictly complied with.

According to expense accounts allowed and paid to Jones by Congress in 1782, he expended one hundred and forty-seven guineas out of his own funds in making the terms of the handbills good, that being the difference between the sum promised in the handbills and the advances which the regulations permitted him to make on public account.

FROM CHAPTER V: THE FRENCH ALLIANCE, pp. 98-105.

[This selection concerns spies and spying. Though it has been independently confirmed that John Thornton and Hezekiah Ford, personal secretaries to Commissioner Arthur Lee, were indeed British spies, and that Lee himself was a difficult character, Buell's portrait emphasizes the instant antipathy between Jones and Lee and, also, Jones's immediate suspicions of Thornton and Ford. These aspects of Jones's quick perception of treachery seem to be part of Jewett's portrait as well.

Also, there appears to be no historical foundation for Jones disguising himself and acting as a spy or scout after he joined the American navy, though this becomes an important part of Jewett's account of Jones. One possible supporting source of Jewett's idea could be Buell's unsupported account of Jones's secret mission to Amsterdam to explore recovering *L'Indien*.]

When Jones left the United States in the *Ranger*, it was understood, and in fact ordered, by the Marine Committee that he should, on arriving in France, take command of the new ship building at Amsterdam, for which Silas Deane had contracted in 1776. The commissioners -- at least Deane and Franklin -- had made every effort to keep the actual character of this ship a secret from the British Government. The contract for her construction had been signed on behalf of the United States by a Captain Gillon, in the service of the Dutch East India Company, who was employed by the commissioners to supervise her construction. Gillon, however, was himself "supervised" by

Charles Frederick Dumas, secret agent of the Colonies in Holland, and the bills were paid through Dumas's banker. This ship, then known as the *Indien*, was of peculiar construction, and her general plans were those furnished to the Marine Committee by Jones in the fall of 1775 in connection with the new frigates then authorized.

She was frigate-built, but from forty to fifty per cent. more powerful than any regular frigate then afloat; the equal in fact of any forty-four-gun ship on two decks in that period, and not much inferior to most ships of fifty guns.

She had been on the stocks since December, 1776, and when Jones arrived in France the December following, the *Indien* was nearly ready to launch. However, her guns and ammunition were to be placed on board at l'Orient as soon as she could be brought round there from Amsterdam. But shortly after she was launched the British Minister to the Netherlands denounced her to the States-General as an American ship-of-war in disguise, and demanded that she be detained in Dutch waters for "meditated breach of neutrality." The commissioners were dumb-founded at this exposure of their plans, but could do nothing, as the States-General was then under British influence, and after fruitless efforts to get possession of the ship, they sold her to the King of France for a price nearly sufficient to reimburse them for the outlay already made under the contract. This sale was concluded only ten or twelve days before Jones arrived in France with the *Ranger*. In the course of his investigation, before referred to, Jones ascertained beyond question that the secrets of the commissioners in regard to the *Indien* had been betrayed to the British Government by Arthur Lee's private secretary, Thornton; also that he had actually furnished the British Foreign Office with documents from the secret files of the commissioners, unquestionably proving the real character of the ship; documents which the British Minister had laid before the States-General.

After the King had bought the *Indien*, the situation was no better than before, because it only transferred the question of neutrality from Holland to France. Jones told Dr. Franklin that so long as peace continued between England and France, it would be idle to hope for

possession of the Indien, or to obtain any other regular ship-of-war from France; and in view of this fact there was nothing left for him to do but make a cruise on the Ranger as soon as the ship could be fitted out, and the spring opened. Jones also reminded Dr. Franklin that by virtue of the original understanding when he assumed command of the Ranger, he was only to hold that command until he could get a larger ship, and that his first lieutenant, Simpson, considered himself now fully entitled to command the Ranger.

Dr. Franklin settled, or tried to settle, this question by giving Jones written instructions under date of January 16, 1778, to hold command of the Ranger till further orders, and to fit her at once for a cruise in the early spring. Simpson acquiesced in this order, but not cheerfully or with good grace, as the sequel proved. Jones now took the Ranger from Nantes to l'Orient, thoroughly overhauled and refitted her, and on the 13th of February arrived in Brest Roads in the presence of the Grand French Fleet, commanded by the Count d'Orvilliers. The division of the fleet which Jones first spoke was commanded by Rear-Admiral La Motte Piquet, and, wishing to be sure of his ground, Jones sent a boat to that officer with a polite note informing him that the Ranger flew the new American flag, which had never yet been saluted by the guns of any foreign naval power, and asking whether a salute, if offered, would be returned. In response he was informed that the salute due to the senior officer of a republican naval force on the station would be given him; that is, four guns less than for the representative of a royal navy; the basis being that established for the then Republic of the Netherlands. The next day the Ranger sailed through the French fleet, receiving from it the first national salute to the Stars and Stripes by the guns of a foreign fleet.

Most of the numerous writers who have from time to time during the nineteenth century given to the public "lives" or "biographies" of Paul Jones, have led their readers to believe that he was not only identified by name with the origin of the national emblem by virtue of the curious text of the resolution of Congress, June 14, 1777, already referred to, but also that he was the first to hoist it on an American man-of-war; the first to show it upon the ocean; the first to receive and acknowledge a salute to it from a foreign naval power; the first to fight a naval battle under it,

and the first to decorate with it a man-of-war of the enemy taken prize in action.

Some of these assertions or intimations are true; others are fanciful. Whatever his numerous biographers may have claimed for him in respect to personal identification with our existing national emblem, Jones himself always considered the bare truth quite enough glory. The truth was, as we have seen, that the American flag, as we know it, and the appointment of Paul Jones to command the Ranger, were embraced in the same resolution of Congress; and that his ship was the first to receive a foreign naval salute to it. It was decreed the 14th of June, 1777. Jones displayed it on the Ranger the 4th of July following, the first anniversary of the Declaration of Independence -- making a trip from Boston to Portsmouth for that especial purpose. But the Ranger was only recently launched at that time, and, though by that act he placed her nominally in commission, she was not ready for sea until early the next October. During that interval other American ships-of-war had gone to sea from various ports, with the new ensign flying. The first battle Jones fought under the Stars and Stripes was in the Ranger, when she conquered the Drake, off Carrickfergus, Ireland, April 23, 1778. But on the 7th of March previous, poor Nick Biddle had gone down -- or up -- or both -- when the Randolph, thirty-two, was destroyed by explosion of her magazine in action with the Yarmouth, sixty-four; and the Stars and Stripes went down -- or up -- with Nick Biddle. However, Jones was the first to compel a regular British man-of-war to strike the Cross of St. George and St. Andrew to the new flag, which occurred when the Drake struck to the Ranger.

We have seen that the French fleet saluted the American flag on the little Ranger, February 13, 1778, in the outer road of Brest. The next day she ran up and anchored in the inner harbor off the mole of the Dockyard. The Ranger did not leave that anchorage until April 9th, when she dropped down into the outer road to sail on her cruise the next day. There were reasons for this delay. One was that the winter of 1777-78 -- and particularly the time from February to April, 1778 -- was extraordinarily severe and tempestuous. Another was that our commissioners at Paris were divided in their councils. Franklin wanted to keep Jones in European waters. Arthur Lee was bent on sending him back to the United States. Silas

Deane, though still nominally a member of the commission, was not at this time even consulted by either of his colleagues, and cut no figure in this affair.

Fortunately, Franklin prevailed. However sinister may have been the designs of Arthur Lee -- or, rather, of the British spies and informers whose designs Lee never seemed able to detect -- the clear foresight, the lofty integrity, and the unbending resolution of Benjamin Franklin easily overwhelmed all, and saved for its true destiny the genius of Paul Jones.

The Ranger had lain at Brest Dockyard nearly two months. Of that time about one month was consumed by Jones in a trip to Amsterdam to inspect the *Indien*. This was done at the instance of Franklin, who had never been able to obtain satisfactory information about her. Jones went to Amsterdam in the assumed character of a Spanish officer desirous of inspecting the ship with a view to purchasing her for the King of Spain. His jet-black hair and eyes, his swarthy complexion, and his Iberian cast of features, together with his command of the Spanish language, made this guise easy for him to sustain. No one in Amsterdam, except Charles Frederick Dumas, our secret agent, knew who he really was. His disguise and the secrecy of his movements were so perfect that for once the vigilance of the British spies, whom Arthur Lee had for "private secretaries," was baffled and outwitted.

The result of this mission was absolute assurance by Jones to Dr. Franklin that it would be preposterous for the commissioners to hope for possession of the *Indien* then, or anywhere near that time; that all hope of getting control of her so long as England, France, and Holland remained at peace, must be abandoned. Franklin then reluctantly gave up hope, verbally ordered Jones to return to the Ranger, and, as soon as the weather would permit, proceed with her, under his instructions of January 16th previous, to cruise on the British coasts.

Pursuant to these orders, Jones returned to Brest about the middle of March, 1778. He found that during his absence his first lieutenant, Simpson, had stirred up much dissatisfaction among the Ranger's crew; telling them among other things that Jones had been permanently detached from the ship and that he (Simpson) daily expected orders to sail for home. When

Jones found this out he called Simpson into his cabin and said to him that he had, apparently, raised an issue which, under the peculiar circumstances, could not be settled in any other way than personally.

"I command this ship, Mr. Simpson," he said, "by virtue of my senior rank, by virtue of the resolution of Congress dated June 14th last, and by virtue of the order of the Commissioners dated January 16th last. But I will urge none of these considerations upon you in your present attitude. So far as you are concerned, I will say only that I command this ship by virtue of the fact that I am personally the best man aboard -- a fact which I shall cheerfully demonstrate to you at your pleasure! And I wish you to signify your pleasure to me here and now!"

It is doubtless fortunate that Lieutenant Simpson chose not to defy fate beyond that point. He assured Jones that his attitude had been misunderstood, and declared that he would serve loyally under his command as heretofore. It is a curious illustration of the character of Jones that as soon as Simpson had yielded in this manner he informed him that he (Jones) was invited to dine ashore that evening with the Commandant of the Brest Dockyard, and directed him (Simpson) to get ready and go ashore with him, assuring him that the French officer would, in the fulness of his hospitality, be glad to receive an additional guest.

This brought about at least a truce between Jones and Simpson that lasted throughout the Ranger's forthcoming cruise. Simpson was a brave man and, for his calibre, a good officer. He was a thoroughbred Yankee sailor but a man of less brain than ambition, and hence easily led astray -- as the sequel soon proved -- by the sinister counsels of Arthur Lee's "private secretaries," Thornton, and Hezekiah Ford.

FROM VOLUME II, CHAPTER I: THE CHEVALIER PAUL JONES, p. 43

[This short selection deals further with Thornton and Ford as spies. The text refers to an unpublished paper by Jones, "Arthur Lee in France." I have not been able to corroborate the existence of this paper.]

Judging from the parts of it that appear in the French Collection, it must have been a terrible indictment. As samples of its general quality we quote two paragraphs. One was a description of the characters and operations of Arthur Lee's "private secretaries," Ford, Thornton, and Stephen Sayre, substantially as set forth in preceding pages of this work. Jones concluded this review as follows:

The perfidy and treachery of these creatures being established beyond question, not only by the evidence of official documents but by their own flight from justice and refuge on the enemy's soil, nothing can remain but the task of estimating the nature of Mr. Lee's relation to them and the motive for his indefatigable protection of them. In making such estimate one of two things must, inevitably, be taken for granted: Either they completely deceived Mr. Lee, or he completely colluded with them. There could not in the nature of things be a point of connection half way. If they deceived him, they did so long after everyone else had detected and denounced them. As to the other alternative, I rest it on the inference. But I will say, what must be clear to all, that Mr. Lee can defend himself from that inference only by pleading weakness of head for the sake of his heart. If they deceived him, he was an ass. If they did not deceive him, he must have been, with them and like them, emissary, spy, and traitor.

He then determined, as a preliminary measure, to publish his paper on "Arthur Lee in France." His object in this was to equalize or neutralize as far as he could the advantage Lee had gained over him by prior arrival in the country. And beyond that was the ulterior object, which might or might not prove incidental, to force the contest beyond the forum of pen and ink. He was, however, induced to suppress that remarkable document, though, as may be inferred from the tenor of a letter written to him by George Washington a few weeks later, Messrs. Morris, Livingston, and the other peacemakers found it necessary to call in the commanding dignity of Washington himself to help restrain the exasperated sailor.

This paper on "Arthur Lee in France," which Jones was induced to refrain from publishing in this country, never appeared in the print of the English language. But Jones preserved it and it was found among his manuscripts after his

death. Considerable portions of it appear in the French Collection printed at Paris in 1799....

FROM CHAPTER VI: THE CAPTURE OF THE DRAKE, pp. 109-122

[This chapter is of interest primarily for its descriptions of the events at Whitehaven, the taking of Lord Selkirk's plate, and the capture of the *Drake*.]

SAILING from Brest April 10th, the *Ranger* at first shaped her course for the west coast of Ireland, but the second day out a westerly gale impelled Captain Jones to alter his cruising plan to the extent of running up through St. George's Channel into the Irish Sea. On this course he cruised to the northward until he reached the Irish Channel. His original intention had been to make the complete circuit of the British Isles, going up the west coast, thence north-about and down the east coast, and through the Channel back to Brest. This, as he said in his journal of 1782, was "a provisional plan, subject of course to change or modification according to circumstances and events."

Arriving on the Cumberland coast and learning from fishermen decoyed on board that there was a large amount of shipping in the harbor of Whitehaven, with no warship of superior force in the neighborhood to protect it, and wishing also to take advantage of his intimate personal knowledge of that harbor and its approaches, he resolved to make a descent with a view of destroying the ships in port there. Up to that time the British authorities had no suspicion of his presence in the Irish Sea. It was fortunate that head-winds on the 11th and 12th of April deterred him from his projected course up the west coast of Ireland, because Arthur Lee's private secretary, Thornton, had advised the British Admiralty as to the plan of the cruise, and that information was actually in London a day or two before Jones sailed from Brest. Promptly acting upon Thornton's advices, the Admiralty had ordered a thirty-two-gun frigate and two heavy sloops-of-war to the west coast of Ireland. These vessels sailed from Plymouth the day after Jones left Brest, but were compelled to put into Falmouth by the same westerly gale that caused the *Ranger* to sheer off into the Irish Sea. As soon as the gale

abated, the frigate and the two sloops proceeded to their station, where, of course, they could not find Jones.

As the Ranger approached Whitehaven the wind still held to the westward, making her destination a lee-shore, and it was necessary to stand off and on for two or three days. Finally the wind hauled to the eastward, and the Ranger at once beat up toward the town. The wind died out about midnight of April 22d, before the ship had got as near the port as Jones desired, but, having no time to lose, he decided to make the attempt, anyhow. He took command of the expedition in person. It consisted, besides himself, of Third Lieutenant Wallingford, Midshipmen Arthur Green and Charles Hill, and twenty-nine seamen, in two boats.

The surprise was complete. The two small forts at the mouth of the harbor were precipitately abandoned by their garrison of "coast-guards," one being taken by Captain Jones, Midshipman Green, and six men; the other by Midshipman Hill and ten men, while Lieutenant Wallingford with eight men landed above the point, leaving only four men as boat-guard. The long pull from the ship had consumed some time, so that when the three parties reached the tidal basin in which the shipping lay, it was nearly daylight. There had been no real resistance, but a few musket and pistol shots had been fired, and the town, or at least that part of it nearest the harbor, was thoroughly aroused. Besides, it was now full daylight, and the insignificance of Jones's force became evident to the townspeople, who were rallying from all directions. Fires had been kindled aboard several ships in the basin, but they had all gone out or been extinguished except one. The necessity for immediate retreat to the ship was clear to all, and there was no time to lose. The landing-party, small as it was, had become separated into two groups, one commanded by Jones, the other by Wallingford. Jones, thinking that Wallingford's party was more seriously menaced for the moment than his own, attacked and dispersed with his dozen men a force of about one hundred of the local militia who were endeavoring to retake the lower fort or battery, whose guns he had already spiked. Meantime Wallingford and his party had reached their boat, though not without a lively but not fatal skirmish between Midshipman Hill, in command of five or six men who formed the rear-guard of that party, and a considerable

number of the townspeople and coast-guards who tried to intercept them. With these unimportant exceptions the whole landing force except one man got safely into the boats and were on board the Ranger again before the sun was an hour high. *

Jones says of this enterprise:

Its actual results were of little moment, for the intended destruction of shipping was limited to one vessel. But the moral effect of it was very great, as it taught the English that the fancied security of their coasts was a myth, and thereby compelled their Government to take expensive measures for the defence of numerous ports hitherto relying for protection wholly on the vigilance and supposed omnipotence of their navy. It also doubled or more the rates of insurance, which in the long run proved the most grievous damage of all.

The foregoing is an extract from a report in which he requests that special reward be given to the men who formed the landing-party.

As soon as all were safely aboard the hanger, Jones bore up for the north shore of Solway Firth, which was not more than three hours' sail, and made another descent on St. Mary's Isle, the castle of the Earl of Selkirk. The object of this foray has been variously conjectured. Jones himself stated frankly in a letter to Lady Selkirk, written soon afterward, which has been widely published, that his purpose was to carry off the Earl, with a view of holding him as hostage for the better treatment of American prisoners then in England. In a letter to Mr. Hewes he gives that reason and states also that he wished to produce the impression that more than one American ship was on the coast, and believed that two descents in one day at points thirty or forty miles apart would have that effect.

However, the Earl happened to be away from home, and the only result of the foray was the appropriation of several pieces of silver-ware from the castle by some of the landing-party. A vast quantity of ink has been spilled over this transaction. It may have been justifiable as an extreme measure on the part of a weak power to alarm and worry a strong power. But we think the general verdict is that a project to seize the person of a noncombatant nobleman with a view of holding him as a hostage or of coercing him to use his influence with his government for the

better treatment of prisoners of war, fairly captured, can hardly be brought within the most liberal definition of civilized warfare. The fact that it had many examples in the conduct of British landing-parties on our own coast is no justification. Two wrongs do not make one right. It is doubtless fortunate for the fame of Paul Jones that he did not find the Earl of Selkirk at home; because, had Jones captured him and taken him to France, the act could not have failed to produce unpleasant complications, and it must certainly have injured Jones's reputation in the higher circles of France at a time when the good opinion of that class of people in that country was indispensable to his future success.

As for the few pieces of plate that were taken, Jones purchased them from the captors at his own expense, and, after considerable trouble and delay, succeeded in restoring them to the Earl, who acknowledged the restitution in a letter from which the following is an extract:

Notwithstanding all the precautions you took for the easy and uninterrupted conveyance of the plate, yet it met with considerable delays; first at Calais, then at Dover, then at London; however, it at last arrived at Dumfries....

I have mentioned it to many people of fashion; and on all occasions, sir, both now and formerly, I have done you the justice to tell that you made an offer of returning the plate very soon after your return to Brest.

The cost to Jones of buying the plate from the captors and shipping it from Brest to Dumfries was about £140 -- say \$700.

During the night of April 23d the Ranger stood across the Irish Channel, and the next day Jones learned from some fishermen whose boats he picked up that the Drake, twenty-gun sloop-of-war, guard-ship at Carrickfergus, was coming out in search of him. He had already looked into Carrickfergus on the 21st, and would have attacked the Drake, then at anchor in the roadstead, but for the contrary wind. Now, as he describes it, "to save trouble, I ran down again, hove to off the mouth of Belfast Lough, and waited for the Drake to work out, which saved me the pains of going in after her." As he hove to, the Drake sent one of her boats out to reconnoitre, and Jones succeeded in decoying the boat aboard the Ranger, making prisoners of the midshipman and five men in her. The Drake had wind and tide both against her, and worked

out so slowly that it lacked only an hour of sundown when she got within hail. Jones's official report of the action that followed is included in his general account of the cruise to the commissioners, dated Brest, May 27, 1778. It is terse and formal, occupying only a single paragraph in the general report, and has been doubtless more widely and more often printed than any other report of an action between ships of such comparative unimportance. But, small as the ships were, this action involved the turning of a new page in naval history, and to that fact alone it owes its celebrity. It was the first instance, in modern naval warfare, of the capture of a regular British man-of-war by a ship of inferior force. In that respect it "broke a record" that had been inviolate since the beginning of regular navies, and it announced to mankind the advent of a new sea-power. From that point of view the size and rate of the ships were immaterial. Jones's official report, referred to, is not particularly interesting, and, as most well-read school-boys have it by heart, it is hardly worth while to reproduce its text here.

The real, vivid, masterly description -- the best extant -- is found in a personal letter written by Captain Jones to Joseph Hewes, May 22, 1778, about two weeks after his return to Brest. Mr. Hewes was not at that time a member of the Continental Congress, having been compelled by ill-health to retire from public life; to which Jones at the outset of his letter refers with characteristic feeling. He says:

...The public misfortune of your retirement from the Committee and from Congress in consequence of failing health, and the resulting fact that you, perhaps, do not now enjoy the readiness of access to official sources of information you formerly did, and the great individual obligation I owe you, make it more than ever my duty to keep you personally advised of my movements.

I need not assure you that this is a welcome duty, much as I deplore the cause of it, for the reason that I know there is no person living to whom news of my success can bring more satisfaction than to yourself. And you are surely entitled to such satisfaction, because you, more than any other person, have labored to place the instruments of success in my hands.

I assume you will have seen, before this can reach you, that on the late afternoon of April 24th past the Ranger, under my

command, off Carrickfergus, took H. B. M. sloop-of-war the Drake, twenty guns, one hundred and fifty-seven officers and men, after a hard-fought battle of one hour, four minutes, pure and simple broadsiding at close range. In this connection I may say that at the time of going into action I had one hundred and twenty-six, all hands, at quarters, and eighteen guns. The Drake's battery is sixteen nine-pounders and four four-pounders; the Ranger's fourteen nine-pounders and four sixes.

The result of the action was due entirely to the superior gunnery of my crew. There was no maneuvering worth mention. As soon as the two ships got clear of the land, the Drake being astern and within hail, both standing to the eastward, the wind southerly and light, sea fairly smooth, they hailed us: "What ship is that?" to which we replied: "The American Continental ship Ranger; come on; we are waiting for you." Both ships then were almost together, laying their heads to the north, and going off nearly before the wind, which was no more than enough to make good steering way.

Our broadside was just an instant the first. The enemy's fire was spirited, but, for a King's ship, very ineffective. This I can attribute only to the distress and confusion caused on board of her by the remarkable effect of our fire. The range was close, hardly more than musket shot at any time. Her crew, as I can judge from the prisoners taken, was fully up to the British man-of-war standard. Yet in the hour of cannonading our loss was only two killed and six wounded -- one mortally. The Ranger did not suffer in hull or spars or rigging enough to have prevented her from fighting again the next morning if necessary. But the Drake was almost wrecked, and she lost nineteen killed or died of wounds, including her captain and first lieutenant, and twenty-eight officers and men severely wounded, the only sea officer remaining to strike her flag being her second lieutenant.

The behavior of my men in this engagement more than justifies the representations I have so often made to you of what American sailors would do if given a chance at the enemy in his own waters. We have seen that they fight with courage on our own coast. But no one has ever seen them fight on our coast as they fought here,

almost in hail of the enemy's shore. Every shot told, and they gave the Drake three broadsides for two right along, at that.*

Of course I had lost no opportunity of training them in great-gun exercise, both at sea and in port. But my supply of ammunition would never admit of actual target practice, so the precision of their fire was simply natural aptitude.

I have never before seen men handle guns as they handled the Ranger's nine-pounders....

As the two ships were going off the wind, which was light, they both rolled considerably and together; that is, when the Ranger went down to port the Drake came up to starboard. Quite early in the action I noticed that my quarter gunners had caught the Drake's period of roll and were timing to fire as their muzzles went down and the enemy's side came up. By this practice they were hulling the Drake prodigiously below the water line, and everywhere below the plank-sheer, though damaging her but little aloft. Being near Quarter-Gunner Owen Starbuck, of Nantucket, at the moment, I asked him why they fired that way, and he replied: "To sink the English b--s, sir!"

I then told Starbuck and the others that it was not my policy to sink the Drake, but that I wished to take her alive instead of destroying her; explaining that it would be much more to our advantage to carry her as a visible prize into a French port. The alert fellows instantly took this hint and began firing as their muzzles rose, by which practice they soon crippled the Drake's spars and rigging, and made her an unmanageable log on the water. I am persuaded that if I had not advised them to this effect, my gunners would have sunk the Drake in an hour! As it was, we had to put spare sails over the side after she struck, to keep her afloat, and careen her as much as we could the next day to plug the holes they had already made between wind and water. While I am telling you about the behavior of my men, I must not forget to mention that at the moment when the Drake's fore and main topsail yards came down on the caps, and she fell off, giving us the chance to luff under her stern and rake her, I was in the forward division, in consequence of Lieutenant Wallingford being killed, and at once started to run aft to the wheel to order the helm

down for the manoeuvre. But before I got to the mainmast the fore and main topsails were already shivering, because Chief Quartermaster Nathan Sargent, of Portsmouth, N. H., who had the wheel, had already seen our chance and had taken upon himself the important responsibility of luffing ship without orders; thus anticipating my intention, and leaving me nothing to do but order the starboard tacks on board to keep her full and shift the broadside for raking, when, luckily, the enemy, realizing his helpless situation, called for quarter and spared further bloodshed. The unfortunate loss of Lieutenant Wallingford in the action enabled me to advance Mr. Sargent to the post of Acting Master. But I regret to say that since our return here he has found it to his advantage to leave me, being offered command of a large French privateer of twenty-six guns belonging to Monsieur de Chaumont and Monsieur Marcereau, now fitting out at St. Malo. As Mr. Sargent is master of the French language, this command will enable him to better his fortunes, and in view of the sorry hopes of recompense in the Continental service I could not withhold my consent to his going, or to his taking with him eight others of my New Hampshire men, whom he will make officers in his new ship, the *Marseille*. Our seamen who can speak French are in great request here for officers in privateers.

Doubtless the best idea I can give you of the gunnery of my men will be found in the report and estimate of my most efficient carpenter, Mr. William Hitchburn, of Salem, a shipwright of much experience. I enclose with this a copy of that report as handed by me to the Superintendent of the Dockyard here (Brest) when permission was got to repair the *Drake* here at the expense of the French.* I also send a track chart of the cruise.

Continuing to Mr. Hewes, Jones says:

My loss, though small in number, was severe in quality. My third lieutenant, Mr. R. Wallingford, known to you personally, was killed. By his death the service has lost one of its most promising young officers. I held great expectations of Mr. Wallingford. Midshipman Powers and Gunner Falls, both most excellent officers, are severely wounded, Mr. Powers losing his left arm. Of

the enlisted men, Quartermaster John Dougall and Nathaniel Wills are dead, and able seamen Mark Staples, David Sargent, and Matthew Starbuck are wounded severely, but now doing well.

After the action I returned round the west coast of Ireland in good time, with no noteworthy incident except taking a prize off Malin Head, Ireland. She was bound from the Baltic, northabout, with naval stores, and is a valuable prize. On the whole I was out of port twenty-eight days, took six merchant prizes, of which I destroyed three and the other three are safe in French ports; besides taking and bringing in a regular man-of-war of the enemy, slightly superior in force to my ship.

Trusting that this may find you improved in health and able to resume your important labor for our common cause, I am, etc.*

During the night and next day after this battle the sea remained smooth, with light airs from the southward, which made it possible to effect temporary repairs to the *Drake* sufficient to get her under way again. Jones now reluctantly gave up his projected cruise around Scotland and down the east coast. Of his original complement of one hundred and thirty-nine, all told, two officers and ten men had been put in prizes taken in St. George's Channel. One man had been left behind in the descent on Whitehaven. Eight had been killed or wounded in the action with the *Drake*. It had been necessary to put thirty-two officers and men on that prize partly in consequence of her crippled condition and partly to guard the large part of her crew left as prisoners on board of her. This left the *Ranger* with only eighty-six, all hands; and Jones, of course, saw that the cruise was ended. He therefore, as the twenty-four hours of drifting northwestward had carried the ships clear of the north coast of Ireland, shaped his course to the westward and southward until well clear of the mouth of the English Channel, and then bore up for Brest, where he anchored after dark in the outer roadstead, the 8th of May, with the *Drake* and the merchant prize taken after the battle .

**FROM CHAPTER VIII: ON THE BON
HOMME RICHARD, pp. 186-8. ***

[A footnote on flogging and discipline, a probable source of Jewett's assertion that Jones threw over-board the cat-o'-nine-tails soon after the *Ranger* left Portsmouth.]

Paul Jones was as original in his ideas of shipboard discipline as in his modes of fighting. In both alike he was, in his own conception, the "Prophet, Priest, and King." He had no fixed rules, either of discipline or of battle. He simply accepted every situation as it struck him, and depended on himself every time for the outcome. On this point Henry Gardner says:

"I sailed, in my time, with many captains; but with only one Paul Jones. He was the captain of captains. Any other commander I sailed with had some kind of method or fixed rule which he exerted towards all those under him alike. It suited some and others not; but it was the same rule all the time and to everybody. Not so Paul Jones. He always knew every officer or man in his crew as one friend knows another. Those big black eyes of his would look right through a new man at first sight and, maybe, see something behind him! At any rate, he knew every man and always dealt with each according to his notion. I have seen him one hour teaching the French language to his midshipmen and the next hour showing an apprentice how to knot a 'Turk's-head' or make a neat coil-down of a painter. He was in everybody's watch and everybody's mess all the time. In fact, I may say that any ship Paul Jones commanded was full of him, himself, all the time. The men used to get crazy about him when he was with them and talking to them. It was only when his back was turned that anyone could wean them away from him. If you heard peals of laughter from the forecastle, it was likely that he was there spinning funny yarns for Jack off watch. If you heard a roar of merriment at the cabin-table, it was likely that his never-failing wit had overwhelmed the officers' mess.

"He was very strict. I have seen him sternly reprove a young sailor, who approached him, for what he called 'a lubber's walk;' say to him, 'See here, this is the way to walk.' And then, after putting the novice through his paces two or three times, he would say to him: 'Ah, that's better !

You'll be a blue-water sailor before you know it, my boy!' And then he would give the shipmate a guinea out of his own pocket.

"Above all things he hated the cat-o'-nine-tails. In two of his ships -- the *Providence* and the *Ranger* -- he threw it overboard the first day out. There was one in the *Alfred* that he never allowed to be used, and two in the *Richard* that were never used but twice. He consented to flog the lookout forward when the *Richard* fouled the *Alliance* the second day out from *l'Orient*; and also he allowed old Jack Robinson to persuade him that two foretop-men ought to be whipped for laying from aloft without orders when the squall struck us in the *Richard* off *Leith*. But when he consented to this he strictly enjoined upon old Jack that the men must be flogged with their shirts on, which, of course, made a farce of the whole proceeding. He said at this time: 'I have no use for the cat. Whenever a sailor of mine gets vicious beyond my persuasion or control the cheapest thing in the long run is to kill him right away. If you do that the others will understand it. But if you trice him up and flog him, all the other bad fellows in the ship will sympathize with him and hate you.'

"All the men under his command soon learned this trait in his character. One Sunday when we were off the west coast of *Ireland*, just after we had lost the barge and *Mr. Lunt*, he addressed the crew on the subject of discipline. He told them that, many years before, when he was a boy in the merchant-service, he had seen a man 'flogged round the fleet' at *Port Royal, Jamaica*. He said the man died under the lash; and he then made up his mind that Paul Jones and the cat-o'-nine-tails would part company. 'I tell you, my men,' he said 'once for all, that when I become convinced that a sailor of mine must be killed, I will not leave it to be done by boatswain's mates under slow torture of the lash! But I will do it myself -- and so G--- d--- quick that it will make your heads swim!'"

FROM THE APPENDICES: ROSTER OF THE RANGER

[Though this roster is neither complete nor accurate, it seems reasonably so. Most of the crew members that Jewett names also are on Buell's list, but of course, she may have used Buell's list as a source. Other sources, such as Ezra Green's *Diary*, and later historians have identified people on the *Ranger* who are not listed here. One may use the notes and bibliography of later historians such as S. E. Morison to locate documentary sources for the crew lists.

It is noteworthy that Cato and Scipio certainly were not Jones's former slaves, since he never owned any slaves, and also that they probably were sailors rather than cabin boys. Morison characterizes them as "two local free Negroes, Cato Carlile and Scipio Africanus" (114)].

OFFICERS

Paul Jones, Philadelphia, Captain.
Thomas Simpson, Portsmouth, First Lieutenant.
Elijah Hall, Portsmouth, Second Lieutenant.
Richard Wallingford, Philadelphia, Third Lieutenant.
Nathan Sargent, Portsmouth, Acting Master.
Nelson Green, Portsmouth, surgeon.
(Dr. Green also acted as purser.)
John Calvin Robinson, Philadelphia, boatswain.
Thomas M. Falls, Salem, gunner.
Joseph Powers, Portsmouth, midshipman.
Arthur Green, Portsmouth, midshipman.
James Meserve, Portsmouth, midshipman.
Nathaniel Fanning, Salem, midshipman.
Charles Hill, Barnstable, midshipman.
William Hichburn, Salem, carpenter.
Thomas Lowe, Boston, sailmaker.

[Also: Edmund Meyers and C. Ford Morris, described by Jones in a foot-note to his roster of June, 1778, as "Gentlemen Volunteers."]

PETTY OFFICERS AND ABLE SEAMEN.

Charles Ball, Portsmouth.
William Young,
John Casey,
Samuel O'Dorne,
Daniel Jacobs,
John Parsons,

Joseph LaPlante,
Simon Staples,
Solomon Hutchings,
William Finney,
Charles Lamont,
Daniel Sargent,
Joseph Fernald,
Theophilus Simpson,
John Colbath,
Ephraim Grant,
David Sargent,
Thomas Staples,
Daniel Sherburne,
Reuben Hanscom,
William Chandler,
John Grosvenor,
Louis Boutelle, Castine.
Gabriel Gautier,
Charles Gaudreau,
Nicholas Coverley,
François André,
Joseph Mathieu,
Joseph Brien,
Reuben Chase, Nantucket.
Henry Martin,
William Roberts,
Thomas Turner,
James Chase,
Reuben Joy,
Albert Cogswell,
Nathan Aldrich,
Latham Gardner,
James Nicholson,
Owen Starbuck,
Seth Folger,
William Nye,
Freeman Lufkin,
Paul Worth,
Henry Gardner,
Matthew Starbuck,
Barzillai Folger,
Robert Moore, New Bedford.
Nathaniel Willis,
Charles Ward,
Darby Daly
Amost Albert,
Jonathan Wells,
William Allen,
Obediah Dowell,
Andrew Anderson,
James Roberts,
Daniel Jackson,
Thomas Davis,
Thomas Knight,
Frank Conroy,

James Marston, Boston.
Eben Watson,
John Dougall,
William Perkins,
John Munson,
Thomas Adams,
James Keen, Philadelphia.
Amos Stockham,
John Byerly,
Robert Bowers,
Matt. Davis,
Jacob Coxe,
John Hartly,
John Price,
John Bettenham,
Peter Santgrath,
Mahlon Williams,
Samuel Bowers,
Philander Wright,
Lewis Morris,

APPRENTICE BOYS.

Johnny Downes, Portsmouth.
John Holliday,
George Grant,
Oliver Crommett,
William Shores,
John Roberts,
Abram Knight,
Samuel Holbrook,
Caleb Emory,
John Walker,
Aaron Goodwin,
Stephen Folger, Nantucket.
Nelson Aldrich,
Charles Crampton,
James Ricker, Sag Harbor.
Reuben Ricker,
Samuel Locke, Salem.
Edward Shapley,
Thomas Beckett,
William Bicknell,
John Dolan,
William Gerritt,
Robert Poor,
William Garth, New Bedford.
Samuel Starke, Dover, N. H.
Edward Boynton, Boston.
Benjamin Brackett,
Stephen Dickson,

Anthony Jeremiah, Martha's Vineyard
(Narragansett Indian).

Cato Jones,
Scipio Jones

Negro cabin boys, formerly slaves of
Captain Jones.

This list consists of sixteen officers, two volunteers and one hundred and thirteen enlisted seamen and boys; one hundred and thirty-one all told. But Jones states in a report to Dr. Franklin that, while the *Ranger* lay in l'Orient harbor before sailing on her cruise to the English coast in the early spring of 1778, he "enlisted eight Frenchmen who can speak or understand our language. They are Pierre Fanchot and Pierre l'Eveque, seamen and good channel pilots, and six others who are marines lent to me by His Excellency the Comte d'Orvilliers, Commander-in-Chief of the Brest Fleet, at the instance of my good friend and the firm advocate of our cause, H. R. H. the young Duke de Chartres, second in command of the Brest Fleet.

"You must know," he adds, "that up to this time I have had no marine guard on board. In a cruise such as is planned, it is necessary to have at least a sergeant's guard of marines. I therefore obtained these six, who are trained French regulars, and I have added to their number eleven of my own men, or rather my boys, making a guard of one sergeant, two corporals, and fourteen private marines. The names of my new French marines are Denis Bouchinet, sergeant; Joseph Galois and Nicolas Forestier, corporals; and Pierre Daniel, Felix Marseille, and Jean Tardif, privates.

"The eleven of my own men whom I have assigned to duty as marines -- with the full consent of each -- are James Roberts, Daniel Jackson, Eben Watson, John Holliday, Samuel Holbrook, Charles Crampton, Thomas Beckett, Samuel Starke, Benjamin Brackett, William Bicknell, and Robert Poore. The complement of my ship, therefore, is now sixteen officers and one hundred and twenty-one seamen and marines; one hundred and thirty-seven, all told."

Buell's Notes for these Selections

dictate: So far as our research of the literature or records of that period enables us to judge, Jones was original in his imputation of an ulterior motive to the overt acts of oppression which the Tory party in England inflicted upon the American Colonies during the six or seven years

immediately preceding the Revolution. All sorts of reasons for this oppression were ascribed; but Jones seems, in 1775 at least, to have been alone in his perception of a purpose behind them to provoke the Colonies to resistance which could be made the pretext for depriving them of their local self-government, and for reducing them to the status of Crown Colonies, or of charter proprietaries like the domains of the East India Company.

Chartres: This young prince, eldest son of the Duke of Orleans and heir-apparent to that title, had been selected in 1774 to succeed the Duke de Bourbon-Penthièvre in the office of High Admiral of France. The voyage on which he came to our shores in 1775 was a "cruise of instruction," under the tutorship of Commodore, afterward Admiral, Kersaint, one of the ablest officers in the French Navy. Louis Philippe Joseph was a convivial prince, but able and ambitious, and he was also imbued with the liberal, not to say, republican, sentiment then luxuriantly growing in France. In this respect he was alone in the Royal Family, and it has been said that one reason for assigning him to the navy was the desire to separate him from political connections and literary associations which the King and Queen and the Ministers of State did not approve. He had a few years before married Mary Adelaide de Bourbon-Penthièvre, daughter of the High Admiral. She was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her time; granddaughter of the Count de Toulouse, High Admiral of France at the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, Commander of the French fleet in the great battle off Malaga in 1704, and regarded as one of the ablest naval commanders in the history of France. The Count de Toulouse was a son of Louis XIV, by Madame de Montespan, and it was said that her great granddaughter, Mary Adelaide, inherited all the beauty and wit of that famous woman.

little ship: "The Ranger," says Mr. Hall, "was out of the ordinary run of her class. She was planned expressly for speed. Her length was six feet more than any twenty-gun ship-sloop of her day, she was flush decked fore and aft except a short, light topgallant forecastle open aft, and a still shorter poop-deck with a long break to shelter the binnacle and housed in only enough

to make a captain's cabin and two small staterooms in the transoms. Her sizes were:

Length, extreme -- 116 feet.
Length of keel for tonnage -- 96 feet.
Breadth, extreme -- 28 feet.
Depth in the hold -- 13 feet 6 inches.
Burthen, British measurement -- 308 tons.

"The timber of her floors and planking to the turn of the bilges was well seasoned, but all the rest, including futtocks, knees, and all framing and plank above the bilges as well as deck-beams was of green timber cut as used; but her decks were of seasoned white pine. Her bottom was metaled to the turn of the bilges, thus making the task of careening or heaving her out much less difficult than in un-metaled ships. I believe she was the first American ship to be coppered, and the device was quite new also in the British and French navies. Her spars were a set got out for a 400-ton Indiaman, and of course too long and heavy for a vessel of her class.

When Captain Jones arrived and took the command, I had just stepped the lower masts and was so impressed with their disproportionate height that I was about to cut them down about four feet in the caps. But Captain Jones said it was a pity to cut off such fine masts, and he directed me to fid them about four feet lower than usual in the hounds, which was done. Still she was considerably over-sparred, and we did shorten all the yards and the bowsprit, jibboom and spanker boom somewhat. In addition to this she had been planned to carry twenty six-pounders; but Captain Jones put fourteen long nines in her and only four six-pounders, which further raised her centre of weight and increased her top-heaviness. This, with the extra ballast made necessary, brought her a foot lower in the water than was intended, when fully provisioned, watered, and stored for a long cruise.

"All these things made her uneasy and somewhat crank in windward work, and though she was weatherly enough, it was not quite safe to carry full sail on her when clawing to windward close-hauled in squally weather. But with the wind anywhere abaft the beam or going free, she could run like a hound, and on those points of sailing could show her heels to anything afloat, great or small. Another fact was that all her guns were cast in America, most of our other ships at that time having guns cast in

Europe. In outward appearance she was a perfect beauty, her sheer being as delicate as the lines of a pretty woman's arm, and as she was rather low in the water for her length and her masts raked two or three degrees more than any other ship of the day, she was on the whole the sauciest craft afloat."

prize-money: Withal their hard work and trying duty, the crew of the *Ranger* yet found characteristic diversion. Among other things they invented a sailor song suited to the occasion, which became popular in the Revolutionary Navy and was cherished long afterward in the forecastle repertoire. The verses were written by Midshipman Charley Hill, of Barnstable, and whatever may be their faults of prosody they do not lack vigor. They called it:

THE SONG OF THE RANGER. CARRY
THE NEWS TO LONDON!
The final stanza will give an idea of the character of the song:

"So, now we had him hard and fast,
Burgoyne laid down his Arms at Last
And that is why we Brave the Blast,
To carry the News to London!
Heigh-ho! Car'r'y'y the News!
Go! Carry the News to London.
Tell Old King George he's undone!
Heigh-ho! Car'r'y'y the News!"

Jones sent a copy of these verses to Joseph Hewes with the quaint comment that, "while the text is rude in some parts and the language in one line not quite polite, yet as a whole the ballad is spirited and reflects credit on its young author, Mr. Hill, the youngest of my midshipmen. Mr. Hill, who is not yet twenty years old, is the son of the late Captain Abner Hill, of Barnstable, with whom I became acquainted years ago in the West India and coast trade. If Abner Hill had lived I am sure he would now be an ornament to our little navy. His son Charles represents him most creditably, and I commend him to the notice of the Honorable Committee."

terrific voyage: It is a singular fact that, identified as the name of the *Ranger* and the performance of her crew are with one of the most momentous crises in all our national history, no complete roll of the humble heroes who manned her has been preserved in our official archives. The nearest approach to it is a list of seventy-eight names on file in the

Department of State, Bureau of Rolls and Library; and these are not in the form of a roll or roster, but are simply signatures to a petition presented by or through one of the private secretaries of Arthur Lee, Hezekiah Ford, of North Carolina, to the American Commissioners in France, from part of the crew while the *Ranger* lay in Brest Harbor in the spring of 1778, soon after she had captured the *Drake*. From the reports and letters of Captain Jones, from the Gardner papers, and from other sources of original and contemporary information, it is, fortunately, possible to place upon the pages of history the names of the other fifty-three men who, with the seventy-eight of record in the Department of State, made up the *Ranger's* crew.

The roster, as given in the Appendix, to which the reader is referred, is that of the officers and crew when the ship arrived in the Loire, bringing the news of the surrender of Burgoyne.

hour high: This man was Jonathan Wells, able seaman, hailing from Portsmouth. He remained too long in a ship that had been set on fire, trying to find a tar-barrel to feed the flames, and was thereby cut off from the rest of the party. However, he was cunning enough to make the English believe that he had deserted, and not long afterward succeeded in shipping on board a British transport bound to America. Soon after arriving in New York he deserted from the British, went to Newport, and after some adventures in privateers, shipped in the *Alliance* when she went to France, carrying Lafayette, early in 1779. On arriving at l'Orient and finding that Jones was fitting out the *Bon Homme Richard*, Wells made himself known to the Commodore, who promptly had him transferred to the *Richard*. Wells gave his name as "David Freeman" in this affair, and the local paper -- the *Cumberland Packet* of that date published a long article derived from the "information" he gave.

I am, etc.: Captain Mahan ("John Paul Jones in the Revolution;" *Scribner's Magazine*, July, 1898) intimates that there was a mutiny in the *Ranger*, fomented by her first lieutenant, Simpson, just before engaging the *Drake*. Other accounts to that effect have been printed, and Captain Mahan doubtless accepted them. Simpson had been more or less insubordinate

ever since the arrival of the Ranger in France. His manoeuvring of the Drake as prize master during the return voyage to Brest indicated an intention to part company with the Ranger if he could. And he was rankly insubordinate after they reached Brest. But in the action itself he seems to have done his duty like a man. Jones makes no mention of mutiny off Carrickfergus; either in his official report to the American Commissioners, dated Brest, May 27, 1778, or in his private letters to Joseph Hewes, Robert Morris, and Franklin. On the contrary, in a severe letter to Simpson himself, which will be found on a subsequent page, he expressly commends that officer's conduct in the action -- and he does it by way of emphasizing criticism on his misconduct elsewhere. In all his papers Jones speaks of the conduct of his crew in the highest terms.

"REPORT AND ESTIMATE:
RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED....

Having fully examined the hull, spars, and rigging of H. B. M.'s late ship the Drake, I estimate that the repairs necessary in order to refit the vessel for commission and sea service will cost about three thousand louis d'ors, French money, or say 2,700 guineas, English.

"She has in her hull below the plank sheer one hundred and seven shot holes, of which thirty-six are at or below the water line. Her upper works, boats, spare spars, and deck fittings generally are completely wrecked, wheel shot away, capstan split and jammed, and spanker boom nearly cut in two. Several butts in her counter and in the bends forward have been started by shot. Five of her nine gun carriages in broadside have been wrecked and the guns dismounted. The after breeching bolts in the starboard bridle port have been carried away, the same shot disabling also her port bow chaser. She has three bad wounds in her foremast, weakening it so much that she has not been able to carry a whole foretopsail since the

action; notwithstanding that we fished it as well as we could at sea the day after. Her standing and running rigging is much damaged. She needs new slings, braces, stays, and halliards on the fore and main, a new capstan, a new spanker boom, a new wheel, and very considerable new wood work in cabin and quarters to replace that stove by shot. I estimate that she was struck in hull, spars, and rigging by nearly one hundred and eighty round shots besides many grapeshot. The close range at which the action was fought made these hits very destructive, many of the shot going through and through. The Drake is a new ship, less than three years off the stocks, and is well worth the extensive repairs made necessary by the mauling she got from our ship.

W. HITCHBURN, Carpenter."

BON HOMME RICHARD: The English papers made every effort to minimize the significance of this victory. The captain -- Burden -- of the Drake and the first lieutenant were killed. The next in rank, who surrendered the ship, was wounded and held prisoner more than a year, and he did not undergo the usual court-martial until nearly eighteen months afterward. His testimony was that the Drake's twenty guns were only four-pounders. If that was true, someone must have mounted a new battery on her before she was sold as a prize at Brest; because the voucher for her in the archives of the French Admiralty describes her battery as sixteen nine-pounders and four four-pounders. ("Seize pièces de neuf livres de baue et quatre pièces de quatre.") Professor Laughton, a distinguished and usually reliable English authority on such subjects, accepts the statement of the officer who was court-martialed and argues from it that the Drake was really outclassed by the Ranger in weight of metal. With this summary of the evidence we leave the issue between Professor Laughton and the archives of the French Admiralty.

Reception of *The Tory Lover* **Reviews, Responses, and Correspondence**

This section collects a number of reviews of the novel soon after it began to appear. In addition there are other documents related to the text, including marketing materials and commentary in Jewett's correspondence.

Houghton, Mifflin Brochure on the book publication of *The Tory Lover* by Sarah Orne Jewett

"Something more than merely a good
historical novel." - *Boston Herald*.

THE TORY LOVER
By Sarah Orne Jewett

Price, \$1.50

For sale at all bookstores.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
Boston and New York

NOTICES FROM NEW ENGLAND

It is one of the most pleasing, dignified, and artistic historical novels of the last five years. Indeed, one would be at a loss to point to a modern historical romance that equals it in all those qualities and features that make a book worth reading twice. - *Boston Herald*.

It is a book which will bring especial delight to New Englanders, but its characters and the treatment of them are great and broad enough to win admiration anywhere. It will long outlive the year of its appearance. - *Editorial in Boston Journal*.

It is the emphatic verdict of all who have learned to admire the subtle imaginative power, the refined humor and exquisite literary form of the writings of Sarah Orne Jewett, that she has put her best work thus far into *The Tory Lover*. The story as a story moves with stately grace; the historical setting is perfect. - *The Beacon, Boston*.

The story is told with great spirit, and the atmosphere of the period is well preserved. - *Cambridge (Mass.) Tribune*.

The reader is bound to recognize in *The Tory Lover* a faithfulness of incident, locality, and character which makes it a novel of unusual merit, easily ranking among the very best productions of its class. - *Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal*.

NOTICES FROM NEW YORK

Of all the historical gallery to which our novelist friends have introduced us of late, Mary Hamilton is easily the most winsome. - *Oct. Book Buyer*.

Miss Jewett carries all the finesse which characterizes her short stories into her new novel It is a thoroughly wholesome and charming book. - *N. Y. Evening Post*.

The love story is fine, delicate, charming in every line, while the literary quality of the work is of the best sort. *The Tory Lover* ranks with the best fiction of the year. - *Brooklyn Eagle*.

The pictures of the life in rural Maine have a stamp that is all their own, and gives them charm and freshness, after all the work that has been done in this field by innumerable romancers of Revolutionary days. - *N. Y. Mail and Express*.

Has already attracted sufficient attention to make its popular success a foregone conclusion. - *N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

It tells an admirable story of courage and devotion to country, and is at once strong, brilliant, spirited, graceful, and true. - *N. Y. Press*.

NOTICES FROM THE WEST

That exquisite spirit pervades it, - a reflection of Miss Jewett's own loveliness of feeling, - a spirited beauty with which she has unconsciously invested her heroine, Mary Hamilton. Miss Jewett's painting of Berwick (her home in Maine) has the touch of unerring sincerity. - *Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

The difference between the average historical novel and this work of Miss Jewett's is the difference between the vital and the spectacular elements in literature and life. Where others have laid hold of the surface facts merely, she has grasped the inner meaning. - *St. Paul Globe*.

Her fine literary style assures the book a welcome among all readers fond of good literature. - *San Francisco Chronicle*.

A story of surpassing interest, skillfully blending history and fiction and presenting a most artistic series of famous pictures. - *San Francisco Bulletin*.

A good story . . . The characters of Mary Hamilton and Roger Wallingford are eminently sympathetic and awaken a genuine admiration. - *New Orleans Picayune*.

A beautifully finished piece of literary work. - *Indianapolis Journal*.

PAUL JONES IN THE TORY LOVER

Her picture of him is so vital and convincing that it supersedes any other. One seems to see the real man. - *Octave Thanet in Oct. Book Buyer*.

Miss Jewett's Paul Jones is more human, more convincing, less striking, and nearer to completeness than that of Mr. Churchill. - *Boston Herald*.

Miss Jewett has studied John Paul Jones carefully, with perhaps even more than due charity for his vanity. - *New York Times*.

The little man with the soul of a hero is drawn here as he lived, and it is not too much to say that he impresses one more vividly than in Winston Churchill's pages. - *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Perhaps the thing the reader will be most thankful for is the splendid picture of John Paul Jones, which Miss Jewett has given us. Within the past few years a dozen "lives" of this masterly "sea-wolf" have appeared. None of them has set forth the character of Jones with such life-like reality, with such flesh and blood "humanness" as does this story. - *St. Paul Globe*.

She adds to the charm of her locality the best picture of Paul Jones that has appeared in fiction. - *Holyoke (Mass.) Transcript*.

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

The Tory Lover - a pretty story, well written and properly heralded, but which the present writer declines to review . . . Sarah Orne Jewett is well and pleasantly known to novel readers. . . . In writing The Tory Lover she has improved on some of its popular predecessors. And there is nothing more to be said. - *Flora Mai Holly in Oct. Bookman*.

The sad blow has fallen. Another idol has crumbled to ashes, another reputation has been pulled down. Miss Flora Mai Holly has declined to review The Tory Lover. Miss Jewett, its author, she impartially admits, is "well and pleasantly known to novel readers, but she was tempted and she fell." . . . Miss Jewett is "well and pleasantly" known to American readers. To students of letters she is the brightest jewel in that coronet of short story writers which is the chief adornment of contemporary American

literature. Who is Miss Flora Mia Holly? Why, she is the young lady who has declined to review *The Tory Lover*. - *Editorial in New York Mail and Express*, Oct. 5.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Publishers

Boston and New York

[*This document is available courtesy of Wendy Pirsig, The Old Berwick Historical Society.*]

From an advertisement in *Public Opinion* 31, (7 November 1902) p. 576

The *Tory Lover* is Literature

The *New York Mail and Express* says: Miss Jewett's historical romance has one quality that distinguishes it from and places it above many of the current popular books in the same field of fiction -- it is literature.

Reviews of the *Atlantic Serial Publication*

***Boston Evening Transcript*, 16 October 1900, p. 8**

The call to take up her pen and write historical fiction has reached Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's ears, and as a result we are to have in the November *Atlantic* the first chapters of a story of hers called "*The Tory Lover*," the scene of which is laid in England and France. New England will miss her most truly appreciative author even for this excursion. Every characteristic of our soil and every trait of human character to be found here has Miss Jewett elaborated, though she has written but seldom of any but the loveable ones. People didn't mind her little trips to sea -- everybody in Maine goes to sea either for profit or for pleasure -- for they knew she would come back to them. But they aren't sure that she won't find artistic attractions so great in England and in France, whither her new novel takes her pen, that it will be loth to return to the pale blooms of New England pastures and the quiet scenery of our North Shore salt marshes.

***The Lewiston Daily Sun*, 20 October 1900, p. 3**

A bitter blow for Mr. Howells and all the school of realists and veritists who have been praying for the tide of interest in historical fiction to turn is the news that Miss Sarah Orne Jewett has succumbed to the fever and forsaken her familiar walks for the ways of romance. The *Atlantic Monthly* announces that a story of her, having for subjects the fortunes of New England loyalists, will run through six numbers of the

magazine, beginning with the November issue. - *Transcript*.

***Portland Journal* 11/23/1900**

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett hasn't moved her scene from Maine, in the opening chapters of her long-expected historical novel, "*The Tory Lover*." On the contrary, she gives a glimpse of a Maine mansion and its inhabitants of the long ago that reveals a tasteful, well ordered luxury in upper circles in summer that we have not come across any too frequently in American stories of the last century. It's the other half of the stress and storm people who set the Revolution in motion from that we have usually had presented to us in semi-historical accounts of the American revolt against Great Britain, and it's also a different plane of Maine society than that with which Miss Jewett has hitherto dealt. Furthermore, it is undoubtedly authentic, and most carefully and sympathetically studied. All of which makes it reasonable to forecast that it will be one of the popular serials not only of the coming year, but standard for many years to come.

***The Boston Evening Transcript* 25 September 1901, p. 19**

In her latest novel, "*The Tory Lover*," Sarah Orne Jewett has painted Old Berwick and the country about it with the faithful hand of one who knows and loves the town in which she has lived so long. She is as much at home in the country of the pointed firs as Thomas Hardy is in his beloved Wessex.

A Selection of Letters

From a letter by Bliss Perry of *September 1900*.

Mr. Kay* wishes me to say to you that the terms for the serial* -- \$2200 to \$2500 -- are satisfactory to the firm. So we may leave that mile-stone behind us!...

I am returning the ms. by registered mail.

You will of course appreciate the fact that any time gained from the October 1st date will be a great convenience to the printers, but do not let yourself consult the calendar too anxiously. There is really time enough, I am sure, for you to work the problem out quite unconcernedly.

One other message. The business manager of the Atlantic would like very much to use a recent portrait, -- in announcing the serial, if you have positive scruples against even a most seemly use of your portrait, he will withdraw the suggestion. But it would be of service to us, & he does not quite wish to use the old plate that appears in the Riverside Catalogue. Please think this over & be as generous as your instincts of propriety will allow!

From a letter by Sarah Orne Jewett to Walter Hines Page of 1 November 1900

I thought of you in my own start with a new long story for The Atlantic! You will understand something of my timidity, after so many years spent in trying to make my stories small and round and short! But I have had this story in mind for a long time & I hope that you will look at it now and then, and find something to interest you. I have tried to make it a solid piece of work, but I am always fearing that it will turn out to be only a handful of related sketches !! A kind friend across the sea suggested this danger, and the phrase becomes quite terrible! However The Tory Lover is not yet out of its writer's hands and we must hope for the best!

From a letter by Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc of 7 March 1901, translated from Blanc's French

I am reading with increasing interest your Tory Lover, where your personal impressions blend so happily with the story because you have seen Quiberon through the eyes of your hero and he sails with you into the mouth of the Loire. Your travels in Brittany serve you well in rendering the region's atmosphere truthfully. The scene concerning the ring is perfect, the two realistically rendered men acting each according to his temperament.

I really like old Sullivan's memories of France. It is somewhat risky to present him as having been acquainted with Fenelon, who died in 1712, but it is possible, after all, if he was a child, and his tribute to Fenelon is so charming. May I offer some advice? In your book, simply put in one word regarding the Abbot of Châteauneuf, -- on his way to Mademoiselle, not Madame, de Lenclos. The music was, I think, their least concern, the abbot having succeeded the Cardinal "as King Louis succeeds Pharamond," said Victor Hugo.*

Notes

Blanc refers here to Chapters 17-21 of the serialization, which were included in the March 1901 installment. The ring scene occurs in Chapter 20, when Captain John Paul Jones and his Lieutenant, Roger Wallingford, work out how they can manage being naval comrades in arms on *The Ranger* while being rivals for the hand of the heroine, Mary Hamilton.

Chapter 18 describes the arrival of *The Ranger* at the shores of France, where Jones has come in the hope of receiving a warship, built secretly in France, to captain in the American Revolutionary War. Jones approaches France near "the low curving shores of Quiberon," a commune and peninsula in Brittany, on the way to Nantes on the river Loire, where he and Wallingford disembark for Paris.

Jewett and Annie Adams Fields had traveled in Brittany in the summer of 1898, during an extended stay in France that included touring southern France with Mme. Blanc and a stay at her home near Paris.

The French syntax of Blanc's advice is difficult to untangle, making this part of the translation more than usually uncertain. The following is an attempt to interpret Blanc's advice and

examines how Jewett responded to the suggestions.

In Sullivan's account, the Abbé de Châteauneuf (1650-1703) was one of his elementary teachers in Paris. According to Parton's *Life of Voltaire*, the abbot was Voltaire's godfather and tutor. He is characterized in *The Tory Lover* as a freethinker and epicurean, an admirer of the French dramatist, Racine. He recognized young Voltaire's talents and in various ways furthered his early successes, such as introducing him to influential patrons like Anne "Ninon" de L'Enclos (1620-1705), the French author, salonnière and courtesan, who was the mistress of several powerful men, including the Abbé de Châteauneuf. One way she aided Voltaire (1694-1778) was by leaving him a legacy in her will.

In Chapter 17 of the serial, Jewett has Sullivan recall his youth in Paris: "I have seen the Abbé de Châteauneuf pass, with his inseparable copy of Racine sticking out of his pocket, on his way to hear music with Madame de L'Enclos, once mistress to the great Cardinal."

Mme Blanc corrects Jewett's "Madame de L'Enclos" to "Mademoiselle." That may have been her only intention, but her further comments also seem to have had an effect. Blanc continues: "The music was, I think, their least concern, the abbot having succeeded the Cardinal 'as King Louis succeeds Pharamond,' said Victor Hugo." In revising for book publication, Jewett deleted Sullivan's reference to de L'Enclos and "the Great Cardinal." Though we cannot know exactly why Jewett made this choice, it may be that after Blanc had cautioned her about stretching too far to connect Sullivan with French notables, such as Fénelon, Jewett thought more carefully about problems with dates in connecting Sullivan with the abbot, de L'Enclos, and the "Great Cardinal."

Mademoiselle Anne "Ninon" de L'Enclos (1620-1705) was a French author, salonnière and courtesan, who was the mistress of several powerful men, including the Abbé de Châteauneuf. One should note that, according to Wikipedia, various sources give her birth years ranging from 1615 to 1623. While her recent biographer Michel Vergé-Franceschi gives the 1623 birth year, in this note I will use 1620 as likely to be close. Sullivan says that the Abbé de Châteauneuf (1650-1703) was one of his

elementary teachers in Paris. Born in 1692, Sullivan could have had the Abbé de Châteauneuf as a teacher, at best, between 1697 and 1703. De L'Enclos could have received the abbot's visits under Sullivan's observation only in those same years of 1697-1703, when the abbot was between 47 and 53 and when de L'Enclos was between about 77 and 83. Almost certainly, the sort of sexual relationship Blanc seems to imply would have taken place years earlier.

Furthermore, though contemporaries apparently believed that de L'Enclos had some sort of liaison with Cardinal Armand Jean du Plessis, Duke of Richelieu (1585-1642), their life dates also do not coordinate. She would have been only about 22 when he died. Wikipedia indicates that de L'Enclos was at least 23 when she began a career as salonnière and courtesan that was not firmly established until she was near 30. Still, it seems to have been generally accepted that Richelieu and de L'Enclos had some sort of connection. In *Ninon de L'Enclos* (1903), Charles Robinson reports her birth year as 1615 and gives her an extended and conflicted relationship with Richelieu, but without giving dates, implying that de L'Enclos was a socially and politically powerful woman when, according to Wikipedia, she was living with her mother as a teenager and perhaps during her year in a convent after her mother's death.

One may wonder whether Robinson and others confused de L'Enclos with another, somewhat older salonnière and courtesan, Marion de Lorme (1613-1650). De Lorme was the subject of the play *Marion de Lorme* (1831) by Victor Hugo (1802-1885), from which Blanc quotes in her advice. Wikipedia says that Cardinal Richelieu was among de Lorme's lovers. See also Wikipedia's summary of Hugo's play.

Blanc's reference to Richelieu, Châteauneuf, King Louis and Pharamond is somewhat puzzling.

Richelieu was, in the 2 decades before his death, chief minister to King Louis XIII of France, who also appears as king in the Hugo's *Marion de Lorme*, set in 1638. Pharamond was a legendary 8th century king of the Franks, sometimes identified as the first King of France. Blanc seems to say that the abbot relates to the Cardinal as Louis XIII relates to Pharamond. Does she imply that she thinks the Cardinal's

relationship with de L'Enclos was legendary, as suggested by the unlikelihood that they really had a sexual relationship? Or does she mean simply that the abbot was one in a succession of sexual partners for de L'Enclos after the Cardinal? Blanc's exact meaning seems uncertain.

**From a letter by Jewett to Lucy Keays
Hayward, 12 June 1901**

I have just finished a long story which has taken me a whole year since I came from Greece, though I had done a good piece of it three years before.* I am sure you will find much of our old town in it -- our dear Old Berwick! I was writing a story and not a history so that I have not always followed the true dates, in minor matters -- making my people earlier or later dead, giving them journeys that they never took; even keeping my hero alive and making him happy when history reports that he died! I wanted to keep the memory alive of old houses and old families and I am so glad that I have got the long story done -- If your dear Mother had still been here how many questions I should have loved to ask her --

**From a letter by Henry James, 5 October
1901**

The "historic" novel is, for me, condemned, even in cases of labour as delicate as yours, to a fatal *cheapness*, for the simple reason that the difficulty of the job is inordinate & that a mere *escamotage*, in the interest of each, & of the abysmal public *naïveté*, becomes inevitable. You may multiply the little facts that can be got from pictures, & documents, relics & prints, as much as you like -- *the* real thing is almost impossible to do, & in its essence the whole effect is as nought. I mean the evolution, the representation of the old CONSCIOUSNESS, the soul, the sense, the horizon, the action of individuals, in whose minds half the things that make ours, that make the modern world were non-existent. You have to think with your modern apparatus a man, a woman -- or rather fifty -- whose own thinking was intensely otherwise conditioned. You have to simplify back by an amazing tour de force -- & even then it's all humbug. But there is a shade of the (even then) humbug that *may* amuse. The childish tricks that take the place of any such conception

of the real job in the flood of Tales of the Past that seems of late to have been rolling over our devoted country -- these ineptitudes have, on a few recent glances, struck me as creditable to no one concerned. You, I hasten to add, seem to me to have steered very clear of them -- to have seen your work very bravely & handled it firmly; but even you court disaster by composing the whole thing so much by sequences of speeches. It is when the extinct soul talks, & the earlier consciousness airs itself, that the pitfalls multiply & the "cheap" way has to serve. I speak in general, I needn't keep insisting, & I speak grossly, summarily, by rude & provisional signs, in order to suggest my sentiment at all. I didn't mean to say so much without saying more, now I have touched you with cold water when I only meant just lightly & kindly to sprinkle you as for a new baptism -- that is a *re-dedication* to altars but briefly, I trust, forsaken. Go back to the dear Country of the Pointed Firs,* *come* back to the palpable present *intimate* that throbs responsive, & that wants, misses, needs you, God knows, & that suffers woefully in your absence.

**From a letter by Jewett to S. Weir Mitchell, 11
October 1901**

I am not going to write any more historic fiction either, but I have wished for many years to write this story. I began it the year that you were writing Hugh Wynne, but I was ill & had to put it by. You were at the head of the procession with your great Hugh Wynne and I am trailing at the end, but I am just as ready to cheer my leader as -- I ought to be!

**From a letter by Horace Elisha Scudder, 19
October 1901**

I rather think I have had some advantage over those who read it through at two or three sittings, for to me the charm is in the detail. It is all as finished as the frontispiece! and I have delighted in the finely jointed workmanship of the book. The story is a good one, but many stories of the same general character are carpenter work: this is cabinet work of a high order, and I marvel at the art which infects every particular, yet does not lose sight of the whole. This book seems to me far in advance of your other long stories.

How choice and allusive your mottoes are! Where in the world did you pick them up?

From a letter by Jewett to S. Weir Mitchell, 23 October 1901

I wonder why there should be two schools: if there are any real differences between the historical novel and the realistic? Is there any distinction between last summer and last century? and why cannot we feel and think one as we do the other. You know this wonderfully drawn adventuress this Sydney Archer [from Mitchell's *Circumstance* (1901)] just as well as you knew Hugh Wynne but no better, and I can't find any difference in the realities of Madam Wallingford & Mrs. Todd of Dunnet Landing: if we can get atmosphere between ourselves & them: perspective; illusion of a sort; we get hold of Art in regard to them and do our work well. Mr. Henry James and I are now writing letters to each other, and he always believes in an 'extinct soul' of the last century but I do not. (How could I, when one of my most intimate early friends was a Harvard man of the class of '05, and I have seen fashions far back into the 1700's parading up the aisle of our old Berwick Church?) But I am trying to begin a talk -- and this alas -- is only a letter. I must send you my most affectionate thanks and be done.

From a letter by Rudyard Kipling, 25 November 1901.

I think it's the biggest thing you've done yet and also I think that you've pulled it off - a result that not always attends the doing of big things. But what - apart from its felicities - interested me as a fellow craftsman was the amount of work - solid, laborious *dig* that must have gone to its making: and the art with which that dig is put away and disguised. I love that sort of work where only the fellow-labourer can see where his companion went and how far, for the stuff that seems to turn up so casually and yet so inevitably in the fabric of the weaving.

For the whole letter and more comments on the novel, see Thomas Pinney, ed. *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling* v. 3, pp. 78-9. University of Iowa Press, 1996.

From a letter by George Otto Trevelyan of 10 December 1901.

I am very much honored by your present, and by the kind inscription on the fly-leaf. It is very encouraging to know that what I am engaged in,

which I entered upon with much diffidence, has some value in the eyes of those in your country who are well qualified to judge. I am now intending not to publish again until I have completed my account of the American Revolution in two more volumes, which I hope and believe will be less unworthy of the theme than my first volume.

From a letter by Jewett to Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc of February/March 1903

I wonder if it is too late to make a change or two in the French edition of my *Tory Lover*? -- On the 23rd page, for example, where (3rd line from foot) I say Prince of Conti, I should like to say Duke of Berwick, and ^on^ page 154 is a gap in the edition I sent Mlle Douësnel, and in your first edition a great mistake on the middle of the page! I said Duke de Sully at a venture and never corrected it until the second edition where the whole phrase was cut out -- that should be Duke of Berwick too or read thus: "added the old Irish rebel, who had been like a son to his father's friend the great Duke of Berwick, Marshal of France."* If there is a second edition I should like to have the first of these corrected in the plates (Prince of Conti erased for Duke of Berwick.)

Note

In *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters*, Cary includes this note:

On page 154 of the first edition of *The Tory Lover* (first state of text, red binding), lines 16-17 read: rebel, who had seen with his own eyes the great Duke / de Sully, Marshal of France. In the 1901 reprint (second state of text, blue binding), the sentence is curtailed after rebel and a two-line blank follows. Prince of Conti was not corrected on page 23 of the reprint.

This also remains unchanged in the 1905 French edition (page 34), and a compression in the translation (page 200) eliminates all reference to Duke and Marshal.

In the English edition (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1901), Prince of Conti is retained (page 20), as is the full sentence concerning Duke and Marshal (page 136).

From a letter by Jewett to Annie Adams Fields of Sunday, March 1903.

What do you think I read yesterday but a good piece of *The Tory Lover*!* You know how long it takes before you can sit down to a book of your own with any detachment -- as if somebody else had written it? I have taken it up now and then and [found *corrected*] that it only worried me but yesterday was different -- it seemed quite new and whole! and I really was delighted with my piece of work. I have never succeeded in doing anything except the *Pointed Firs** that comes anywhere near it -- my conscience upholds this happy belief, and whether it was a hundred years ago or now, is apart from the question altogether. The book of *Ruth* was ^{^was^} is [*so written*] an historical novel in its day.* The *French Country House* is no more real to writer or reader because Mrs. Sartoris* had made the visit & imagined she made some episodes a few summers before ---- I can't think what people are thinking of who didn't like the *T. L.* as much as some of my books of slight sketches which -- are mostly imaginary! or even as well as the *Pointed Firs* -- but as Brother Robert* frankly remarked "They don't!" ---- I can't help being sure that somebody now and then will like it. (and if H. & M.* were as good publishers as they are printers it would have been done better --) However it did very well and let's not grumble about any thing. I think it wasn't very well fitted for a Serial -- I am sorry for all that part of it, and for the foolish exhausting hurry I was led into.

From Mrs. James T. Fields, Charles Dudley Warner, 1904

Warner's faith in literature led him to be a prop and inciter to young authors. Where he could discern real talent and character he was ready to become a mainstay. Only those shivering upon the edge of a plunge into the sea of literary life can know what a help he was and what happiness his hope in behalf of others gave. His advice was born out of wide experience. There is a record of one of the many cases of his helpfulness, where he writes to Sarah Orne Jewett, who had confided to him the actual beginning of a story which he had first suggested and she had long been planning, "*The Tory Lover*"; "I am not in the least alarmed about the story, now that you are committed to it

by the printing of the beginning, only this, that if you let the fire slow down to rest for a week or so, please do not take up any other work, but rest really. Do not let any other theme come in to distract your silent mulling over the story. Keep your frame of mind in it. The stopping to do any little thing will distract you. Hold the story always in solution in your mind ready to be precipitated when your strength permits. That is to say, even if your fires are banked up, keep the story fused in your mind." He wrote also to the same friend: "*The Pointed Firs* in your note perfumed the house as soon as the letter was opened, and were quite as grateful to me as your kind approval We are greatly rejoiced to know that you are getting better. I quite agree with you that being sick is fun compared to getting well. I want to see you ever so much and talk to you about your novel, and explain to you a little what I tried to do with *Evelyn* in my own. It seems to me possible to educate a child with good literature as well as bad; at least I tried the experiment. Most affectionately yours."

A Dramatization ?

Even before the novel began to appear in *The Atlantic*, theatrical agent Elisabeth Marbury (1856-1933) contacted Jewett about dramatizing the book. No dramatic treatment is yet known to exist. The following letters document this interaction.

From a letter by Jeannette Leonard Gilder to Sarah Orne Jewett of 16 October 1900

I have just read a note about your new novel, *The Tory Lover*, and it sounds to me as though there was a play in it. Have you control of the dramatic rights? If you have and will have them made over to me I will see that you get the very best terms & the very best dramatization. I have just gone into partnership with Miss Elisabeth Marbury* in the placing of book plays. She has *To Have & to Hold*, *The Little Minister*, *David Harum*, *Caleb West*, *Janice Meredith** & all the big things. What we do is to see the managers and make the best terms. We get a payment down & good percentages and we ask eight percent of the author receipts, that is if you get \$500. a week we get forty dollars. For this we also attend to all the business of collecting

royalties, making contracts &c &c. Please let me know the situation.

Notes

Marbury: Elisabeth Marbury (1856-1933) was an American theatrical and literary agent and producer. Wikipedia. The titles Gilder mentions are:

To Have & to Hold (1899), a novel by American author Mary Johnston.

The Little Minister (1891), a novel by Scottish author, J. M. Barrie.

David Harum: A Story of American Life (1899), a novel by American author, Edward Noyes Westcott.

Caleb West, Master Driver (1898), a novel by American author and Jewett correspondent, Francis Hopkinson Smith.

Janice Meredith (1899), a novel by American author, Paul Leicester Ford.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Gilder, Jeannette Leonard, 1849-1916. 4 letters; 1895-1900., 1895-1900. (79). Jewett, 1875-1890,

From a letter by Jeannette Leonard Gilder to Sarah Orne Jewett of 22 October 1900

I wrote you several days ago at Manchester-by-the-Sea in regard to the dramatic rights in *The Tory Lover*. I want 'em. I don't insist upon the doing the dramatization but I want to attend to the business of disposing of the dramatic rights for you. If you will put yourself in the hands of Gilder & Marbury you will get the best terms and the best treatment that can possibly be had. Your publishers can tell you this for they have had dealings with Miss Marbury in relation to Miss Johnston's *To Have and to Hold*.^{*} Miss Marbury has the biggest business of the kind in the world and I am associated with her in the book-play end of it. What I want now [is *typed over id*] for you to say that we may arrange for the disposition of a dramatization of your novel, subject to your approval, and that you will not go to any other shop.

Note

The typescript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Gilder, Jeannette Leonard, 1849-1916. 4 letters; 1895-1900., 1895-1900. (79).

From a letter by Francis Jackson Garrison to Sarah Orne Jewett of 27 October 1900

In reply to your favor of the 23d inst. about the matter of the dramatization, we would say that we have had quite an experience recently in this direction, and should be glad to have a personal talk with you about the ins and outs of it. There is unquestionably an unusual interest on the part of theatrical managers in the successful novels of the day, and they are looking more and more to them for possible stage materials, but it is advisable to be very cautious about committing one's self to any definite arrangement until several very important elements have been carefully considered and provided for or against. The best course of procedure seems to be to avail one's self of the dramatic agencies which exist, and two of the most successful of which are managed by women, namely, Miss Elisabeth Marbury and Miss Alice Kauser, both of New York City. Miss Marbury has a very excellent reputation and standing, and has been very successful in her business operations. Her business is to discover promise in a work of fiction, to find the best playwright, to negotiate for the production on the stage of the play, and to collect the royalties or share of the box receipts, which may be payable under the business arrangement with the manager. An author who has a literary reputation to guard needs among other things to make careful provision that the dramatization shall not violate his or her feelings, and shall be subject to her veto if unsatisfactory or offensive. Should you care to have us serve you in connection with the business and other arrangements for the dramatization of "*The Tory Lover*", we shall be happy to do so, or if you shall prefer to deal directly with Miss Marbury or any other agent and negotiate at first hand, we shall be entirely content, but we should advise

for the present reserving all rights, and making no definite arrangement until you had had longer opportunity to ascertain what eagerness or competition there may be on the part of the theatrical managers to take hold of such a play; for it is a matter in which hasty action is likely to be regretted, and with the book publication so many months away, there is ample time for deliberation in the matter.

Notes

Alice Kauser (c. 1872-1945) was a play broker and literary agent in New York City. *NY Times* obituary, 10 September 1945, p. 19.

The typescript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., firm, publishers, Boston. 6 letters; 1891-1904.. (101).

From a letter by Jeannette Leonard Gilder to Sarah Orne Jewett of 21 November 1900

I am so glad that you have decided to put the business of the dramatic rights of your story into our hands. Miss Marbury* is great as you will see if you have personal relations with her. As to the dramatization,* it is time enough to talk of that when the book is finished, that is when the ms. is out of your hands. It might as well be all settled early in the spring for the sooner these matters are arranged the better. I would advise you not to give the dramatizing of the story to any one, but let us suggest a dramatizer to you when the time comes. The wrong dramatist often prevents the production of a play. I know of a case just now where a well known author, in the kindness of his heart, gave a young woman the right to dramatize a certain story. There are two leading managers who would take the play but they will not take her version and she will not change it, even at the request of the author,* whose property is therefore tied up and useless to him or anyone.

If any one asks you for the right turn them over to us and we will soon tell you whether they can do it or not.

I hope that there is plenty of patriotism and love in your story. It is those elements that have made the success of Janice Meredith as a play. [*Postscript*]

How happy you ought to be that you can do your work in the peace and quiet of the country.

Notes

The typescript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Gilder, Richard Watson, 1844-1909. 1 letter; 1897. (80).

Reviews of the Book Publication

New York Times, 31 August 1901, p. BR12. "Told with Charity."

Magnanimity is easy for victors, and, from the days of "Lionel Lincoln," American novelists have scrupulously endeavored to adorn the novel of the Revolution with at least one noble Briton, and, in later years, even the Tory has been granted the grace of toleration, but Miss Sarah Orne Jewett is the first to make Tory and Whig equally lovable. In her "The Tory Lover," she has introduced her first villain, and he is neither Tory nor Englishman, but a pretended patriot, devoured by a gnawing envy of all superiors. Through him, bitter sorrow and long suspense come to the fair, courageous patriot heroine and to the brave and loving loyalist great lady, and through him ruin almost comes to John Paul Jones, and in the end he earns a traitor's doom and is left despised of all men. Miss Jewett has described him perfectly, yet without one of those acrimonious phrases which few authors can refrain from bestowing upon their villains.

This is not the only piece of reserve in the story: it is not even the most remarkable. "The Tory Lover" is a war novel without a battle, and with the merest sketch of Jones's daring but fruitless attack upon Whitehaven, to satisfy those who like talk of guns and drums and

swords.

Miss Jewett has studied John Paul Jones carefully, with perhaps even more than due charity for his vanity, and his raging desire to exercise his genius for command under one flag or another, but all her views of him are tinged by well-beloved traditions absorbed in childhood from narrators speaking with earnestness and conviction as sincere as if they and not their sires had trodden the deck of the Ranger.

May Hamilton, heroine of the tale, is beloved not only by Roger Wallingford, the hero, but by Jones, and hardly knows to which she has given her heart until the news of Roger's captivity in England and doubts of his faithfulness to the patriot cause come to her ears. It is love of her which gives Roger to his country, for an English education and his mother's loyalty have made him a King's man, but once he opens his mind to patriot argument he gives no half-hearted devotion to the cause and sails with Jones, accepting a commission. The villain contrives to make him appear a traitor, and inflicts a well-night fatal wound upon him, and he tastes the mercies of a military prison. He owes his pardon and release, not to Mary alone, but also to Master Sullivan, the father of Gen. Sullivan, the schoolmaster to whom Berwick acknowledges great debt for the noble training of her boys, the exiled companion of Derwentwater and the first Pretender. He gives her letters to the kinsmen of his former companions in arms, and her success is instant.

The story of her voyage to England with Madam Wallingford, of the love of the mother country swiftly springing up in her heart, and giving her clearer understanding of loyalists, is beautifully narrated, but the most exquisite touch in the story is the last. In the very last pages of the book, when, all troubles past, all perils vanished, united and happy, the lovers speed up the river through the evening shadows of their firesides shining warmly from the windows of their house for a beacon, and a great company of their friends coming down the terraced gardens to meet them.

The frontispiece of the book reproduces a miniature long on Miss Jewett's possession, an inheritance from the days of Mary Hamilton, and Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury add other pictures, among them a view of the Hamilton mansion, a

superb Colonial house, quite warranting the boast that life in the Piscataqua plantations was as stately as in Virginia.

From "Authors and their Books," *The Pittsburgh Press* 29 September 1901, p. 11.

"The Tory Lover" is the best book Miss Jewett [Jewett] has yet written. It is a very interesting love story in an historical setting. The time is that of the Revolution, and Paul Jones figures prominently in the action. The scenes include Portsmouth and Berwick, changing to France and England. The lover, Roger Wallingford, is tory by tradition, but goes out as a lieutenant from partial conviction of the patriotic cause, and entire conviction of the loveliness of Mary Hamilton. The story is full of stirring incidents and dramatic interest. It is marked by the dignity of sincerity, which characterizes all of Miss Jewett's [Jewett's] work. It is an admirable story of courage and devotion to country, and is at once strong, brilliant, spirited and true.

From "New Literature," *Boston Daily Globe* 2 October 1901, p. 4.

Miss Sara[h] Orne Jewett has added to the delight of new thousands of readers by her sweet and extremely natural story, "The Tory Lover" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston). It is full of dramatic movement and wholesomeness. The scenes include Merwick, Me -- which the author has known from her earliest childhood -- Portsmouth, England and France. Roger Wallingford, the "lover"; Miss Mary Hamilton, who he adores, Capt Paul Jones of the Ranger and the patriot cause in revolutionary times are features of this well-told historical tale.

From "Reviews of Newest Books," *Detroit Free Press* 5 October 1901, p. 7.

More threshing of old straw has resulted in the production of another novel of Revolutionary history, "The Tory Lover," Sarah Orne Jewett's venture in a field that is new to her. The Tory lover is Roger Wallingford, who, hesitating between hereditary loyalty and new-born

convictions, remains neutral until his love for Mary Hamilton leads him to give half-hearted service to the cause she espouses. He is suspected of being a Tory at heart, and it is only Mary's influence with Paul Jones, and Jones's desire to get a rival out of Mary's sphere, that induces the captain to allow Wallingford to sail with him on the *Ranger*. In a raid on the English coast Wallingford is wounded and taken prisoner. His shipmates, believing him among those to whom his sympathies incline, make no effort for his release, and it is not until his mother, accompanied by Mary, goes to England and makes long an diligent search for him that he is found and freed, with the help of Jones, who becomes magnanimous.

Miss Jewett tells a very good story, not overweighted with history, well spiced with adventure: one which if not as good as the best is at least better than the most of romances of its class. That it has appeared serially in *Atlantic* is in itself a distinction. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Detroit: J. F. Sheehan & Co.)

Lewiston Journal Magazine Section October 19-24, 1901

[Illustrated with two photographs: one of Jewett and the other of her South Berwick home.]

The Tory Lover: Sarah Orne Jewett's Novel of the American Revolution

Among all the novels for which the Revolutionary war has furnished material, "*The Tory Lover*," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, publish[er], will have a distinct interest for Maine people and New Englanders in general.

To begin with, the author is a Maine woman and a special favorite of Maine people, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, and the book was written at her old home in South Berwick, under the shadows of the big trees with the odor of old fashioned flowers coming in at the window; in the same study we have here in the picture before us.

Then there is much local color and local characterization, for in the old historic towns of Berwick and York, not Boston or any Massachusetts towns, are laid the principal scenes.

So strong and true are the pictures drawn of life in Maine farming communities in those trying days and of the hardy Yankee farmers, they come to Maine readers with a sort of familiarity, born of the tales of those troublous times handed down from their forefathers.

The lapse of years has not surrounded the scene with the glamour of romance which, in so many historical novels, removes it so far from our everyday lives and feelings. Miss Jewett tells her story as simply and naturally as though it all happened but recently. Her readers feel a nearness to these men and women which makes them forget that more than a century separates them.

At the opening we are introduced to a class of aristocracy, whose culture and stately living in the northern wilderness may surprise the reader as it did Capt. Paul Jones who did not expect to find here the manner of life of a Virginia gentleman.

Easily and naturally are the glimpses of rough, rural life brought in and the scene transferred to the broad Atlantic, where Miss Jewett shows her thorough knowledge of seamanship by depicting the daily routine on board the warship *Ranger* and the little idiosyncrasies and sturdy [study] independence of the Maine sailors on board, who, all unused to naval discipline and restraint chafed under the strict rule of Jones.

For none other than the renowned Paul Jones is the hero of the story and here Miss Jewett gives one of her most intelligent and discriminating character portraitures. This has been variously done before, but perhaps never so fully and naturally. Paul Jones is not a hero of the stage here, but a man of history - a great man, it is true, but his foibles appear as clearly as his virtues. We do not have to judge him by what was best and worst in his nature, for Miss Jewett gives us all the gradations between the extremes. We see him in many moods and under many conditions. He is the blustering, abrupt and unyielding captain, who has apparently never learned the value of tact, but he is also the affable, sympathetic and appreciative companion on his official trip to Paris. Now he is moved to sentiment by the moonlight and Mary Hamilton, again he seems to have a mind only for adventure and love of glory. Miss Jewett has tried to avoid any exaggeration and present Capt. Paul Jones as

he was, impatient of restraint, of the irksome bonds to opportunity and inspiration necessitated by circumstances, yet ever ready, though sore at heart, to do the best that was in him, to immortalize the little Ranger though the fine ship he had hoped for was not forthcoming.

With the same moderation she presents the varying attitude of the Colonists toward England. The war was a serious thing. There was much searching of heart[,] much doubt and fear. With a fine sense of justice Miss Jewett presents the varied feelings of the people. Roger Wallingford, a Tory by tradition, was no less a patriot because he was slow in the conviction of duty. In truth he was only partially convicted when he started out as lieutenant with Capt. Jones, but he was entirely convicted of his love for Mary Hamilton and she was an enthusiastic patriot. But having undertaken a duty Wallingford was not one to shirk and he wins the admiration of the reader as he did of Paul Jones who came to put great confidence in the young man.

Mary Hamilton is a lovely and lovable character with a decided individuality, as have all of Miss Jewett's characters. Among the interesting figures who move through the story is Master Sullivan, the aged scholar and gentleman, Mary's adviser and friend, who seems strangely out-of-place in his uncongenial surroundings.

The story, while stirring and full of incident, does not border on the sensational. There is nothing glaring nor artificial. It is distinguished by the mild humor and tender pathos characteristic of Miss Jewett.

On the whole, "The Tory Lover" is an addition [additure] to literature and to Maine people at least, a welcome addition to local and historical lore. The book is attractively illustrated and has as a frontispiece a charming medallion portrait of Mary Hamilton.

"Novel Notes," *Bookman* (New York) 14 (October, 1901) p. 195.

THE TORY LOVER. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. \$1.50.

What can be easier for a writer drilled in the art of novel-making than to turn out an historical

novel of the American Revolution? All one needs to do is to study the books of this kind which have flooded the market during the past few years, and to try to improve upon them. The necessary implements for the actual work are a bottle of ink, a writing pad, a good memory, a history or two, and possibly an encyclopedia. For inspiration one may turn to George Washington or Paul Jones or Lafayette. A beautiful young maiden must flit through the pages, and a large, rambling old house with plenty of servants and good old wine must serve as a background. Then, too, there should be several lovers, one of whom is destined to be the favoured one from the very beginning. Of course any number of changes can be rung on this scene, but the result is the same -- an American historical novel which is sure to sell, and to please the masses. In this way the half-educated learn something about the history of their own country, which they have not had the energy to study, and in this way also authors make enough money to buy estates in the country and to retire from the field for a year or so. Then, again, one does not have to be original. History made the most of characters many years ago, and even the heroine does not tax one's ingenuity too far. Revolutionary maidens are pretty much the same. They make pretty frontispieces for a book, and when they get dramatised they make even prettier "stars." All they require is a dash of coyness and of coquetry, for, whatever they are or whatever they do, the hero wins them in the end, and the orchestra chairs are seldom vacant. Nothing is left to the imagination. Human nature and psychology and analysis are not needed here.

This generalisation applies in particular to *The Tory Lover* -- a pretty story, well written and properly heralded, but which the present writer declines to review. We all know what it is about. Sarah Orne Jewett is well and pleasantly known to novel readers. But she was tempted, and she fell. What if Mary Hamilton is like Janice Meredith, and what if the setting does remind one of Mr. Ford's story? Will the thousands of admirers of *Janice Meredith* object to that? At any rate, Miss Jewett has benefited by others' experience, and in writing *The Tory Lover* she has improved on some of its popular predecessors. And there is nothing more to be said.

Flora Mai Holly.

***The Living Age* 231: 2990 (26 October 1901)
263.**

In "The Tory Lover," Sarah Orne Jewett has done what, for a newer writer, would be counted a really brilliant piece of work. Her venture into the field of historical fiction was viewed with a good deal of natural misgiving by friends who felt that her distinctive talents had already found their line, but the popularity of the story, as it has been appearing in serial form in "The Atlantic Monthly," has justified the experiment.

Combining patriotism, adventure and romance in the familiar proportions that the public craves, Miss Jewett gives her narrative a literary quality which the public does not often get and which it ought to appreciate. Captain Paul Jones is the central historical figure. The action of the earlier chapters takes place near Portsmouth, N.H., where Miss Jewett is thoroughly at home, and the country-folk there are sketched with her own deft touch. If this book does not add greatly to its writer's reputation, except in point of versatility, it certainly adds to the number of good historical novels. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish it in attractive covers of Tory red.

Octave Thanet, "FINE PORTRAITS BY MISS JEWETT." *Book Buyer* 23 (October 1901) 227-8.

ALL Miss Jewett's work is instinct with charm. But her latest novel has power. It deals with a little recognized side of the war of the Revolution and with a new scene. We owe her gratitude, also, in that she has not further muddled our conceptions of Washington by a new portrait. She does bring in Paul Jones; but her picture of him is so vital and convincing that it supersedes any other. One seems to see the real man, the irritable, vain-glorious hero. She has even given us an insight into the broad and daring vision which separated Paul Jones from the score of able men and good seamen who were his American contemporaries.

The most difficult of an artist's problems is to portray a man of genius. Miss Jewett does indicate the touch of genius in Paul Jones. She does it at the very moment which reveals his weaknesses. You are able to comprehend how his subordinates could criticise and his equals dislike him, and how he failed of winning (what many a man of lesser mould has won) the unfaltering devotion of his followers. At the same

time you come to recognize the fine and noble strain in the man. You feel toward him the partisanship of an actual acquaintance. You can see how he won love, although he could not always keep what he won. There are few more pathetic pictures than the scene with Mary Hamilton in the cathedral, so delicate and restrained, yet so strong. And, surely, there was never a gentler and more plaintive touch on a chord we all know, than Mary Hamilton's last spoken words in the book: "I am thinking of the captain," she said, after a little silence. "You know how he left us when we were so happy, and slipped away alone into the dark without a word. . . ."

"Oh, look, Madam!" she cried then. "Our friends are all there; they are all waiting for us!" And so with more glad recognition the happy girl to whom Paul Jones has given back her lover, turns again to her happiness and her home-coming, leaving the hero who had loved her, alone in the dark. It is beautifully and most deftly done. A mere suggestion, a touch on the strings of the violin in passing. But in it is the hint of sacrifice and the undemanding pain of a manly heart and a glimpse into a brave and lonely soul.

The real artist's touch is in this subtle final shadow on the portrait. But, after all, it is not Paul Jones whose image will remain longest in the reader's mind; it is Mary Hamilton. A sweeter, braver, more charming creature not even the painter of dainty Betty Leichestre [Leicester] has ever drawn. Of all the historical gallery to which our novelist friends have introduced us of late, she is easily the most winsome. She is not startling, or bewildering, or dazzling; one can as soon imagine her playing with her lover as forgetting him; there are no fireworks about Mary Hamilton, and she never poses for the limelight. Even if she do a heroic act (as she does more than once) it is done so unobtrusively and naturally that one is more impressed with its sense than its heroism. She is merely a high-souled and lovable creature, one of the few, notably few heroines of fiction, whom one would like for a next-door neighbor. Did she live to-day, her husband and children would adore her, her mother-in-law would cling to her, men would admire her and woman love her; and she would have a good name in the intelligence offices -- which means more than any of the other praises! To have made her as she is, and not in the least other-worldly or pretentious -- just a sweet, sane gentlewoman, who could make mistakes, but never loses either her tact or her

good manners -- is a triumph.

Another delicious portrait is Madame Wallingford's. "She had never been called beautiful; she had no great learning. . . . She had manner rather than manners; she was plainly enough that unmistakable and easily recognized person, a great lady. They are but few in every generation, but the simplicity and royalty of their lovely succession have never disappeared from an admiring world." "Easily recognized," truly; but not so easily drawn. Both Madame Wallingford and Mary Hamilton are great ladies. How many novelists of this ilk can draw a lady? Miss Jewett can draw a lady without having to think. She never makes a false stroke. It is something to do. Because Miss Jewett does it so easily her achievement is not less. Her gentlefolks are silly, sometimes (brains cannot always be either born or bred!) brutal, even; but they are always gentlefolks.

As Mary is a gentlewoman so is her lover a brave and gallant young gentleman. To have made him keep our respect through his misfortunes and his acting in these misfortunes like a plucky, every-day man, rather than a god-like conqueror of a hero, is another achievement. The lover is a Tory who becomes a very moderate patriot, possibly seeing things more clearly than a more sanguine partisan. The conduct of the so-called patriots to his mother is instructive reading for those of us who are disposed to believe all the virtues can belong to one side. In truth, the patriots treated the royalists with the same ferocious and stupid brutality that the Tories meted out to the "rebels." And among the loyalists were some of the true lovers of their country, men like Thompson and Hutchison. When the colonies exiled such men, they emulated George III.'s stupidity.

Miss Jewett's story deals with the fortunes of a young man who loved his country with his eyes open. He disapproves of her rebellion; but when the die is cast, throws his lot on her side. There is a likeness to some readers between such a tory and the anti-imperialists who utterly disapproved of the Spanish War, but accepted its results. Indeed, an amusing and ingenious parallel might be drawn; so well has Miss Jewett described a certain temperament, as indigenous to the New England soil, to-day, as yesterday.

I seem to be speaking, always, of portraits; but I feel more the power of the human beings (they are no less) who walk through the story as they do through life, than any rush of incident or

any excitement of plot. There are a few places where the rich and leisurely flow of the charming narrative grows rapid. The best of these is the attack on Madame Wallingford's house. Those pages stir the blood; so do some about Paul Jones's hawk-like dives at the English coast; and the whole story of the sickening squabbles and bickerings and squeamish timidities which hindered him in France, is vivid to a degree. And as always with Miss Jewett, the style of these narrations is exquisite, simple as finished, the style of a master. But in general, it is not for the plot or for the style that one must believe that here is a book to endure; it is because before us we have the veritable lives and souls of our ancestors. They are before us in their habit as they lived. We not only see; we know them. And such portrayal is the only real creative, the only real enduring force in literature.

**"The FICTION of the EARLY AUTUMN,"
Outlook 69 (October 19, 1901) p. 420.**

MISS JEWETT'S work has been a long loyalty to art so delicate, finely wrought, and sincere has it been from the beginning. She has never been diverted from her vocation as a painter of New England traits and life -- a painter of sensitive feeling, clear insight, and a finished, reposeful, but individual and vital style. Her quiet fidelity to high standards, wholesome methods, and the realities of character has evidenced that quality in her nature and in her art which stamps her as one of the writers of our time whose place is secure. In "The Tory Lover" she does not leave the field which she knows intimately and with the insight of affection. The larger movement of the story is on the other side of the sea; but the passions and convictions which dominate and shape it are of New England origin, and the air of New England fills the sails of the little craft which bears Paul Jones and his turbulent crew. There is in the story no striving to catch the wind of popular favor which is bearing tales of adventure to such fabulous ports in these days; no attempt to adjust an exquisite art to the taste of the hour. Miss Jewett is beyond the reach of these grosser temptations. Her method is unchanged; her refinement, delicacy, and trained skill are on every page; she has simply varied her material. For any writer of average ability "The Tory Lover" would be an

achievement, so admirable is its workmanship. Miss Jewett must be judged by her own standards, however, and by her standards her latest tale cannot be regarded as on a level with her most characteristic work. It is not convincing. The story of incident and adventure is not her vocation. Fortunately, she has no need of success in a new field; her own field is ample, and her possession of it complete. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

From "Fiction," *New York Tribune* 27 October 1901, p. B11.

Miss Jewett's short stories of New-England life have long been valued for their truth and quiet charm. They occupy a place by themselves, for while the author has more than one capable rival she has communicated always to her work a certain individual quality. All this has prepared us to look with special interest into her new book, a novel of Colonial times. "The Tory Lover" does not quite demonstrate that the author has been well advised to make the transition from a field in which she moves with ease of perfect familiarity to one in which she is practically a stranger. Though she has written a novel before this one, she has been at her best in the brief commemoration of episodes, in the delineation of a single type involved in some small situation. Compelled in writing of this book to spread the action over a good many pages, she has been at loss for material, and fills up with talk long stretches that ought to be filled with incident. There is some excitement, it is true. The hero begins by rousing the wrath of his neighbors in New-England though allowing them to believe that he is faithful to Tory principles. Then, to please the heroine, he ships in the Ranger to accompany Paul Jones to Europe. On the other side of the water he gets into trouble not of his own making, is unjustly suspected of treachery, and ultimately lands in a British prison. Miss Jewett succeeds in interesting us in these matters, but only mildly: her plot is thinly constructed, and she has failed to breathe into it the ebullient spirit necessary to conceal its attenuation. On the other hand, there is a winning simplicity and freshness about the book; the author could not help but lend to it something of that sincere and appealing tone which distinguishes her best work. She has strayed from her true inspiration, but she has

carried with her the charm of her individuality as a writer.

William Payne Morton, "Recent Fiction," *Dial* 31 (November, 1901) p. 365.

We regret that Miss Jewett should have attempted to write a historical romance of the conventional sort. In delicate *genre* studies of New England life and character, she has few equals, and her work in this her chosen field is artistically satisfying to an exacting taste. But in such a book as "The Tory Lover" she is out of her natural element, and the result is a rather poor example of a species of composition now only to be justified by extraordinary dash and brilliancy. Neither of these qualities is displayed in this story of the Revolutionary War. There is much finish in the detail, but there is nothing of the large imaginative sweep that should characterize historical romance. The best feature of Miss Jewett's book is found in its account of the brutal treatment meted out to the Tories in New England during the turbulent days that followed the outbreak of hostilities. This aspect of our revolutionary struggle has been treated in much too gingerly a fashion by the historians, and it is only of recent years that the public has been told the truth about the matter. Miss Jewett tells the truth, and for this we may be thankful. But for the story of heroic deeds she has not the equipment, and her Paul Jones, for example, offers a weak contrast to the figure of that captain as it appears in "Richard Carvel," or even in the slap-dash books of Archdeacon Brady. We trust that Miss Jewett will at once go back to her study of the humors of the New England town.

M. H. Vorse, "Recent Fiction," *Critic* 39 (November 1901) pp. 469-70.

"The Tory Lover," a book distinguished in many ways from the ordinary historical romance, is not without some of its faults.

Miss Jewett evidently was at much pains to convey the breath of life into her story of the Revolution, but instead of making the time live for one, she merely writes about it, although it is fair to say that she writes about it sympathetically.

It is as a series of pictures that one thinks of

the book rather than as a consecutive story, for one is quite convinced that the somewhat uninteresting Mr. Wallingford, who is rather too conspicuously a perfect gentleman, will come to no harm and will in due time be united with Miss Hamilton. The interview between Mary and Madame Wallingford, the description of the monotonous life on shipboard, with the demoralizing results it has on the men, together with other minor incidents, are what raise "The Tory Lover" above the rank and file of historical novels of the year. The character of Paul Jones is the most convincing of any in the book and the one with the greatest personality.

It is, perhaps, too much to demand that, beside the difficult task of making the personages of a story act as men and women, an author shall enter into the brain of another century and, to the permanent human traits, add that evanescent something that divides the thought of one generation so widely from that of another.

After all, it is a great gift easily to be pleased by the stories one reads and one should be content in the fact that "The Tory Lover" is a graceful story, and attractively written, and that Miss Jewett had been very merciful in that she has spared us descriptions of the horrors of war -- she has so far departed from precedent that not even one Tory is tarred and feathered by indignant patriots

M. H. Vorse

"CURRENT FICTION," *THE LITERARY WORLD* 32 (November 1, 1901) p. 218.

Sarah Orne Jewett. With her accustomed grace and finish of style, Miss Jewett tells in this novel the oft told story of Captain Paul Jones and the early days of the American navy. The opening scenes are laid in Berwick from which the gallant little "Ranger" and her crew set forth to demonstrate to the world that the ocean belongs as well to the United States as to the United Kingdom. There is a pretty love story with a happy close, and though we may experience a natural regret that Miss Jewett should ever deviate from the line of work which is especially her own and which she has brought to a point of literary perfection, so carefully wrought and conscientious a piece of work as "The Tory Lover" earns and deserves a large measure of praise.

from "Books of the Week," *Arizona Republican*, 3 November 1901, p. 6.

This favorite author of short stories has again demonstrated her ability to produce an interesting novel. More than this, she has gone into that dangerous but fertile field, the realm of history: a gleaming ground that has been the commencement and the ending of many an aspiring writer. In common with some other writers of the day, Miss Jewett has studied the stirring days of the war of the revolution: she has selected as the bright particular hero of her story a character of the mold of heroes, not physically, but of the lion hearted, where energy, bravery, determination and personality have given him fame and reputation -- John Paul Jones, the old "Sea Wolf," "Daredevil," "Scourge," and worthy claimant to many other titles of affection and dread. The well known reputation of Miss Jewett as a writer coupled with the heroic subject is sufficient to secure a large clientele, but the merit of the story, the excellent manner of handling it, and the absence of rot, and the impossible that so often stalk boldly through colonial novels, should give "The Tory Lover" the most unqualified success.

The lover is Roger Wallingford, and though playing a conspicuous part in the working out of the story, is of necessity secondary to the pride of the continental navy. There are other men in this novel, well drawn characters, manly and brave: English, and later American gentlemen, with a traitor and intriguer who disturbs Captain Jones' plans at Whitehaven and attacks Wallingford, who is leading a landing party, leaving him wounded on the shore, where he is recaptured [*intended captured*].

The heroine, Mary Hamilton, is every inch a woman. She is a patriot for the love of liberty and her home. She hasn't any doubts of the justice of the cause of the colonies; she knows that her family risks all, and knowing, is willing to take the risk. The development of love in her heart is beautifully told by Miss Jewett. A lifelong friend of Wallingford, she prevails upon him to sail from Portsmouth with Jones, realizing the Mrs. Wallingford, a strong character, a widowed lady of wealth and position, but a persistent and consistent loyalist, will be subject to indignities and loss of home if the son Roger remains at home. He, desperately in love, sails away with a

"partial conviction of the justness of the cause and entire conviction of the loveliness of Mary Hamilton."

Paul Jones, as much of a gallant as he was a sailor, admired and also loved Mary Hamilton. For this reason, he accepted Wallingford's enlistment, because Mary demanded it, but Jones regretted it and made it unpleasant until the manly character of the young man and a full conviction of the justice of the case made him his boon companion. In gratitude Mary gives Captain Jones her ring as a charm. A very pretty by-play results when Wallingford notices the ring on Captain Jones' finger. Explanations follow, and while the captain of the "Ranger" holds the ring and denies a promise, he kisses the golden band and vows "to win her yet." Not until Wallingford has been captured, disgraced by being called a traitor, as charged by the real traitor at Whitehaven, does the latent love of Mary Hamilton burst forth in a grand passion. The working out of the story is well concealed and prettily told.

Other characters are introduced in the by-play. Stalwart and dignified Franklin, the duchess of Chartres, and the duke, Jones' good friends, and other characters in England and France at that time.

"The Tory Lover" contains an excellent character study of Paul Jones: the story is one that will ever excite admiration: the love passages delicate, refined, human. Of course all ends well, save that the threat of Paul Jones' love doesn't weave to a successful conclusion, but the young lieutenant takes a price fit for an admiral.

from "Fiction," *The Sun* (Baltimore, MD), 7 November 1901, p. 8.

By C. Ernest Wagner.

The Tory Lover. By Sarah Orne Jewett. (7 3/4 x 4 7/8. pp. 405. Illus. \$1.50.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston [Cushing, Baltimore.]

Miss Jewett's captivating romance, "The Tory Lover," will prove a treat to those who have not already made the acquaintance of her heroes and heroines in the pages of the Atlantic.

One lays down the finished volume with a feeling of sweet content. A romantic love story is good; a romantic love story artistically told is far

better, and Miss Jewett's trained hand is equal to this most difficult of achievements. Her touch is sure; the pictures she prints and the characters she draws are convincing. They are not "such stuff as dreams are made of," but men and women whom we love or hate because they are essentially human.

The action begins in old Berwick on the even of Paul Jones' departure from Portsmouth in the Ranger. The figure of Mary Hamilton -- sweet and girlish at the outset, ever sweeter and more womanly as the story advances -- dominates the pages of the book. It is Mary Hamilton, the ardent young patriot, who wins over her Tory lover, Roger Wallingford, and sends him to sea with John Paul Jones. It is Mary Hamilton who unwittingly calls forth the love of this bold adventurer and impulsively bestows on him her ring to serve as a talisman to keep him to his best in the strenuous career he has set himself. It is Mary Hamilton who, inspired by love and a beautiful devotion, leaves her home and goes with Madam Wallingford, the uncompromising loyalist, in search of her cruelly suspected son, languishing in the sailors' pen of an English prison. It is Mary Hamilton who vindicates the honor of her lover and who, in the resolution of the plot, reaps the due reward of her fidelity, her courage and her love.

In Roger Wallingford Miss Jewett has drawn a lover worthy of such a maid. Well-born and well-bred, handsome, strong and brave, gifted with a fine intelligence and a final moral sense, he fulfills every demand of that good old term -- now almost impossible to use because so sadly abused -- a gentleman.

John Paul Jones, in intrepid captain of the Ranger, wins in his heroic moods our unbounded admiration and in his tender but no less manly moods our heartfelt sympathy. There is something unutterably pathetic in the loneliness, the aloofness of this masterful man, cut off by force of circumstances from the confidence of his fellows and denied the love of a woman, which, if granted, would have transfigured his life. He plays the hero's part to the end, and as we turn the last page Mary Hamilton's words, spoken in her hour of perfect happiness with a strange, wistful melancholy, usher him from the scene.

"I am thinking of the Captain," she said gently after a little silence. "You know how he left us

when we were so happy and slipped away along into the dark without a word."

"LITERATURE," *Independent* 53 (November 14, 1901) p 2717.

THE TORY LOVER. *By Sarah Orne Jewett.* Those qualities which have made Sarah Orne Jewett a celebrated writer of short stories do not appear to have fitted her for the adventure of compassing a long one. Her delicate, discriminating taste and literary skill are beyond question, but the almost monotonous accuracy of her style grows tedious in the course of a whole book. Besides, history has had such a classifying, leveling effect upon the characters and events of colonial days that the revolutionary romance has long since palled upon the imagination of the average reader. The greater part of this story is taken up with the vaporings and adventures of Captain Paul Jones. But in her analysis of his character she follows so faithfully the records of his deviating course as sailor-soldier of fortune that he fails to show off very grandly in the rôle of an honorable captain of revolutionary fame. As for the "Tory Lover," he is the victim, and not the hero, of the tale.

Los Angeles *Herald*, Volume XXIX, Number 54 (24 November 1901) p. 24.

"The Tory Lover"

Sarah Orne Jewett has won most of her well-earned fame in literature as a writer of short stories. There is no one else that can portray the New England character so faithfully and so skillfully. The "Yankee" who reads one of Miss Jewett's New England sketches hears again the dialect familiar to his ears, and mayhap there lives again a character with which, he has been familiar in real life. But now this favorite writer has essayed a broader canvas, and comparison with her work in short stories is inevitable. Probably the weight of opinion will be in favor of the latter. Miss Jewett is at her best in character sketching, rather than in the weaving of a complicated plot.

To say this is not to withhold honors that are justly due. "The Tory Lover," which, as the title would indicate, is a story of the Revolutionary period. Roger Wallingford, son of a Tory family,

sails with Captain John Paul Jones in the Ranger on the voyage that first gave the great captain fame. The young man's Tory principles were almost balanced by his growing conviction that the colonies were in the right; and when his love for Mistress Mary Hamilton, the beautiful patriot heroine was cast into the tale, there was no more hesitation on his part. But Wallingford, because of his Tory connections, was wrongfully suspected of being a spy, and grave complications arose because of this. Madame Wallingford, the Tory mother, is an admirably drawn character, and the heart of the reader involuntarily goes out to her.

The many-sided Paul Jones figures prominently in the story, as he does in "Richard Carvel," and here another comparison is necessary. It were better, perhaps, to say that each is complementary to the other. Mr. Churchill makes the great admiral the personification of vanity in a certain form, and a worshiper of rank, but without detracting from his personal worth. Miss Jewett presents him as a hopeless lover, having as a subordinate his successful rival. But John Paul Jones proves to be incapable of petty meanness. The voyage of the Ranger to Fiance, the discouraging reception its commander suffered there, the attempted burning of the shipping in Whitehaven harbor and other historical incidents are clothed with much interest. Dickson proves a capable villain, but his machinations end with the defeat they deserved. "The Tory Lover" will add many new friends to Miss Jewett's already large constituency, and she will doubtless feel warranted in remaining in the ranks of "long story" writers.

THE TORY LOVER. *By Sarah Orne Jewett.* Cloth, illustrated. pages; price. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Stoll & Thayer.

"Recent Novels," *Nation* 73 (November 28, 1901) 417-8.

It must be a mortal temptation to the veteran in other fields who beholds the country houses of the writers of the American historical novel, to take a hand and prove that he, too, can play that fashionable game. One's *amour propre*, hardly less than one's pocket, is concerned in the competition. To such a temptation did Miss Jewett succumb when she wrote "The Tory

Lover,' which answers all the tests of that type of composition. The scene is Berwick, Me., in 1777. The heroine is a charming New England maiden of good lineage, set off by a background of spacious colonial mansion, lavish hospitality, and devoted retainers; her miniature, in the style of the period, adorns the front page. The hero, Roger Wallingford, is lucky in love and in nothing else. After passing through the conventional phase of unjust suspicion, imprisonment, and a visit to England, he is restored to his sweetheart by the sub-hero, in whom we encounter the historical personage essential for the local color. This is Paul Jones of the good ship *Ranger*, who, resourceful as D'Artagnan and unselfish as your genuine sub-hero, puts up with a career of glory without love, and helps his rival to Mary Hamilton's hand. "I could throw my hope of glory down at your feet now, if it were of any use," he cries; but a little later he meets the hero in distress. "Thank God, I have it in my power to make you amends!" he exclaimed. 'God bless you, Wallingford! Wait here for me one moment, my dear fellow,' he said with affection and disappeared" -- to send in the heroine. The figure of Paul Jones is drawn with spirit, and so is the voyage of the *Ranger*. There is a rather unsuccessful attempt at an historical mystery over an Irish colonist of remarkable learning and exquisite manners, whose name, it appears, is one to conjure with, though it is not confided to the reader. Miss Jewett's name is a guarantee of conscientious work, but we hope that her undoubted success in turning out a novel of the prevalent kind will not induce her to change her *genre*.

"TALK ABOUT BOOKS." *Chautauquan* 34 (December 1901) p. 321.

The reader who has not had his fill of historical novels of the Revolutionary period will find in "The Tory Lover" one of the latest additions to this class of literature. Like the other novels of its kind, it is full of "stirring incident and dramatic interest." While fundamentally a love tale, with Mary Hamilton, a patriot maid, and Roger Wallingford, a Tory by inheritance, the principals, the reader will find the chief interest of the story to center in Captain Paul Jones and the first cruise of the famous *Ranger*. The brilliant strategist and sea fighter is followed through his first struggle to maintain supremacy over his motley crew, the weary months through

which he waited at Nantes and his final triumph over the host of adverse conditions. The patriot maid finally crosses the sea, the Tory lover leaves his English prison, and all are happy.

W. S. B.

From: "The Literature of the Season." *The New Outlook* 68 (December 1901) p. 1062.

Miss Jewett always imparts to her work a touch of distinction; and, in writing "The Tory Lover" in an entirely new field, she did not abandon either her methods or the ground which which she is thoroughly familiar. No one could have written "The Tory Lover" except Miss Jewett; but those who value her work most highly can hardly regard her experiment with pure romance as successful.

From: *The Ottawa Free Trader* [Illinois] -- (December 6, 1901) p. 11.

DOWN EAST WRITER
SARAH ORNE JEWETT AND HER FIRST
LONG STORY.

Author of "The Tory Lover" Has Laid the Scene
Around Her Quaint Home -- How she Works.

Although "The Tory Lover" is the first long story that Miss Sarah Orne Jewett has ever written, the many charming New England tales that have come from her pen have kept her prominently before the reading public in this country for many years. Her new book has caused quite a sensation in literary circles and is like part of her personality, for the scene is laid in her own native town around the beautiful old colonial house where she was born and where she lives today, as her father and grandfather did before her.

Twenty years ago Sarah Orne Jewett's reputation as a writer of New England stories was established with the publication of "Deephaven," and as a painter of "down east" country life a she has never been excelled. Before her day writer depicted the phases of life she treats without making a burlesque of it. and she has shown that the country life and the

country dialect hide some of the noblest and kindest hearts in the world. Of her first inspiration to write she says: "When I was fifteen, the first 'city boarders' began to make their appearance near Berwick. and the way they misconstrued the country people and made game of their peculiarities fired me with indignation. I determined to teach the world that country people were not the awkward ignorant set those people seemed to think. I wished the world to know their grand, simple lives."

Miss Jewett was born at South Berwick, Me., in one of the most beautiful old houses to be seen anywhere in New England. It dates back into the early part of the eighteenth century and was an old house even before her grandfather secured it. [*The Jewett house was built between 1774 and 1778. Editor.*] The house stands close to the street amid shrubbery and great elms that lend to it a rich background of green. In this eighteenth century house are many interesting rooms containing the most fascinating old fashioned mahogany furniture, high backed chairs, spindle legged escritaires and china cabinets full of rare treasures.

The author's desk stands in a corner of the upper hall in a cozy with a window looking upon the tree shaded village street. Pictures, flowers and books are everywhere. It is in this "den" that "The Tory Lover" was written, as were also the stories entitled "Deephaven," "A Country Doctor," "A Marsh Island," "The Country of the Pointed Firs" and "Lucy Garron's Lovers," the latter when Miss Jewett was only fourteen years of age. [*"Jenny Garrow's Lovers," 1868. Until 1887, Jewett lived and worked not in the Jewett house, but next door in the Jewett-Eastman House. Furthermore, some of her writing was done in Boston, at the home of Annie Fields. Editor.*]

Miss Jewett's father, who is dead, was a country doctor, and she believes the greatest part of her training for Authorship was acquired when as a child she drove with him through the country to visit his patients and carefully listen to what he said of the people and of nature, The old doctor, from a long and familiar intercourse with his humble patrons, had absorbed a vast amount of folklore and was a great story teller. Not a few of the tales with which he used to entertain his little companion while on their trips have been touched on by the authoress in her

popular stories. She got most of her education at home under his wise direction. [*Jewett did attend school, including the Berwick Academy, from which she graduated. Editor.*]

There are few authoresses in this country who can turn out a good story as rapidly as Miss Jewett. She frequently writes 10,000 words a day, and many a delightful magazine sketch has been completed at a single sitting. She is very systematic, and her story is usually outlined in her mind before begun on paper. When she has a long story on hand, she writes from 2,000 to 3,000 words a day five days in the week.

In personal appearance Miss Jewett is tall and dignified, with a high bred grace and courtesy of manner which charm all with whom she comes in contact. She has a bright, piquant face that lights up beautifully as she talks and a low, pleasing voice. In conversation she is vivacious and interesting, selecting her words with a quick discrimination which shows her appreciation of the use and power of language

The New England rustic has attracted the attention of many writers, but few have shown an insight into this character equal to that of Miss Jewett. James Russell Lowell said of her just before his death, "Nothing more pleasingly characteristic of rural life in New England has been written than that from the pen of Miss Sarah Orne Jewett."

Note

This piece contains a number of questionable and factually incorrect statements, some of which have been noted in the text.

The Nashville American, 8 December 1901, p. 30

THE TORY LOVER. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, publishers, For sale by Hunter & Welburn. Price. \$1.50.

For love of charming Mary Hamilton, Roger Wallingford throws off his allegiance to King George and enlists under the banner of that gallant American, Paul Jones. A traitor on the ship, Dickson, betrays Roger, who is captured

by the British. Dickson lead Jones and others to believe that he has only been a spy. But Mary Hamilton never doubts him, and sets about securing his release, which is finally accomplished, and the tale ends as all good romances should.

Of course, there is much of Paul Jones in the books and Miss Jewett writes a new character for him. He has been generally conceived as a rather profane and strenuous and noisy naval commander, who would rather [vie ?] in the thunder and smoke of a sea fight against great odds than linger in the most fascinating female society. Miss Jewett reveals him as a lover, tender and true. Her description of the interview between Mary Hamilton and Jones, when the latter learns definitely that she loves Wallingford, is exquisitely done. There is a pathos in his words: "Oh, that I had only spoken! Glory has been a jealous mistress to me, and I dared not speak; I feared 't would cost me all her favor, if my thoughts were all for you. I could throw my hope of glory down at your feet now, if it were any use. I can do nothing without love. Oh, Mary, must you tell me that it is too late," and Mary "stood there as a ghost might stand by night to pity the troubles of men: she knew, with a woman's foresight, the difference it would make if she could only stand with love and patience by his side."* The story of Jones' baffled love is, throughout, portrayed with a fine and delicate touch which characterizes all of Miss Jewett's [*apparently missing text appears as the final words of the review* -- work. The story] has plenty of stirring incident and dramatic interest. It is a tale of courage and devotion to country, reassuring sincerity, and satisfactory literary style which fascinates the reader.

Note

side: The reviewer has made slight alterations in the text of the quotation.

from "New Literature," *Boston Daily Globe*, 14 December 1901, p. 3.

The longest and strongest story Miss Sara[h] Orne Jewett has yet written, "The Tory Lover," (Houghton, Mifflin Co. Boston), ranks well among the best selling books of the season.

France, England and America contribute scenery for the clever and engaging story, which is full of adventure and bright analysis of character. It affords a truthful and sympathetic picture of actual conditions in the heroic and historic days of gallant Paul Jones. Mary Hamilton's portrait forms the frontispiece of the exceedingly attractive holiday edition.

"New Novels." *The Athenaeum* 3876 (February 8, 1902) p. 173.

THE author's real hero is that renegade Scotsman, John Paul or Paul Jones, but one can understand a good deal of sentiment in his favour from an American author. Here he appears as a gallant lover and perfect cavalier, though his rough methods at sea are not ignored. Perhaps the story would have gained interest had Jones's really valiant fight with the Serapis been included in its scope. His raid with the Ranger strikes one as rather impudent than heroic, though he did get Lady Stirling's silver spoons and frighten the fishermen at Whitehaven. The Tory lover, the nominal hero, is not wholly satisfactory. He sails with Jones, against his inclinations, in order to win the fair patriot Mary Hamilton; and the best part of the book deals with his life at sea, and the false position of a gentleman and a loyalist in such a galley. It must be acknowledged that the lady is a prize worth winning. Miss Jewett has a happy gift of description, and the old colonial families she introduces, with their neighbours and quaint dependents, are aptly depicted.

"The Tory Lover" *Atlantic Monthly* 89 (June 1902) pp. 22-3.

MISS SARAH ORNE JEWETT'S Revolutionary story has been very fortunate in winning the hearty favor of judicious critics as well as good readers. The *Portsmouth Journal*, which is published where the story opens, remarks that "the reader is bound to recognize in 'The Tory Lover' a faithfulness of incident, locality, and character which makes it a novel of unusual merit, easily ranking among the best productions of its class." *The Book Buyer* says that "of all the historical gallery to which our novelist friends have introduced us of late, Mary Hamilton is easily the most winsome." *The St. Paul Globe*

thus makes a very good point, and an important one: "The difference between the average historical novel and this work of Miss Jewett's is the difference between the vital and spectacular elements in literature and life. Where others have laid hold of the surface facts merely, she has grasped the inner meaning." The San Francisco *Bulletin* pronounces it "a story of surpassing interest, skillfully blending history and fiction, and presenting a most artistic series of famous pictures." The public appreciation of "The Tory Lover" is shown by the fact that it has reached its sixth large printing.

"SIX MONTHS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE."
The Saturday Review. (London) 93 (March 29, 1902) p. 405.

New England is always in evidence in American fiction, and neither Miss Jewett* nor Miss Wilkins shows any signs of fading interest in a background of social life which both have brought before the imagination again and again with that freshness which comes from intimate knowledge and quick sympathy. In "The Tory Lover" Miss Jewett puts boldly to sea with Captain John Paul Jones and tells a stirring story, full of action and incident quite out of her customary field; but the starting-point of the novel is one of the most attractive homes of the colonial period, and the group of adventurers are typical New England characters of the Revolutionary period. "The Tory Lover" is written with care and with a skill born of long and loving practice, but Miss Jewett is not at her best in a novel of incident; she is a born painter of the quiet life.

* The reviewer spells her name "Jowett."

From "Le Roman Historique aux États-Unis"
 by Th. Bentzon (Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc), *Revue des Deux Mondes* (1 March 1906) pp. 699-704.

A Tory Lover [American title: *The Tory Lover*] has just taken its place in one of our most popular libraries (1), under the title *The Story of a Loyalist*. Praising its author is no longer necessary in France. Twenty years ago, readers of the *Revue* first encountered Sarah Jewett, who has become the official portrayer of New England, second only to Hawthorne,

though without his degree of pessimism. Her impressions of nature, confined to the state of Maine, even then revealed a writer in the full sense of the word. Later, she presented artlessly, but with the penetrating originality which marks all that she touches, a novel derived from her own childhood, *A Village Doctor* [American title, *A Country Doctor*] (2). Since then, from year to year, have come strong and serious new titles, in which humor excludes neither tenderness nor sweetness.

The novelist, who has traveled since, always returns to her village of South Berwick in search of familiar landscapes and friendly faces; in this way she has brought us these small, genuine masterpieces: "Miss Tempy's Watchers," "Decoration day," "The Queen's Twin," "A Native of Winby," and so many others, one after the other, all of equal value, like pearls in a necklace. Nothing, however, not even the great success of one of her most recent books that is richer if not more perfect than the others, *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, could lead one to suppose that the author of these brief sketches of provincial life would yield one day to the temptation to approach a genre that so easily falls into convention and banality, the historical novel, a genre preferred, quite wrongly, over the novel of manners. Wasn't she sure to produce a work below her usual standard? This did not happen. Miss Jewett followed her familiar methods, knowing how to add to her usual precise observation of the facts all the necessary dramatic movement without departing from simplicity or truth.

As always, Jewett remains faithful to her method of painting only what surrounds her. It was in Berwick and in Portsmouth, places she knows so well, that her hero, Paul Jones, prepared the famous expedition of the *Ranger*, that poor little ship, which carried all the way to France, to have it recognized there, the nascent fortune of a great nation. Near her own family home in South Berwick flows the leaping Piscataqua River, on the banks of which Jones, the Scottish adventurer who had sworn himself to serve the future republic, receives in the first chapter the opulent hospitality of Colonel Hamilton. This introduction surprises in its depiction of colonial life, with a solid luxury and severe dignity unsuspected by those who persist in denying America a past. Around the captain, ready to carry to France the news of Burgoyne's

capitulation, are grouped figures who, against the familiar background which Miss Jewett excels in rendering, stand out in relief with the frank realism of good Dutch portraits: Major Tilly Haggens, who fought often against the Indians, tall, heavy, rough-built and nevertheless not without a certain elegance, like a plump bottle of old burgundy; other notables in ruffles, cuffs, a red coat with velvet collar; the minister, of high ecclesiastical lineage, who, with his three-cornered hat, his ample frock coat, his long waistcoat with large pockets, the white collar that holds his chin very high and that is fastened behind his head with a silver buckle matching the buckles of his tight breeches and the other wide, flat buckles that adorn his shoes, looks, as much as a man can, like a serious folio with a clasp, his costume seemingly made for his person and corresponding to his interior equipment; and then the host, in a blue coat with red lapels, robust, with powdered hair and features marked with a willful and serious expression, that sort of brusque maturity which explains the success of a great ship owner, a merchant prince who has succeeded in all his land and sea ventures. A few well-chosen words are enough to characterize each of them. The negroes as well, servants of these local powers, have the same air of well-nurtured importance as their masters. In the midst of this comfortably prosperous society, which Jones himself has never known, he passes, bowing to the right and to the left, as a sovereign might, with a stiffness he attributes to ship's cramp, the poor and lean captain, who nevertheless towers above them all by the force of his will and resolve, impatient, driven by his demon of military glory: "On his sailor's face with its distinctly marked features, in his lively eyes which did not seem to observe his immediate surroundings, but to look with a long gaze full of hope towards the horizon, there was an intense energy. He was small and a little stooped from living between decks; his sword, too long for him, struck the ground as he walked."

Though worn down by adversity, still Paul Jones falls in love, insofar as this is possible for a man for whom ambition is a tyrannical and jealous mistress. He sets his heart upon the most noble, the most endearing heroine that we have encountered in literature for a long time. Mary Hamilton is the fully realized American patriot or rebel, a person of both head and heart. Mary uses the power she has over the captain to

get her young lover, the Tory Wallingford, on board the *Ranger*, and she uses Wallingford's youthful passion for her to win him over to the American cause, the party of freedom.

We are surprised that a female author could weave a solid fabric where the adventures of love and war intermingle, lending the book the double interest of history and psychology. On the other hand, would a masculine writer have been able to draw certain portraits of women; the great Tory lady standing up to the pitiless patriot mob that attacks her house; the servant-mistress Peggy and the helpers she leads with a beating drum, the young ladies, who are laughing and adorned in the evening, but are ready on the morrow for any sacrifice to resist English oppression and prepare the future of their liberated country. But could a man present this Mary Hamilton, who stands over them all, her rare type still to be found in the country where she is shown to be prudent and courageous, adroit and sincere, pushing self-control to the point of heroism, so reserved, so patient that one could see in her sometimes a coldness which is nothing but extraordinary self-possession? This poise is most vivid when she intrepidly crosses across the ocean in quest for the man she loves, to snatch him from the abominable English prison where rot the captives of rebellion. That he has betrayed his country she does not believe. Her faith in him endures these false accusations. Such women -- may their species multiply in all lands! -- embody the eternal feminine which elevates men above their limited selves; these women seem born to lead the men they enthrall toward greatness, while remaining faithful to them even in the worst adversity.

This is a novel not to be considered light reading. It includes diverse episodes of the highest order that we cannot recommend too highly. Among these are discussions between [Benjamin] Franklin and Paul Jones, his night attack on the English coast at Whitehaven, the meeting of Jones and Mary in Bristol's old abbey, concerning her search for Wallingford, with Paul Jones in disguise as he daringly scouts in England despite the price on his head. Even more impressive, perhaps, is the short, vibrant passage in which sounds the first salute accorded by a French warship to the American flag, which no nation had yet recognized.

The poor little *Ranger* is miserable and needing supplies and repairs when Jones arrives on the shores of France. Jones does not know what awaits him, disdain or sympathy, and there he is, on the coast of Brittany, near Quiberon, passing slowly, with the proudest air possible, between the formidable vessels of the French navy. The *Ranger* fires the thirteen guns of the regulation salute. Will we answer him, or will his salute be neglected like that of a pleasure boat whose passengers have waved their handkerchiefs?... Suddenly we see a puff of white smoke rising; then the powerful guns of the flagship shake the atmosphere one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine times... After which, they are silent, but the slopes of Carnac send back long echoes. Paul Jones calls to his helmsman: "-- You can tell the crew that this is France's salute to our Republic and the first tribute to our colors." All hear, and all understand that they have just born witness to the baptism of a great nation, while the little captain, raising his hat, stands motionless, his eyes fixed on the American flag.

The precision of the smallest details in this chapter, as sober as it is moving, reveals how thoughtfully Miss Jewett traveled in Brittany, following step by step along the coast, the actual route of the *Ranger*. On all points, she has researched in the same way in the most vivid and reliable sources. It would seem as if in Paris she had overheard Franklin restraining Paul Jones's teeming ambitions, and that in Bristol she had actually conversed with the emigrant royalists who were so surprised at being coldly received in the mother country where they no longer seem to belong. Everything has been closely studied, documented, reconstructed. If the French version of *The Tory Lover* had appeared a year earlier, we think that the public would have been more interested in an event that went almost unnoticed: the return of the ashes of the exiled Paul Jones. We little knew this great mariner who had the misfortune outlive his fame in obscurity.

English translation by Terry Heller and Jeannine Hammond.

Documents

Chronology of Life of John Paul Jones

mainly through 1777, when *The Tory Lover* begins.

Drawn from Evan Thomas, *John Paul Jones*. 2003.

July 6, 1747 -- Birth in Scotland

1760-1764 -- Sailor on the *Friendship* (merchant)

1764-? -- 3rd mate on *King George* (slaver)

1766 -- 1st mate on *Two Friends* (slaver) Leaves the ship in Jamaica.

1767 -- Passenger on the *John* (merchant), he takes over when captain and first mate die, and returns the ship safely home. He was the only person on the ship who could navigate. Owners make him captain of this ship.

27 November 1770 -- Joins the Ancient Society of Free and Accepted Masons in Kirkcudbright, Scotland.

1771 -- Having flogged Mungo Maxwell, a sailor who died of other causes some time later, he is charged by the sailor's family with murder. An admiralty court vindicates him.

1772 -- Captain of the *Betsey* (merchant) out of London.

Summer 1773 -- Kills a mutinous sailor, according to his own report, in self-defense.

December 1773 -- Accused of murder in Tobago. Decides to leave rather than be tried in local criminal court (the admiralty court not currently available).

Winter 1774 -- Takes up residence in Fredricksburg, VA. Befriended by the Masons and Dr. John K. Read.

Courts Dorothea Spottswood Dandridge, who marries Patrick Henry in 1777.

Summer 1775 -- Offers his service to the American navy, though it does not yet exist.

7 December 1775 -- 1st Lieutenant in the U.S. Navy, on the *Alfred*.

1776 - Captain of the sloop *Providence*, and by the end of the year, of the *Alfred*.

July 1777 - Receives command of the *Ranger*. See below for fuller chronology of this period.

1792 -- Death in Paris.

July 1905 -- body is removed from Paris cemetery, with military honors.

April 24, 1906 -- Reburial ceremony at Annapolis, Naval Academy.

Chronology of the First Voyage of the *Ranger*

under Captain John Paul Jones, and then Captain Thomas Simpson.
Based on *The Diary of Ezra Green*.

1777

November

1 - Sails from Portsmouth, N.H.

13 - Captures first ship "a Brig from Carolina bound for Bordeaux with several Tory Passengers on Board, among whom were Hartley the Organist & his wife."

23 - Capture of the *Mary*.

25 - Capture of the *George*.

29 - Arrive in Bay of Biscay.

December

2 - Land at Paimbœuf on the River Loire.

1778

February

13 - Arrive at Quiberon Bay.

14 - American flag of the *Ranger* receives first salute by a foreign ship.

26 - Return to Quiberon "after a short but very tedious & unprofitable Cruize."

March

8 - Arrive at Brest, where eight men jump ship, seven of whom are captured and returned.

April

3 - The *Ranger* is beached for cleaning at Brest.

10 - The *Ranger* resumes hunting.

15 - Captures & sinks a ship.

16 - Arrives at Irish coast.

17 - Captures a London to Dublin ship.

20 - Sinks a schooner near the Isle of Man.

21 - Captures a fishing boat near Belfast.

23 - The attack on Whitehaven.

24 - Attempt to capture Lord Selkirk at St. Mary's Isle.

25 - Capture of the Drake, with loss of Lieutenant Samuel Wallingford and others.

May

7 - Returns to Brest.

July

27 - Thomas Simpson is given command of the *Ranger*, Dr. Green says "to the joy and Satisfaction of the whole Ships company."

August

21 - Leaves Brest.

24 - Captures the *Sally*.

September

9 - Captures the *Friends*.

16 - Captures a fishing vessel.

25 - Arrives on the Banks of Newfoundland.

Black Sara

by

William F. Lord

HER BIRTH

In Lord's Cemetery, near the roadside, are two undressed field stones, slightly projecting above the road, crowned with the gathered moss of more than half a century. They mark the grave of Black Sara, who was born about the year 1720, near the banks of the Newichawanah River.

When she was four years old she was purchased by Capt. Samuel Lord, the price being paid, a pair of 6 foot oxen.

She married in early life the servant of a neighboring farmer and one child was born of the union which was christened in 1742 at the South Parish by Jeremiah Wise as Amy, the daughter of Sara, Capt. Lord's servant. Her husband was accidentally drowned in the Piscataqua River soon after the birth of the child and six months later the child died from a prevailing epidemic. After the death of the child, she was allowed to live with Mr. Lord's son, who had recently married and settled on a grant of land in Berwick on the Salmon Fall's River at Great Falls, where he was engaged in erecting mills for the manufacturing of lumber and for grinding corn.

Sara was an important acquisition to the new settlement, for she was strong and energetic, of great endurance, had common sense and a kind and sympathetic heart, and she was versed in all the home remedies for the sick and watched at their bedside with patience and sympathy.

On Sunday she became a self-constituted tithing man to prevent the children from desecrating the Sabbath. John Sullivan was her master's nearest neighbor, she being twenty-four years of age when his oldest child was born, and frequently visited their humble dwelling and cared for the children while that energetic Irish woman drove the oxen to plough

and otherwise assisted the energetic husband in cultivating the farm. For many years she fondled in her sable arms those children, who, in her life time became illustrious in the Commonwealth.

THE OLD MILL

When the male members of the family were engaged in river driving or with the care of their farms, Sara had the care of the mill. There was not sufficient custom to keep her continually employed so she attended to the usual household duties, keeping constant watch for the next customer. The corn was usually brought to the mill on horseback, and if by a woman or child Sara would throw the sack of meal upon the horse's back with the ease of Hercules.

The location of the mill was wild and picturesque. It was no weak force in nature that ploughed the channel thro' the river and scattered huge blocks of slate along the shore. The waters were not then as now, tamed in capacious reservoirs and daily parceled out and harnessed to a ponderous mechanism. They leaped with wild freedom from their crystal beds, gurgling thro' the rocky flumes and mossy gorges, and whirling in deep circling eddies, and tumbled down craggy steeps and went dashing and foaming on their hurried way to the sea. The lumber on the sloping banks to the water's edge above the mill had been cleared away and the wild rose and elder flower had rushed in and heavily perfumed the pure air about the mill below. Near the high bluffs were groves of ash, walnut and sassafras [sassafrass], while up the valley as far as the eye could see was the unbroken primeval forest of hemlock and pine, where yards of the moose had not been disturbed, or the range of the deer molested.

THE OLD PARISH

Sara had been an ardent and consistent member of the South Parish for fourteen years when the North Parish church was dedicated at Blackberry Hill in 1755. Her master was a constituent member of the new church; she transferred her love and allegiance to the North Parish church and entered upon the faithful duty her new alliance imposed.

The new house had free seats for the colored servants kept by a large number of the parishioners, as was the custom at that time. The "nigger seats" as they were called were not constructed on account of race prejudices in the sense that excludes from our hotels and public resorts many of our intelligent and respectable fellow citizens to-day. This church had no negro seats at the Lord's table, nor had individual communion cups been suggested.

At the ordination of John Morse, its first Pastor, soon after the dedication the people came from neighboring towns and filled the church. After the opening prayer by Parson Main, a hymn was sung. Sara took an active part in the vocal exercises with her associates in the negro seats and her strong clear voice blending with the lighter but no less melodious voices of Candis, Marie and Phyllis, thrilled the congregation.

THE REVOLUTION

The people of Berwick were well informed in regard to the impending crisis for American Independence. They were in constant communication with the committee of safety at Boston; public meetings were frequently held. Patriotic resolutions adopted frequently and the situation discussed at every fireside. Sara had lived in troublesome times. When we had been engaged in the colonial war, she had assisted with her wheel in knitting and fitting out the one hundred fifty men who had enlisted in Capt. Moses Burter's company which went to join Pepperell's expedition to Louisburg, she had bidden adieu to friends who joined the expedition to Quebec who had never returned and listened with attentive ears to personal rehearsals of the survivors of returned old captives carried away by the Indians in 1690.

She trembled for the fate of the boys of the household who had arrived at the enlisting age - she loved them as her own and they loved her as their mother. She was present at their birth; tenderly cared for them in infancy, sat by their cradle with tender solicitude while they conquered the various maladies incident to childhood.

When it was learned that John, Daniel and Ebenezer Sullivan had gone to the front and William, Jonathan and David Knox, Richard Wentworth and Daniel Hooper intended to enlist it was determined in the council of the household that Nathan and Samuel Lord should go to the war. Sara had for some time anticipated this event and applied herself to the wheel and loom and furnished them with serviceable suits of homespun. They started on a bright morning in July after the battle of Bunker Hill in June. While the boys were taking leave of the family, Sara had gone up the road and seated herself on the great rock; when they came along she joined them on their way. The new mown hay in the field perfumed the air and bright red cherries hung in clusters on the trees by the road; red roses and peonies were blooming in the garden of the farm house. They stopped at the school house where their school days had been spent, looked into the window to get a view of Master Sullivan's chair and the rude benches where they sat so many days and passed over Worster's River to the top of Hodsdon's Hill. Sara with loving words, bade them be good boys, invoked God's blessing and her own upon them and said good-bye with tearful eyes and watched them until they passed over Goodwin's Hill out of sight.

'Twas a beautiful October night. The harvest moon was round and clear above the summit of Mt. Agamenticus and blended its light with the fading twilight that gilded the Strafford hills.

A few neighbors had gathered at the homestead to finish husking the corn. Sara had remained up until late to put in order the room where the work had been done. The family arose unusually late the next morning, there was no fire kindled on the hearth, no preparations for the morning meal. They went to Sara's room. There had been no struggle; everything was peaceful, calm and still. Sara was dead. The

messenger in the still night had released the white soul from its dark casket. Her hymn book lay upon the frame of her loom and the hymn "See the leaves around us falling, Dry and Withered to the Ground," was marked by a sere leaf. The women of the neighborhood quickly gathered at the homestead and kindly offered aid and sympathy. Mrs. Sullivan boisterously extolled her virtues and said, "the like of her will never be seen again." Mr. Hansen came across the string piece from Somersworth with tools to make the coffin from the seasoned boards which stood behind the chimney which, when completed, was varnished with a coat of Spanish brown. Parson Merriam, who had been her beloved pastor for twenty-five years was notified.

Thursday was the funeral day. It dawned bright and warm. The gaudy annuals that Sara had planted about the door had been withered by the early frost, their stems bent to the ground. The apple tree she had brought from Old Fields and planted at the end of the house had cast its leaves and they rustled about the doorway. Nearly every colored person and most of the members of the parish came to the funeral, the men on horseback with the women on pillions.

Mr. Merriam read, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," commented on her useful life, Christian graces and peaceful end, and the crown she would receive at the resurrection.

Deacon Hodsdon, with his long grey queue hanging down his back deaconed the hymn "Why do we mourn departing friends?" This was sung by both black and white with moistened eyes.

The black bier was placed at the door and when all had taken leave and said their farewells, the coffin was placed upon it. Four stalwart young men placed it upon their

shoulders and the procession went up the winding road under the golden elms. The first flowers and golden rod were leaning on the great rock as if they were wearied of their length of days and would soon fall and decay; the maples near the pasture bars were clothed in scarlet and gold and garnet plumed sumacs stood around the grave like sentinels. The colored people remained until the grave was covered and until the undressed stones were set which mark the grave to-day.

When Sara left her early home to come to the mill, she was allowed to take all her worldly goods, which consisted of her wheel and loom, two pewter dishes, and a brass kettle. These pewter dishes were in constant use in her life and after her death were heirlooms in the family, but when they built the great wooden factory opposite the mill and filled it with things as if in operation by the waters that turned the mill Sara had tended, there was no more use for Sara's wheel and loom and they were allowed to decay.

The pewter dishes were kept upon the dresser, but when a stove took the place of the old fireplace, some careless person placed the dishes on it and they went into liquidation, but the brass kettle still remains and [is] cherished as a memento of her traditional virtues. It is in the possession of a descendant of her master and will doubtless remain bright for generations to come.

January 22, 1897

Note

This text is made available courtesy of the Old Berwick Historical Society. It was printed by the Berwick Historical Society in 1985, prepared by Marguerite Fall, with photographs by John Philbrick.. Apparent errors in the text has been corrected and the changes indicated with brackets.

Historical Sketch of Jonathan Hamilton

ST. JOHN'S LODGE NO. 1 HISTORICAL SKETCH [of Jonathan Hamilton]

by

Gerald D. Foss, Historian of St. John's Masonic Lodge

1970

The Portland Cumberland Gazette for February 28, 1791 contained a short but interesting item relating to John Hamilton, one of the members of this lodge. In part it reported, "an academy for the education of youth is about to be established in Berwick in the County of York." This school was built and named Berwick Academy and is still operating today (1970). It is the oldest incorporated literary institute in the State of Maine. It has had a succession of well qualified principals and headmasters. Its list of graduates indicates that men and women have been successful in their avocations and occupations in life. The land was donated by Benjamin Chadbourne. Others gave money. Hamilton's gift was 100 pounds states the newspaper report. He became one of its first trustees.

Colonel Hamilton was a successful merchant prior to the Revolution. He made his money at first by trading. He sold salt fish, molasses, rum, sugar and tea to farmers in return for wood, timber, poultry, butter and eggs. He built and owned ships. He was engaged in the West Indies trade. Beside his name in the by-laws of St. John's Lodge, his occupation is listed as "West India Gentleman". His place of business was near a spot known as the "Landing" in what is now South Berwick, Maine. His mansion house was built on an eminence at the head of the tide waters of the Piscataqua River. It is now owned by the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, Inc. It resembles the John Langdon House in Portsmouth and was built about the same time. It is open to the public during the summer months for a nominal admission fee.

Hamilton became acquainted with one of Portsmouth's best known business men of that era, Joshua Wentworth. The latter proposed that

Jonathan Hamilton be made a Mason on June 23, 1772 and he was given the first two degrees in Masonry that night. On March 8, 1773, the minutes show that he was raised to the degree of Master Mason. Before and after the war, the minutes record that he was present at a substantial number of meetings when one considers that he had to travel by boat on a river where the tide runs about five to six miles per hour.

The names of some of his ships are known as: NANCY, a schooner; HITTY and FRIENDSHIP, brigs; another brig was named BETSY and was commanded by Captain Nathan Lord. Hamilton ordered his captains to take his products to the West Indies, sell all on board taking in return about one-half cash and about one-half of the items for sale in the Indies as would find a ready market in New England. No doubt rum, sugar and molasses were marketable products in New England of that day.

During the war, he was engaged to some extent in privateering. There is a record of one of his ships, a brigantine named NEPTUNE, which was fitted with four guns and twelve men operating out of Portsmouth in 1781. In 1794, there is a record that he lost a ship to the Algerians about five leagues out of Lisbon which indicates some trade with Europe. The ship was seized and the crew was imprisoned.

John, also known as Jonathan, Hamilton was born in Berwick in 1745. His first wife was Mary Manning of Portsmouth to whom he was married on February 8, 1771. After her death, he married again. He had children by his first wife. His home was the scene used by the famous author, Sarah Orne Jewett, in her well known historical novel entitled, "The Tory Lover".

Hamilton was a Colonel in the Massachusetts militia for Maine was not a State in his lifetime. He died September 26, 1802 in Berwick and is buried in the Old Fields Cemetery which is not far from his home. His tombstone relates that he was then fifty-seven years of age.

R.W. Gerald D. Foss, Historian

This sketch is from the program for November 1970 meetings of the St. John's Masonic Lodge of Portsmouth, NH. It is available courtesy of the Portsmouth Atheneum.

Master John Sullivan and Sons

IMPORTANT MEN OF COLONIAL DAYS

By ELOISE M. JORDAN

An Irish gentleman and a scholar, even a Prince of Ardea in disguise was Master John Sullivan, the exile, of old Berwick, Maine, the father of two governors, one of whom was a general in the Revolutionary army.

The early history of this schoolmaster who came to America in the first quarter of the 18th century, is obscured in the romantic myths of the emerald island in the Irish Sea. An ivied castle mirrored in a reeded lake with its clustering white-washed village, might well be the legendary home of Master Sullivan.

Surely Paris knew him in the gay and comely days of his youth, when as a student at the College Louis-le-Grand, he consorted with and shared the escapades of the great names of French history -- Fenelon and Voltaire and the Duke de Boufflers. But all is shrouded in historic mists, and the real reason why this learned aristocrat sailed for America to bury himself in a seeming wilderness may never be divulged, although it had to do with the plots of the old Pretender.

The Jewett Story

Sarah Orne Jewett in her novel of a Revolutionary Maine, "The Torey Lover," published by Houghton Mifflin and Company in 1901, weaves a particularly fascinating story of Master Sullivan. Her skill of delineation is akin to a Vermeer painting, with its careful attention to the minute beauties which, in their sum, total the

masterpiece. With affection and a real knowledge of her background and subject, Miss Jewett suggests, but never reveals, the plots of the 17th century Ireland, and the Paris of the old regime in which Master Sullivan grew to manhood.

Where Master Sullivan's birthplace was, no one seemed exactly to know. Varying reports would place it in Limerick, Berlin and Ardea. From the death notice published in the "Oracle of the Day," a Portsmouth newspaper of June 30, 1795, one gleans the information, incorrect as it may be, that he was born in Ardea in the County of Kerry and Kingdom of Ireland. This announcement throws out of focus all other statements. But wherever he was born it matters little, since his life was more important than the facts concerning his birth.

From Miss Jewett's novel the following is quoted with the publisher's permission:

Noble Background

"They say that he had four countesses to his grandmothers, and that his grandfathers were lords of Beare and Bantry, and princes of Ireland. His father was banished to France by the Stuarts, and died from a duel there, and the master was brought up in one of their great colleges in Paris where his house held a scholarship. He was reared among the best Frenchmen of his time. As for his coming here, some say 'twas being found in a treasonable

plot, and some that 'twas for the sake of a lady whom his mother would not let him stoop to marry. He vowed that she should never see his face again; all his fortunes depended on his mother, so he fled the country."

And again: " 'There was an old woman lately come over from Ireland . . . who remembered things in Charles the Second's time. James Sullivan, the judge, thinking to amuse his father, stopped before the house, and out came the old creature, and fell upon her knees. "My God! 'tis the young Prince of Ardea!" says she. The old man burst into tears. "Let us go, James," says he, "or this will break my heart.' "

Gay Times In Paris

Intriguing indeed are the glimpses of a lusty Dublin where a boy with lace at his wrists and a rapier on his hip consorted with link boys and young bloods. In Paris the student emerges, but the heart is high, and if revelry closes the books a grace and a steadfastness to the ideals of friendship is engendered, and a "character of honor" emerges.

The courtly old man, exiled for a lifetime among the hills of a virgin country, shared a secret with great men of France and England, and sacrificed the things most men prize too highly for renunciation. Plots hinted at close to the English throne, are by the very fact of their secrecy, made monstrous and mysterious. King James, the Prince of Conti and Louis Quatorze were as familiar to the Maine Master as his Horace or his Virgil.

Even the tales of Master Sullivan's arrival in America are as obscure and varied, authorities giving widely different accounts. Unable to determine which may be the true version, evidence usually carries the weight of the most frequently quoted.

Arrived at York

An account of the Master's arrival, purported to be in his own words, stated that he sailed from Limerick, Ireland, for New England in 1723, and was obliged to land at York, Maine, driven there by severe gales -- the desired harbor being Newburyport. Another account states that the landing was made at Belfast, Maine, and that the master worked in a sawmill there. One

must discount this tale, however, for he was working at the McIntire farm in the Scotland Parish of York during the same year of his arrival.

Unaccustomed to manual labor he soon grew tired of the work, and wishing to better his condition, he applied to Rev. Dr. Moody, pastor of the parish, for assistance, in a long since celebrated letter written in seven languages to show that he was a scholar. Erudition such as this must have been unknown in the Maine community, and indeed, one is greatly fascinated by this display of knowledge. Some authorities say that the Master knew the English language only well enough to misspell many words.

What were the seven languages in which great proficiency was manifest? English, of course, Irish, French (from his student days in Paris, although his obituary states that he learned the language in his old age), Latin (for he read and revered Horace), Greek, German and probably Spanish. Certainly this would be a large order for savants today.

There is evidence that a "Sullefund" taught school in Dover, New Hampshire in 1723, but one jumps at too hasty conclusions, for in the published Province Papers of New Hampshire, Humphry Sullivan petitioned the Town of Dover for his school teaching services.

Margery Browne

Also refuted is the glory of Margery Browne, whom Master Sullivan took to wife sometime after his arrival in this country. Of unequal birth and education, this pretty child never attained the stature of her husband, but it was she who kept the home together, and her drudgery and skill reared a large family of children when the Master was teaching in hamlet and city, absent from the familiar Berwick and Rollingsford fields and hills.

When Margery Browne set sail for the new world she was asked why she was going, and she replied that she was "going to raise governors for them."

Tradition says that Margery Browne came alone in the same ship with Master Sullivan, which is doubtful, since she was said to be but

nine at the time, and children did not travel unaccompanied in those days. Other accounts state that she came many years later as a pretty girl of nineteen. Some say that John Sullivan paid her passage money in shingles which he made and carried down the river to sell at Portsmouth.

No record of his marriage has ever been found. A granddaughter wrote in after years that her grandfather was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1691, and that Margery Browne was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1705. According to her statement they were married just previous to their departure for America, or during the passage in 1723.

Lived at Somersworth

That they lived at Somersworth, New Hampshire, now Rollingsford Junction, from 1736 to 1747 is testified to by the fact that John Sullivan was janitor of the old Somersworth Church in 1737, and was voted sixty pounds for his salary as schoolmaster in that same year. His services for sweeping and caring for ye meeting house were thirty shillings.

"John Sullevant" was mustered into the militia under Captain Thomas Wallingford of Somersworth in 1746. His sons, Benjamin, Daniel, John and James were all New Hampshire born. The Sullivans were living back in Berwick, York County, in 1748 when the Master witnessed several papers of a legal nature. It is believed that he may taught in the vicinity of Biddeford, for he once witnessed the will of a Biddeford resident.

Always the Master, wherever he chanced to be, "set the humblest children their copies, and taught them to read and spell, and shared his St. Augustine and Homer and Horace with those few who could claim the right." The rolling hills of Berwick drew forth his affection as the Sabine Hills had known the love of Horace, and the comparison between the two was indeed apparent, for Master Sullivan was a great student of the Latin poet.

The story is told that Mrs. Sullivan in sudden anger at her husband's seeming lack of interest in his family, threw one of his few treasured books into the fire in rage, but she repented in

telling the story, and finished with "Himself cried," in a rush of affection.

Told of Earlier Days

The Master was not adverse to relating the misadventures of his youth, and hidden away on his hillside farm, was occasionally [occasionally] visited by friends eager to learn of the old days in a gallant France. But he lived more in the future of his sons whose "Irish veins were full of soldier's blood." Inheriting their mother's energy and their father's intellect, they were among the outstanding men of Revolutionary New England.

General John Sullivan was probably born at Somersworth, New Hampshire, in 1740. His education was largely obtained from his father, and he studied law in Portsmouth, settling in Durham, New Hampshire as its first lawyer about 1760. From the heirs of Dr. Samuel Adams he purchased the house which is still known as the Sullivan House, a dignified Colonial mansion. Appointed a general of the American army in 1775, he was held in great respect by George Washington, taking part in the siege of Boston. That same year in command of the American army in Canada he exhibited great skill in effecting a retreat from the province.

At the battle of Long Island the general was taken prisoner, but was released in an exchange of prisoners, and became the leader of the right wing of Washington's army.

The battles of Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine and Germantown were all fought under his expert command.

Fine Record

With 4,000 men he led the attacks on the Iroquois and their Loyalist allies at Newtown, New York, in retaliation for the atrocities in the Wyoming and Cherry Valley raids. For this expedition the general received the thanks of Congress. He was at Valley Forge and also commanded the expedition to Rhode Island.

The general was a member of the Continental Congresses of 1774 and 1775, urging the Declaration of Independence. Again in 1780-81 he served another term with that illustrious house. He helped form the

Constitution of New Hampshire, being three times elected Governor of the state, in 1786-1787 and 1789. Previous to that he had been attorney general. An insurrection at Exeter immediately preceding the Shays Rebellion in Massachusetts was suppressed by the able commander.

General Sullivan died in 1795 while holding the office of Judge of the United States District Court of New Hampshire.

Surely this is a record that few men can hope to achieve, for General Sullivan participated in some of the greatest events in American history and was a prime factor in the establishment of the state in which he spent the greater portion of his life. Harvard University bestowed upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts, while Dartmouth College made him a Doctor of Law during his lifetime.

James Sullivan, Governor

A second son, James, if not so outstanding as John, was a man to be reckoned with. Born, it is believed, at Berwick in 1744 [1774], he, too, was educated by his father and became a lawyer, serving as the King's attorney of York County at Biddeford, Maine. He had been destined for a military career, but an injury sustained when felling a tree was instrumental in turning him into a man of letters.

The highest judicial position in the colony was offered to and accepted by him. He was also a member of the Continental Congress of 1776, and an attorney general of

Massachusetts. Washington appointed him to be one of the commissioners to establish the boundary line between the United States and Canada. At one time he was the acknowledged leader of the Massachusetts bar and the most noted jury lawyer of his day.

James Sullivan became a prime factor in the establishment of the Middlesex Canal linking the Merrimack with the Charles River at Cambridge, of which he was president during his lifetime.

In 1807 and again in 1808 he was chosen Governor of Massachusetts, but died soon after his election for a second term. He was one of the ten original members, and long president of the Mass. Historical Society, and was a member of the American Society of Arts and Science. In 1780 Harvard conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Wrote A History of Maine

Deeply interested in historical subjects he is remembered as the author of the first history of Maine. A "History of the Penobscot Indians" was published in the Massachusetts Historical Collections.

Notes

Originally published in the *Lewiston Journal Magazine* January 4, 1947, p. A4.

link boy: A boy who carries a torch to light pedestrians in cities at night.

John Paul Jones's Whitehaven Raid as reported in Whitehaven

LLOYD'S EVENING-POST.

Vol. XLII. -- Numb. 3252.

From MONDAY, April 27, to WEDNESDAY,
April 29, 1778.

In our last we gave an account of the landing of part of the Crew of the Ranger American Privateer, at Whitehaven, where they set fire to a Ship, and committed other Outrages: -- This is confirmed by the following accounts from the Cumberland Packet Extraordinary, printed by Ware and Son.

Whitehaven, April 23.

LATE last night, or early this morning, a number of armed men (to the amount of thirty) landed privately at this place, by two boats, from an American privateer, as appears from one of the people now in custody. Whether he was left through accident, or escaped by design, is yet uncertain.

Thus much has however been proved, that a little after three o'clock this morning he rapped at several doors in Marlborough street, (adjoining one of the piers) and informed them that fire had been [benn] let to one of the ships in the Harbour, matches were laid in several others; the whole would be soon in a blaze, and the town also destroyed; that he was one belonging to the privateer, but had escaped for the purpose of saving, if possible, the town and shipping from destruction. The alarm was immediately spread, and his account proved too true. The Thompson, Captain Richard Johnson, a new vessel, and one of the finest ever built here, was in a flame. It was low water, consequently all the shipping in the Port was in the most imminent danger, and the vessel on which they had begun the diabolical work, lying close to one of the steaths, there was the greatest reason to fear that the flames would, from it, be communicated to the town. The scene was too horrible to admit of any further description; we shall therefore only add to this

part of this alarming story, that by an uncommon exertion, the fire was extinguished before it reached the rigging of the ship, and thus, in a providential manner, prevented all the dreadful consequences which might have ensued.

The man who remained on shore was examined by the Magistrates, Merchants, &c. about eight o'clock in the morning. The following is the purport of his affidavit:

"The Ranger privateer is commanded by John Paul Jones, fitted out at Piscataqua, in New-England, mounted by 18-six pounders, and 6 swivels, but is pierced for twenty guns. She has on board between 140 and 150 men; sailed from Piscataqua for Brest the 1st of November, 1777, arrived at Nantz the 2d of December [November]. Took in the passage two brigs, one commanded by Captain Richards, the other by Captain Goldfinch.

"Sailed from Nantz for Quiberon Bay; lay there about three weeks and returned to Brest; left that Port about three weeks ago, in which time she has taken one ship from London to Dublin, (having on board Gen. Irwin's baggage) and sent her to Brest. She also took and sunk a brig laden with flax-feed, a schooner with barley and oats, and a sloop from Dublin to London, in ballast.

"On Sunday, or Monday night, from the intelligence she gained by a fishing boat, she sailed into Belfast Lough, with an intent to attack an armed vessel, (the Drake sloop of war) stood within half gun shot of her, hailed her, and then stood out again."

David Freeman, the person who was examined and gave the above information, says, that the name of the Commander of the Ranger is John Paul Jones, the First Lieutenant Thomas Simpson, Second Lieutenant Elisha Hall, Sailing-Master David Cullen, Lieutenant of Marines Samuel Willinsford.

The above John Paul Jones, alias John Paul, it further appears, served his apprenticeship to the sea in a vessel called the Friendship,

belonging to this port, was afterwards in the employ of some Merchants here, latterly had a brig out of Kircudbright, and is well known by many people in this town. David Freeman, it is said, has also declared, that the said Paul Jones commanded the party which landed here this morning, and was himself on shore.

While this infernal business was transacting, the ship laid to with her head to the Northward, distant about two miles, until the boats put off to go on board, which was between three and four o'clock. By this time some of the guns at the Half-moon-battery were loaded, two of which were fired at the boats, but without the desired effect. The boats then fired their signal guns, and the ship immediately tacked and stood towards them till they got along-side, and then made sail to the North Westward.

The Incendiaries had spiked most of the guns of both our batteries, several matches were found on board different vessels, and other combustible matter in different parts of the Harbour.

It appears that this infernal plan, unprecedented, except in the Annals of John the Painter, was laid at Brest, where, for a considerable sum of money, Paul, or Jones, (the latter is only an addition to his name,) engaged to burn the shipping, and town of Whitehaven; for which purpose he was convoyed through the Channel by a French frigate of 38 guns.

A number of Expresses have been dispatched to all the capital sea ports in the kingdom where any depredations are likely to be made; all strangers in this town are, by an order of the Magistrates, to be secured and examined: Similar notices have been forwarded through the country, &c. and, in short, every caution taken that the present alarming affair could suggest.

The privateer is the same ship which chased the Hussar cruizer last week, but the cutter, or smack, did not belong to her.

They took three people away with them and staid some time in a public-house on the Old Quay.

The Hussar, Capt. Gurley, and other vessels, are sent to different ports in Ireland express with the news.

There has been almost a continual meeting at Haile's Coffee-room to-day; a number of men are raising for the defence of the town by subscription; and the forts, guns, &c. it is expected, will now be put into proper condition.

The CUMBERLAND CHRONICLE

EXTRAORDINARY states it as follows:

On Thursday morning, about two o'clock, 20 men, together with Captain, landed on the battlement near the head of the Old Quay, from a boat belonging to the said vessel, (which proves to be the Ranger American privateer, from Nantz, then standing off and on about two miles from this Harbour) whilst another boat came into the Harbour, and landed ten men at the Old Quay slip, when they proceeded to Nich. Allison's, a public house, on the Old Quay; they made very free with the liquors, &c. and would not permit any of the family, to stir out; after which a party went on board the Thompson; Capt.[.] Johnston, a coal laden vessel, lying opposite to Allison's took the boys out of bed, and set her on fire: They offered money to the boys to induce them to go with them, but on their [there] refusing they put them under guard on the Quay, without any other covering than their shirts; having handkerchiefs tied over their mouths to prevent their crying out, at the same time the privateer's people threatening to shoot them if they made any noise or resistance. Immediately after the alarm was effectually given, the fire engines were brought to the Quay, and by the vigorous exertions of people of all ranks, the fire on board the Thompson was speedily extinguished, without damaging any other vessel; thus were the malicious attempts of those daring Incendiaries frustrated. -- Lighted matches, made of canvass dipped in brimstone, had been thrown on board several other vessels, but had gone out without having the intended effect.

The privateer's people were all armed with pistols and cutlasses, [.] and retired to their boats about four o'clock (taking with them two boys, one from the Thompson, and the other from the Saltham.) They had, on their first landing, spiked up several of the cannon, in order to secure their retreat. A number of people

flocking to the forts, some shot were fired at the boats, but without doing any execution. After the boats reached the privateer, she stood over the Scotch side, and as large columns of smoke have been seen on the Scotch shore this afternoon, it is feared she has done some mischief there.

Notes

This text was provided by Graham Frater. It is available courtesy of a reprinting by Michael Moon's Bookshop on occasion of the Whitehaven Maritime Festival, June 1999. Where it appears there are errors, the text is corrected and the change indicated in brackets.

steaths: staiths or loading wharfs.